CLASSICS FOR THE KANSAS SCHOOLS

SIXTH GRADE

STATE OF KANSAS

Theodore Alexander

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PREFACE

THE selections in this group of classics are representative of the world's best literature and are strong in their appeal to the child's interest. They include old Greek stories from Homer, hero tales of the early English, German, and Norse peoples, stories from the work of the first great English poet, and some of the best works of the best American and English writers. A natural result of their proper study should be power to get the thought accurately and readily, good taste in reading, a desire to continue to read the world's best literature, and facility in the expression of one's own ideas.

To guide the pupil toward a fuller appreciation of these classics the editors have arranged introductions, foot-notes, lists of words for study, and questions for study and class discussion. The introductions are designed to give the pupil a natural incentive to read the selections. The foot-notes furnish explanations that assist him in understanding the more difficult passages. The word-lists afford drill in the intelligent use of the dictionary, and if properly used will result in the enrichment of the pupil's vocabulary. The questions provide a definite program of work by means of which each worker discovers for himself the meaning which the selection has for him.

A. M. THOROMAN.
H. W. DAVIS.

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CLASSICS FOR THE SIXTH GRADE

BEN FRANKLIN'S WHARF

No American has been of greater interest to American boys and girls than Benjamin Franklin. We all know how his common sense accomplished many great things for his country in a day when common sense and good judgment were so necessary. We have all heard about how he helped his father make tallow candles at Boston and how he started in the printing business at Philadelphia. But not many of us know of a wharf that he built one time and of the valuable lesson that his experience and his father taught him.

The story is told to us by that famous story-teller for American boys and girls, Nathaniel Hawthorne. We may do well to read it and see whether we can discern in the boy Ben Franklin any of the qualities which made him the prominent American citizen that he later became.

BEN FRANKLIN'S WHARF

In the year 1716, or about that period, a boy used to be seen in the streets of Boston who was known among his schoolfellows and playmates by the name of Ben Franklin. Ben was born in 1706; so that he was now about ten years old. His father, who had come over from England, was a soap boiler and tallow chandler,[1] and resided in Milk Street, not far from the Old South Church.

Ben was a bright boy at his book, and even a brighter one when at play with his comrades. He had some remarkable qualities which always seemed to give him the lead, whether at sport or in more serious matters. I might tell

1. *Tallow chandler* (chăn'dlĕr). A maker and seller of tallow candles.

you a number of amusing anecdotes about him. You are acquainted, I suppose, with his famous story of The Whistle, and how he bought it with a whole pocket full of coppers and afterwards repented of his bargain. But Ben had grown a great boy since those days, and had gained wisdom by experience; for it was one of his peculiarities, that no incident ever happened to him without teaching him some valuable lesson. Thus he generally profited more by his misfortunes than many people do by the most favorable events that could befall them.

Ben's face was already pretty well known to the inhabitants of Boston. The selectmen[1] and other people of note often used to visit his father, for the sake of talking about the affairs of the town or province. Mr. Franklin was considered a person of great wisdom and integrity,[2] and was respected by all who knew him, although he supported his family by the humble trade of boiling soap and making tallow candles.

While his father and the visitors were holding deep consultations about public affairs, little Ben would sit on his stool in a corner, listening with the greatest interest, as if he understood every word. Indeed, his features were so full of intelligence that there could be but little doubt, not only that he understood what was said, but that he could have expressed some very sagacious[3] opinions out of his own mind. But in those days boys were expected to be silent in the presence of their elders. However, Ben Franklin was looked upon as a very promising lad, who would talk and act wisely by and by.

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1. *Selectmen* (sē-lĕkt'mĕn). The officers chosen annually in New England towns to transact the general public business of the town.

2. *Integrity* (ĭn-tĕg'rĭ-tĭ). Moral soundness; honesty.

3. *Sagacious* (sȧ-gā'shŭs). Shrewd; farsighted.

"Neighbor Franklin," his father's friends would sometimes say, "you ought to send this boy to college and make a minister of him."

"I have often thought of it," his father would reply; "and my brother Benjamin promises to give him a great many volumes of manuscript sermons, in case he should be educated for the church. But I have a large family to support, and cannot afford the expense."

In fact, Mr. Franklin found it so difficult to provide bread for his family, that, when the boy was ten years old, it became necessary to take him from school. Ben was then employed in cutting candle wicks into equal lengths and filling the moulds with tallow, and many families in Boston spent their evenings by the light of the candles which he had helped to make. Thus, you see, in his early days, as well as in his manhood, his labors contributed[1] to throw light upon dark matters.

Busy as his life now was, Ben still found time to keep company with his former schoolfellows. He and the other boys were very fond of fishing, and spent many of their leisure[2] hours on the margin of the mill pond, catching flounders,[3] perch, eels, and tomcod,[4] which came up thither with the tide. The place where they fished is now, probably, covered with stone pavements and brick buildings, and thronged with people and with vehicles of all kinds. But at that period it was a marshy spot on the outskirts of the town, where gulls flitted and screamed overhead and salt meadow grass grew under foot.

On the edge of the water there was a deep bed of clay,

1. *His labors contributed.* His work helped.

2. *Leisure* (lē'zhūr).

3. *Flounders.* The flounder is a member of the flatfish family. It is used extensively as a food fish.

4. *Tomcod.* A fish very much like codfish, but smaller.

in which the boys were forced to stand while they caught their fish. Here they dabbled in mud and mire like a flock of ducks.

"This is very uncomfortable," said Ben Franklin one day to his comrades, while they were standing mid-leg deep in the quagmire.[1]

"So it is," said the other boys. "What a pity we have no better place to stand!"

If it had not been for Ben, nothing more would have been done or said about the matter. But it was not in his nature to be sensible[2] of an inconvenience without using his best efforts to find a remedy. So, as he and his comrades were returning from the water side, Ben suddenly threw down his string of fish with a very determined air.

"Boys," cried he, "I have thought of a scheme which will be greatly for our benefit and for the public benefit."

It was queer enough, to be sure, to hear this little chap—this rosy-cheeked, ten-year-old boy—talking about schemes for the public benefit! Nevertheless, his companions were ready to listen, being assured that Ben's scheme, whatever it was, would be well worth their attention. They remembered how sagaciously he had conducted all their enterprises ever since he had been old enough to wear smallclothes.[3]

They remembered, too, his wonderful contrivance of sailing across the mill pond by lying flat on his back in the water and allowing himself to be drawn along by a paper kite. If Ben could do that, he might certainly do any thing.

"What is your scheme, Ben?—what is it?" cried they all.

---

1. *Quagmire* (kwăg'mīr). Soft, wet, miry land.
2. *Sensible.* Aware; conscious.
3. *Smallclothes.* Tight-fitting knee breeches.

It so happened that they had now come to a spot of ground where a new house was to be built. Scattered round about lay a great many large stones which were to be used for the cellar and foundation. Ben mounted upon the highest of these stones, so that he might speak with the more authority.

"You know, lads," said he, "what a plague it is to be forced to stand in the quagmire yonder—over shoes and stockings (if we wear any) in mud and water. See! I am bedaubed[1] to the knees of my smallclothes; and you are all in the same pickle. Unless we can find some remedy for this evil, our fishing business must be entirely given up. And, surely, this would be a terrible misfortune!"

"That it would! that it would!" said his comrades, sorrowfully.

"Now, I propose," continued Master Benjamin, "that we build a wharf, for the purpose of carrying on our fisheries. You see these stones. The workmen mean to use them for the underpinning[2] of a house; but that would be for only one man's advantage. My plan is to take these same stones and carry them to the edge of the water and build a wharf with them. This will not only enable us to carry on the fishing business with comfort and to better advantage, but it will likewise be a great convenience to boats passing up and down the stream. Thus, instead of one man, fifty, or a hundred, or a thousand, besides ourselves, may be benefited by these stones. What say you, lads? Shall we build the wharf?"

Ben's proposal was received with one of those uproarious[3] shouts wherewith boys usually express their delight

1. *Bedaubed* (bĕ-dôbd'). Smeared.

2. *Underpinning*. The material by which a building is supported; the foundation.

3. *Uproarious* (ûp-rōr'ĭ-ŭs).

at whatever completely suits their views. Nobody thought of questioning the right and justice of building a wharf with stones that belonged to another person.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted they. "Let's set about it."

It was agreed that they should all be on the spot that evening and commence their grand public enterprise by moonlight. Accordingly, at the appointed time, the whole gang of youthful laborers assembled, and eagerly began to remove the stones. They had not calculated how much toil would be requisite[1] in this important part of their undertaking. The very first stone which they laid hold of proved so heavy that it almost seemed to be fastened to the ground. Nothing but Ben Franklin's cheerful and resolute spirit could have induced them to persevere.[2]

Ben, as might be expected, was the soul of the enterprise. By his mechanical genius,[3] he contrived methods to lighten the labor of transporting the stones, so that one boy, under his directions, would perform as much as half a dozen if left to themselves. Whenever their spirits flagged he had some joke ready, which seemed to renew their strength, by setting them all into a roar of laughter. And when, after an hour or two of hard work, the stones were transported to the water side, Ben Franklin was the engineer to superintend the construction of the wharf.

The boys, like a colony of ants, performed a great deal of labor by their multitude, though the individual strength of each could have accomplished but little. Finally, just as the moon sank below the horizon, the great work was finished.

"Now, boys," cried Ben, "let's give three cheers and

1. *Requisite* (rĕk'wĭ-zĭt). Required; necessary.

2. *Persevere* (pûr'sē-vēr'). Persist; keep on.

3. *Mechanical genius.* Wonderful ability to handle or invent machinery.

go home to bed. To-morrow we may catch fish at our ease."

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" shouted his comrades.

Then they all went home in such an ecstasy[1] of delight that they could hardly get a wink of sleep.

In the morning, when the early sunbeams were gleaming on the steeples and roofs of the town and gilding the water that surrounded it, the masons came, rubbing their eyes, to begin their work at the foundation of the new house. But, on reaching the spot, they rubbed their eyes so much the harder. What had become of their heap of stones?

"Why, Sam," said one to another, in great perplexity, "here's been some witchcraft at work while we were asleep. The stones must have flown away through the air!"

"More likely they have been stolen!" answered Sam.

"But who on earth would think of stealing a heap of stones?" cried a third. "Could a man carry them away in his pocket?"

The master mason, who was a gruff kind of man, stood scratching his head, and said nothing at first. But, looking carefully on the ground, he discerned innumerable tracks of little feet, some with shoes and some barefoot. Following these tracks with his eye, he saw that they formed a beaten path towards the water side.

"Ah, I see what the mischief is," said he, nodding his head. "Those little rascals, the boys,—they have stolen our stones to build a wharf with!"

The masons immediately went to examine the new structure. And to say the truth, it was well worth looking at, so neatly and with such admirable[2] skill had it been

1. *Ecstasy* (ĕk'stȧ-sĭ). Rapture; great joy.
2. *Admirable* (ăd'mĭ-rȧ-b'l).

planned and finished. The stones were put together so securely that there was no danger of their being loosened by the tide, however swiftly it might sweep along. There was a broad and safe platform to stand upon, whence the little fishermen might cast their lines into deep water and draw up fish in abundance. Indeed, it almost seemed as if Ben and his comrades might be forgiven for taking the stones, because they had done their job in such a workmanlike manner.

"The chaps that built this wharf understood their business pretty well," said one of the masons. "I should not be ashamed of such a piece of work myself."

But the master mason did not seem to enjoy the joke. He was one of those unreasonable people who care a great deal more for their own rights and privileges than for the convenience of all the rest of the world.

"Sam," said he, more gruffly than usual, "go call a constable."

So Sam called a constable and inquiries were set on foot to discover the perpetrators[1] of the theft. In the course of the day warrants[2] were issued, with the signature of a justice of the peace, to take the bodies of Benjamin Franklin and other evil-disposed[3] persons who had stolen a heap of stones. If the owner of the stolen property had not been more merciful than the master mason, it might have gone hard with our friend Benjamin and his fellow-laborers. But, luckily for them, the gentleman had a respect for Ben's father, and, moreover, was amused

1. *Perpetrators* (pûr'pĕ-trā'tŭrz). Those who perform or do something, especially those who commit a crime or offense.

2. *Warrants* (wŏr'ănts). Written documents authorizing officers to make arrests.

3. *Evil-disposed*. Wicked, inclined toward evil.

with the spirit of the whole affair. He therefore let the culprits[1] off pretty easily.

But, when the constables were dismissed, the poor boys had to go through another trial, and receive sentence, and suffer execution, too, from their own fathers. Many a rod, I grieve to say, was worn to the stump on that unlucky night.

As for Ben, he was less afraid of a whipping than of his father's disapprobation.[2] Mr. Franklin, as I have mentioned before, was a sagacious man, and also an inflexibly[3] upright one. He had read much for a person in his rank of life, and had pondered upon the ways of the world, until he had gained more wisdom than a whole library of books could have taught him. Ben had a greater reverence for his father than for any other person in the world, as well on account of his spotless integrity as of his practical sense and deep views of things.

Consequently, after being released from the clutches of the law, Ben came into his father's presence with no small perturbation[4] of mind.

"Benjamin, come hither," began Mr. Franklin, in his customary solemn and weighty tone.

The boy approached and stood before his father's chair, waiting reverently to hear what judgment this good man would pass upon his late offence. He felt that now the right and wrong of the whole matter would be made to appear.

"Benjamin," said his father, "what could induce you to take property which did not belong to you?"

---

1. *Culprits* ('kŭl'prĭts). Persons accused of crimes.

2. *Disapprobation* (dĭs-ăp'rō-bā'shŭn). Disapproval, condemnation.

3. *Inflexibly.* Firmly; unyieldingly.

4. *Perturbation* (pĕr'tŭr-bā'shŭn). Disturbed condition of the feelings; extreme excitement.

"Why, father," replied Ben, hanging his head at first, but then lifting his eyes to Mr. Franklin's face, "if it had been merely for my own benefit, I never should have dreamed of it. But I knew that the wharf would be a public convenience. If the owner of the stones should build a house with them, nobody will enjoy any advantage except himself. Now, I made use of them in a way that was for the advantage of many persons. I thought it right to aim at doing good to the greatest number."

"My son," said Mr. Franklin, solemnly, "so far as it was in your power, you have done a greater harm to the public than to the owner of the stones."

"How can that be, father?" asked Ben.

"Because," answered his father, "in building your wharf with stolen materials, you have committed a moral wrong. There is no more terrible mistake than to violate what is eternally right for the sake of a seeming expediency.[1] Those who act upon such a principle do the utmost in their power to destroy all that is good in the world."

"Heaven forbid!" said Benjamin.

"No act," continued Mr. Franklin, "can possibly be for the benefit of the public generally which involves injustice to any individual. It would be easy to prove this by examples. But, indeed, can we suppose that our all-wise and just Creator would have so ordered the affairs of the world that a wrong act should be the true method of attaining a right end? It is impious[2] to think so. And I do verily believe, Benjamin, that almost all the public and private misery of mankind arises from a neglect of this

1. *Expediency* (ĕks-pē'dĭ-ĕn-sĭ). Fitness; a fitting of the means to the end without regard to right or to the principle involved.

2. *Impious* (ĭm'pĭ-ŭs). Not pious; irreverent.

great truth that evil can produce only evil—that good ends must be wrought out by good means."

"I will never forget it again," said Benjamin, bowing his head.

"Remember," concluded his father, "that, whenever we vary from the highest rule of right, just so far we do an injury to the world. It may seem otherwise for the moment; but, both in time and in eternity, it will be found so."

To the close of his life Ben Franklin never forgot this conversation with his father; and we have reason to suppose that, in most of his public and private career, he endeavored to act upon the principles which that good and wise man had then taught him.

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: soap boiler, a bright boy at his book, thither, stone pavements, thronged, vehicles, dabbled, mud and mire, mid-leg deep, inconvenience, determined air, public benefit, assured, conducted, enterprises, wonderful contrivance, authority, plague, in the same pickle, terrible misfortune, uproarious shouts, calculated, resolute spirit, contrived, transporting, superintend, construction, a colony of ants, horizon, ecstasy of delight, gleaming, gilding, perplexity, witchcraft, master mason, discerned, securely, constable, luckily, suffer execution, customary solemn and weighty tone, moral wrong.

2. In what occupation was Ben Franklin engaged when a boy?

3. Explain, "In his early days as well as in his manhood his labors contributed to throw light upon dark matters."

4. What did Ben and his fellows do in their leisure hours?

5. What inconvenience did they experience?

6. What remedy did Franklin suggest?

7. How was the suggestion received by his companions?

8. What did they use in building the wharf?

9. What kind of a piece of workmanship was the wharf when finished?

10. What punishment did the boys receive?

11. How did Franklin justify the use of another's property in carrying out his plans?

12. How did his father show him that he was wrong?

13. In this story, what qualities in young Franklin are revealed that later made him the prominent American that he became?

14. Retell the entire story.

PICTURES OF MEMORY

LIFE would not be worth much to most of us if we could not close our eyes and look back on the pictures that memory paints for us. A great many of these pictures are of the happy days of our lives, but there are always a few that are sadder than we should like them to be. The picture that Alice Cary has drawn for us in the following poem is not a bright one, but it is beautiful. It tells of a sorrow that crept into her happy childhood and left her sad and lonely. Yet with all its tenderness and sadness she maintains that it is the best and dearest of all.

PICTURES OF MEMORY

AMONG the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,[1]
Is one of a dim old forest
That seemeth best of all:
Not for its gnarled[2] oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;[3]
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;

---

1. *On Memory's wall.* In the memory.

2. *Gnarled* (närld). Full of knots; twisted.

3. *Mistletoe* (mĭs″l-tō). A green shrub, growing on trees and taking its nourishment from them. It has heavy branching stems, thick green leaves and small white berries.

Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting[1] all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their shining edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep;
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty[2]
Silently covered his face:
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree tops bright,
He fell, in his saintlike beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures

1. *Coquetting* (kō-kĕt'ĭng). Flirting; playing.
2. *Immortal beauty.* The beauty of heaven.

That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

—Alice Cary.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: seemeth, gnarled oaks olden, milk-white lilies, coquetting, down of the thistle, embrace, immortal beauty, saintlike.

2. Explain, "pictures that hang on Memory's wall."

3. What picture does the author prize highest?

4. What things does the author mention that might make the picture of the forest one of beauty?

5. What memories in the life of her brother does the author associate with the forest?

6. Explain, "light of immortal beauty."

7. Why was the picture of the "dim old forest" prized highest of all?

THE CYCLOPS

Two of the most famous long poems of the early Greek poets and singers are the Iliad and the Odyssey. The Iliad tells of the siege of Troy, a city on the western coast of Asia Minor. Not only mortals, but gods, took sides in the war. The city was finally captured through the craft of Ulysses, a famous warrior.

The Odyssey tells the story of the return of Ulysses to his native land. He wandered for ten years, having marvelous adventures and encountering many hardships put in his way by the gods whom he had opposed at Troy. Against all the many enemies, however, his skill prevailed, and he at last reached his native land and his faithful wife, Penelope.

The following story, which recounts his experiences with the Cyclops, one of a race of one-eyed, man-eating giants, is one of the most interesting of the group. The adventure is retold from the story that Ulysses himself tells to Alcinous, the king of the Phæacians, a people who dwelt in fairyland on an island which the later

Greeks named Corfu. On the night following the telling of this story Ulysses was carried by the Phæacians to Ithaca, his home, and his long wanderings came to an end.

The fearlessness and wonderful craft of Ulysses are well brought out in his dangerous visit to the cave of the Cyclops. Never during the ten years of the siege at Troy had he been called upon to show more bravery or more cunning.

THE CYCLOPS[1]

THEN, the wind having abated, they took to their oars, and rowed for many days till they came to the country where the Cyclopes dwell. Now, a mile or so from the shore there was an island, very fair and fertile, but no man dwells there or tills the soil, and in the island a harbor where a ship may be safe from all winds, and at the head of the harbor a stream falling from the rock, and whispering alders all about it. Into this the ships passed safely, and were hauled up on the beach, and the crews slept by them, waiting for the morning. And the next day they hunted the wild goats, of which there was great store on the island, and feasted right merrily on what they caught, with draughts[2] of red wine which they had carried off from the town of the Ciconians.[3]

But on the morrow, Ulysses,[4] for he was ever fond of adventure, and would know of every land to which he

1. *Cyclops* (sī′klŏps). One of a race of giants called Cyclopes (sī-klō′pēz). They had but one eye, and that in the middle of the forehead. Sicily was supposed to be their home, and according to Homer they were shepherds.

2. *Draughts* (drȧfts).

3. *Ciconians* (sĭ-cō′nĭ-ănz). A people dwelling on the coast of Thessaly in Greece, who had helped the Trojans in their war against the Greeks.

4. *Ulysses* (u-lĭs′ēz). King of Ithaca, a small island near Greece, and one of the heroes of the Trojan War. Because he had offended the gods during the war he was compelled to wander for a period of years and to undergo many hardships and dangers before returning to his home.

came what manner of men they were that dwelt there, took one of his twelve ships and bade row to the land. There was a great hill sloping to the shore, and there rose up here and there a smoke from the caves where the Cyclopes dwelt apart, holding no converse with each other, for they were a rude and savage folk, but ruled each his own household, not caring for others. Now very close to the shore was one of these caves, very huge and deep, with laurels round about the mouth, and in front a fold with walls built of rough stone, and shaded by tall oaks and pines. So Ulysses chose out of the crew the twelve bravest, and bade the rest guard the ship, and went to see what manner of dwelling this was, and who abode there. He had his sword by his side, and on his shoulder a mighty skin of wine, sweet-smelling and strong, with which he might win the heart of some fierce savage, should he chance to meet with such, as indeed his prudent heart forecasted that he might.

So they entered the cave, and judged that it was the dwelling of some rich and skillful shepherd. For within there were pens for the young of the sheep and of the goats, divided all according to their age, and there were baskets full of cheeses, and full milkpails ranged along the wall. But the Cyclops himself was away in the pastures. Then the companions of Ulysses besought him that he would depart, taking with him, if he would, a store of cheeses and sundry of the lambs and of the kids. But he would not, for he wished to see, after his wont,[1] what manner of host this strange shepherd might be. And truly he saw it to his cost!

It was evening when the Cyclops came home, a mighty giant, twenty feet in height, or more. On his shoulder he bore a vast bundle of pine logs for his fire, and threw them

1. *Wont* (wŭnt). Custom; habit.

down outside the cave with a great crash, and drove the flocks within, and closed the entrance with a huge rock, which twenty wagons and more could not bear. Then he milked the ewes[1] and all the she-goats, and half of the milk he curdled for cheese, and half he set ready for himself, when he should sup. Next he kindled a fire with the pine logs, and the flame lighted up all the cave, showing him Ulysses and his comrades.

"Who are ye?" cried Polyphemus,[2] for that was the giant's name. "Are ye traders, or, haply, pirates?"

For in those days it was not counted shame to be called a pirate.

Ulysses shuddered at the dreadful voice and shape, but bore him bravely, and answered, "We are no pirates, mighty sir, but Greeks, sailing back from Troy,[3] and subjects of the great King Agamemnon,[4] whose fame is spread from one end of heaven to the other. And we are come to beg hospitality of thee in the name of Zeus,[5] who rewards or punishes hosts and guests according as they be faithful the one to the other, or no."

"Nay," said the giant, "it is but idle talk to tell me of Zeus and the other gods. We Cyclopes take no account of gods, holding ourselves to be much better and stronger than they. But come, tell me where have you left your ship?"

But Ulysses saw his thought when he asked about the ship, how he was minded to break it, and take from them

1. *Ewes* (ūz).

2. *Polyphemus* (pŏl'ĭ-fē'mŭs).

3. *Troy.* An ancient city in the northwest part of Asia Minor. In the Trojan War it was for ten years besieged by the Greeks, and was finally captured through the strategy of Ulysses.

4. *King Agamemnon* (ăg'ă-mĕm'nŏn). King of Mycenæ in Greece and leader of the Greeks in the Trojan War.

5. *Zeus* (zūs). The chief of the Greek gods.

all hope of flight. Therefore he answered him craftily—

"Ship have we none, for that which was ours King Poseidon[1] brake, driving it on a jutting rock on this coast, and we whom thou seest are all that are escaped from the waves."

Polyphemus answered nothing, but without more ado caught up two of the men, and devoured them, with huge draughts of milk between, leaving not a morsel, not even the very bones. But the others, when they saw the dreadful deed, could only weep and pray to Zeus for help. And when the giant had ended his foul meal, he lay down among his sheep and slept.

Then Ulysses questioned much in his heart whether he should slay the monster as he slept, for he doubted not that his good sword would pierce to the giant's heart, mighty as he was. But, being very wise, he remembered that, should he slay him, he and his comrades would yet perish miserably. For who should move away the great rock that lay against the door of the cave? So they waited till the morning. And the monster woke, and milked his flocks, and afterwards, seizing two men, devoured them for his meal. Then he went to the pastures, but put the great rock on the mouth of the cave, just as a man puts down the lid upon his quiver.[2]

All that day the wise Ulysses was thinking what he might best do to save himself and his companions, and the end of his thinking was this: there was a mighty pole in the cave, green wood of an olive tree, big as a ship's mast, which Polyphemus purposed to use, when the smoke should have dried it, as a walking staff. Of this he cut off a fathom's length, and his comrades sharpened it and hardened it in the fire, and then hid it away. At evening the

1. *King Poseidon* (pō-sī'dŏn). The god of the sea.
2. *Quiver.* A case for carrying arrows.

giant came back, and drove his sheep into the cave, nor left the rams outside, as he had been wont to do before, but shut them in. And having duly done his shepherd's work, he made his cruel feast as before. Then Ulysses came forward with the wine-skin in his hand, and said—

"Drink, Cyclops, now that thou hast feasted. Drink, and see what precious things we had in our ship. But no one hereafter will come to thee with such like, if thou dealest with strangers as cruelly as thou hast dealt with us."

Then the Cyclops drank, and was mightily pleased, and said, "Give me again to drink, and tell me thy name, stranger, and I will give thee a gift such as a host should give. In good truth this is a rare liquor. We, too, have vines, but they bear not wine like this, which indeed must be such as the gods drink in heaven."

Then Ulysses gave him the cup again, and he drank. Thrice he gave it to him, and thrice he drank, not knowing what it was, and how it would work within his brain.

Then Ulysses spake to him. "Thou didst ask my name, Cyclops. Lo! my name is No Man. And now that thou knowest my name, thou shouldst give me thy gift."

And he said, "My gift shall be that I will eat thee last of all thy company."

And as he spake he fell back in a drunken sleep. Then Ulysses bade his comrades be of good courage, for the time was come when they should be delivered. And they thrust the stake of olive wood into the fire till it was ready, green as it was, to burst into flame, and they thrust it into the monster's eye; for he had but one eye, and that in the midst of his forehead, with the eyebrow below it.

Then the giant leapt up, and tore away the stake, and cried aloud, so that all the Cyclopes who dwelt on the mountain side heard him and came about his cave, asking

him, "What aileth thee, Polyphemus, that thou makest this uproar in the peaceful night, driving away sleep? Is any one robbing thee of thy sheep, or seeking to slay thee by craft or force?"

And the giant answered, "No Man slays me by craft."

"Nay, but," they said, "if no man does thee wrong, we can not help thee. The sickness which great Zeus may send, who can avoid? Pray to our father, Poseidon, for help."

Then they departed; and Ulysses was glad at heart for the good success of his device,[1] when he said that he was No Man.

But the Cyclops rolled away the great stone from the door of the cave, and sat in the midst, stretching out his hands, to feel whether perchance the men within the cave would seek to go out among the sheep.

Long did Ulysses think how he and his comrades should best escape. At last he lighted upon a good device, and much he thanked Zeus for that this once the giant had driven the rams with the other sheep into the cave. For, these being great and strong, he fastened his comrades under the bellies of the beasts, tying them with osier[2] twigs, of which the giant made his bed. One ram he took, and fastened a man beneath it, and two others he set, one on either side. So he did with the six, for but six were left out of the twelve who had ventured with him from the ship. And there was one mighty ram, far larger than all the others, and to this Ulysses clung, grasping the fleece tight with both his hands. So they waited for the morning. And when the morning came, the rams rushed forth to the pasture; but the giant sat in the door and felt the back of each as it went by, nor thought to try what might

1. *Device.* Trick; scheme to deceive.
2. *Osier* (ō'zhẽr). Willow.

be underneath. Last of all went the great ram. And the Cyclops knew him as he passed, and said—

"How is this, thou, who art the leader of the flock? Thou art not wont thus to lag behind. Thou hast always been the first to run to the pastures and streams in the morning, and the first to come back to the fold when evening fell; and now thou art last of all. Perhaps thou art troubled about thy master's eye, which some wretch —No Man, they call him—has destroyed, having first mastered me with wine. He has not escaped, I ween.[1] I would that thou couldst speak, and tell me where he is lurking. Of a truth I would dash out his brains upon the ground, and avenge me of this No Man."

So speaking, he let him pass out of the cave. But when they were out of reach of the giant, Ulysses loosed his hold of the ram, and then unbound his comrades. And they hastened to their ship, not forgetting to drive before them a good store of the Cyclops' fat sheep. Right glad were those that had abode by the ship to see them. Nor did they lament for those that had died, though they were fain to do so, for Ulysses forbade, fearing lest the noise of their weeping should betray them to the giant, where they were. Then they all climbed into the ship, and sitting well in order on the benches, smote the sea with their oars, laying-to right lustily,[2] that they might the sooner get away from the accursed land. And when they had rowed a hundred yards or so, so that a man's voice could yet be heard by one who stood upon the shore, Ulysses stood up in the ship and shouted—

"He was no coward, O Cyclops, whose comrades thou didst so foully slay in thy den. Justly art thou punished,

1. *Ween.* Think; believe.
2. *Laying-to right lustily.* Rowing vigorously.

monster, that devourest thy guests in thy dwelling. May the gods make thee suffer yet worse things than these!"

Then the Cyclops, in his wrath, broke off the top of a great hill, a mighty rock, and hurled it where he had heard the voice. Right in front of the ship's bow it fell, and a great wave rose as it sank, and washed the ship back to the shore. But Ulysses seized a long pole with both hands and pushed the ship from the land, and bade his comrades ply their oars, nodding with his head, for he was too wise to speak, lest the Cyclops should know where they were. Then they rowed with all their might and main.

And when they had gotten twice as far as before, Ulysses made as if he would speak again; but his comrades sought to hinder him, saying, "Nay, my lord, anger not the giant any more. Surely we thought before we were lost, when he threw the great rock, and washed our ship back to the shore. And if he hear thee now, he may crush our ship and us, for the man throws a mighty bolt, and throws it far."

But Ulysses would not be persuaded, but stood up and said, "Hear, Cyclops! If any man ask who blinded thee, say that it was the warrior Ulysses, son of Laertes,[1] dwelling in Ithaca."

And the Cyclops answered with a groan, "Of a truth, the old oracles[2] are fulfilled, for long ago there came to this land one Telemus,[3] a prophet, and dwelt among us even to old age. This man foretold to me that one Ulysses would rob me of my sight. But I looked for a great man and a strong, who should subdue me by force, and now a weakling has done the deed, having cheated me with wine. But come thou hither, Ulysses, and I will be a host indeed

1. *Laertes* (lā-ûr'tēz).

2. *Oracles* (ŏr'ȧ-k'lz). Prophecies of the gods, made to man through priests and priestesses.

3. *Telemus* (tĕl'ĕ-mŭs).

to thee. Or, at least, may Poseidon give thee such a voyage to thy home as I would wish thee to have. For know that Poseidon is my sire. May be that he may heal me of my grievous wound."

And Ulysses said, "Would to God I could send thee down to the abode of the dead, where thou wouldst be past all healing, even from Poseidon's self."

Then Cyclops lifted up his hands to Poseidon and prayed—

"Hear me, Poseidon, if I am indeed thy son and thou my father. May this Ulysses never reach his home! Or, if the Fates have ordered that he should reach it, may he come alone, all his comrades lost, and come to find sore trouble in his house!"

And as he ended he hurled another mighty rock, which almost lighted on the rudder's end, yet missed it as by a hair's breadth. So Ulysses and his comrades escaped, and came to the island of the wild goats, where they found their comrades, who indeed had waited long for them, in sore fear lest they had perished. Then Ulysses divided amongst his company all the sheep which they had taken from the Cyclops. And all, with one consent, gave him for his share the great ram which had carried him out of the cave, and he sacrificed it to Zeus. And all that day they feasted right merrily on the flesh of sheep and on sweet wine, and when the night was come, they lay down upon the shore and slept.

—A. J. Church.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: abated, fertile, whispering alders, feasted right merrily, dwelt apart, holding no converse, laurels, abode, mighty skin of wine, prudent, sundry, host, vast bundle, curdled, haply, pirates, hospitality, guests, how he was minded to break it, craftily, jutting, ado, morsel, foul meal, questioned much in his heart, perish miserably, the end of his thinking,

purposed, a walking staff, dealest, drunken sleep, aileth, uproar, craft, avoid, perchance, lighted upon a good device, lag behind, wretch, mastered, lurking, avenge me, loosed, lament, forbade, betray, smote, laying-to right lustily, accursed, devourest, hinder, mighty bolt, persuaded, prophet, foretold, subdue, weakling, sire, grievous, abode of the dead, sore trouble, rudder, hair's breadth.

2. What kind of people were the Cyclopes?

3. Why did Ulysses wish to visit the land of the Cyclopes?

4. What preparation did he make for his visit? Why did he take the skin of wine?

5. Describe the Cyclops' home.

6. How did Ulysses explain to the Cyclops the nature and purpose of his visit?

7. Why did not Ulysses attempt to kill the giant the first night?

8. Explain how complete was Ulysses' plan to trick the giant?

9. What did the other giants think was the matter with the Cyclops?

10. Explain how Ulysses got himself and his men out of the cave.

11. Why did not the Cyclops recognize Ulysses as the one mentioned by the prophet?

12. What incidents in the story show Ulysses' power as a leader?

13. Write a brief sketch of the character of Ulysses as it is shown in this story.

14. Did the gods favor Ulysses or the Cyclops? Give reasons for your answer.

JASON AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE

THREE thousand years ago the Greeks were the most civilized people on earth. Although they were a rude people they had high ideals of bravery and hospitality and they loved truth and justice. Even before they had a written language Greek singers sang about the great heroes and their deeds of daring. These songs were told from father to son and grew in length and in incident.

Among these great national heroes was Jason. He was of mortal birth, but he had learned much of the wisdom of the gods from Cheiron, the Centaur, to whom he had been given as a child. (The

Centaurs were monsters half man and half horse.) Several years before the time of Jason, Phrixus, a young Grecian prince, had been carried on the back of a golden ram into Colchis, on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, and there he had died. The Greeks believed that his spirit would never find rest until the fleece of the golden ram had been brought back to Greece.

This story tells how Jason, undaunted by the dangers and hardships of the voyage and the awful land of Colchis, set forth with a band of fifty heroes in the famous boat *Argo*. What his own daring and the help of the princess Medea enabled him to accomplish forms the basis for one of the most famous stories of the world.

JASON AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE

AND what happened next, my children, whether it be true or not, stands written in ancient songs,[1] which you shall read for yourselves some day. And grand old songs they are, written in grand old rolling verse; and they call them the Songs of Orpheus,[2] or the Orphics, to this day. They tell how the heroes waited for the southwest wind, and chose themselves a captain from their crew; and how all called for Hercules,[3] because he was the strongest and most huge; but Hercules refused, and called for Jason,[4] because he was the wisest of them all. So Jason was chosen captain; and Orpheus heaped a pile of wood, and slew a bull, and offered it to Hera,[5] and called all the heroes to stand round, each man's head crowned with olive,[6] and

1. *Ancient songs.* The songs or poems of the old Greek poets.

2. *Orpheus* (ôr'fê-ŭs). A Thracian poet and musician, the son of Apollo and the Muse Calliope. It was said that with his lyre he could charm beasts and make trees and rocks move.

3. *Hercules* (hûr'kū-lēz). A hero, the son of Zeus, the king of the gods. He was famed for his strength and the achieving of twelve great tasks, one of which was bringing the golden apples from the garden of Hesperides.

4. *Jason* (jā'sŭn). The son of Æson, and nephew of Pelias, king of Iolcus.

5. *Hera* (hē'rȧ). An Olympian goddess, the wife of Zeus and the queen of heaven.

6. *Crowned with olive.* A crown or wreath of olive leaves was the symbol of victory.

to strike their swords into the bull. Then he filled a golden goblet with the bull's blood, and with wheaten flour, and honey, and wine, and the bitter salt sea-water, and bade the heroes taste. So each tasted the goblet, and passed it round, and vowed an awful vow: and they vowed before the sun, and the night, and the blue-haired sea who shakes the land, to stand by Jason faithfully, in the adventure of the golden fleece; and whosoever shrank back, or disobeyed, or turned traitor to his vow, then justice should witness against him, and the Erinyes[1] who track guilty men.

Then Jason lighted the pile, and burnt the carcass[2] of the bull; and they went to their ship and sailed eastward, like men who have a work to do. Three thousand years and more ago they sailed away, into the unknown Eastern seas; and great nations have come and gone since then, and many a storm has swept the earth; and many a mighty armament,[3] to which *Argo*[4] would be but one small boat, English and French, Turkish and Russian, have sailed those waters since; yet the fame of that small *Argo* lives forever, and her name is become a proverb among men.

But the Argonauts[5] went eastward, and out into the open sea, which we now call the Black Sea, but it was called the Euxine[6] then. No Greeks had ever crossed it, and all feared that dreadful sea, and its rocks, and shoals,[7] and

1. *Erinyes* (ē-rĭn'ĭ-ēz). The avenging spirits who punished violators of the laws of hospitality and those who had sworn falsely or committed murder.

2. *Carcass* (kär'kȧs). The dead body.

3. *Armament* (är'mȧ-mĕnt). A fleet of ships equipped for war.

4. *Argo* (är'gō). The fifty-oared ship in which Jason and his companions sailed.

5. *Argonauts* (är'gō-nôts). Jason and his companions in the *Argo* were called argonauts.

6. *Euxine* (ūk'sĭn).

7. *Shoals.* Shallow places.

fogs, and bitter freezing storms; and they told strange stories of it, some false and some half true, how it stretched northward to the ends of the earth, and the sluggish Putrid Sea, and the everlasting night, and the regions of the dead. So the heroes trembled, for all their courage, as they came into that wild Black Sea, and saw it stretching out before them, without a shore, as far as eye could see.

And they rowed three days to the eastward, while Caucasus[1] rose higher hour by hour, till they saw the dark stream of Phasis[2] rushing headlong to the sea, and shining above the tree-tops, the golden roofs of King Æetes,[3] the child of the sun.

Then out spoke the helmsman, "We are come to our goal at last; for there are the roofs of Æetes, and the woods where all poisons grow; but who can tell us where among them is hid the golden fleece? Many a toil must we bear ere we find it, and bring it home to Greece."

But Jason cheered the heroes, for his heart was high and bold; and he said, "I will go alone up to Æetes, though he be the child of the sun, and win him with soft words. Better so than to go all together, and to come to blows at once." But the Greeks would not stay behind, so they rowed boldly up the stream.

And a dream came to Æetes, and filled his heart with fear. He thought he saw a shining star, which fell into his daughter's lap; and that Medea[4] his daughter took it gladly, and carried it to the river-side, and cast it in, and

1. *Caucasus* (kô'kȧ-sŭs). A chain of mountains extending eastward from the Black Sea to the Caspian Sea. The ancient Greeks believed these to be the highest mountains of the world.

2. *Phasis* (fā'sĭs). A river emptying into the Black Sea from the east. The present name is Rion.

3. *King Æetes* (ē-ē'tēz). King of Colchis (kŏl'kĭs), in whose possession was the golden fleece. He was the son of Helios, god of the sun.

4. *Medea* (mē-dē'ȧ).

there the whirling river bore it down, and out into the Euxine Sea.

Then he leapt up in fear, and bade his servants bring his chariot, that he might go down to the river-side and appease the nymphs,[1] and the heroes whose spirits haunt the bank. So he went down in his golden chariot, and his daughters by his side, Medea the fair witch-maiden, and Chalciope, who had been Phrixus' wife,[2] and behind him a crowd of servants and soldiers, for he was a rich and mighty prince.

And as he drove down by the reedy river, he saw *Argo* sliding up beneath the bank, and many a hero in her, like immortals[3] for beauty and for strength, as their weapons glittered round them in the level morning sunlight, through the white mist of the stream. But Jason was the noblest of all; for Hera who loved him gave him beauty, and tallness, and terrible manhood.

And when they came near together and looked into each other's eyes, the heroes were awed before Æetes as he shone in his chariot, like his father, the glorious Sun; for his robes were of rich gold tissue, and the rays of his diadem[4] flashed fire; and in his hand he bore a jeweled sceptre, which glittered like the stars; and sternly he looked at them under his brows, and sternly he spoke and loud,—

"Who are you, and what want you here, that you come to these shores? Do you take no account of my rule, nor

1. *Appease the nymphs* (nĭmfs). Pacify the nymphs, a lower order of gods living in streams, forests, meadows or mountains.

2. *Chalciope . . . Phrixus' wife* (chăl-sī'ō-pē, frĭk'sŭs). Phrixus had been carried on the ram of the golden fleece to Colchis. There he had married the daughter of the king, sacrificed the ram to Zeus, and given the golden fleece to the king.

3. *Immortals.* Those who live forever; the gods.

4. *Diadem* (dī'ȧ-dĕm). Crown.

of my people the Colchians[1] who serve me, who never tired yet in the battle, and know well how to face an invader?"

And the heroes sat silent a while before the face of that ancient king. But Hera the awful goddess put courage into Jason's heart, and he rose and shouted loudly in answer, "We are no pirates nor lawless men. We come not to plunder and to ravage, or carry away slaves from your land; but my uncle, the son of Poseidon,[2] Pelias[3] the Grecian king, he it is who has set me on a quest to bring home the golden fleece. And these too, my bold comrades, they are no nameless men; for some are the sons of immortals, and some of heroes far renowned. And we too never tire in battle, and know well how to give blows and to take; yet we wish to be guests at your table; it will be better so for both."

Then Æetes' rage rushed up like a whirlwind, and his eyes flashed fire as he heard; but he crushed his anger down in his breast, and spoke mildly a cunning speech,—

"If you will fight for the fleece with my Colchians, then many a man must die. But do you indeed expect to win from me the fleece in fight? So few you are, that if you be worsted, I can load your ship with your corpses. But if you will be ruled by me, you will find it better far to choose the best man among you, and let him fulfill the labors which I demand. Then I will give him the golden fleece for a prize and a glory to you all."

So saying, he turned his horses and drove back in silence

1. *Colchians* (kŏl'kĭ-ănz). Inhabitants of Colchis, the country ruled by Æetes.

2. *Poseidon* (pō-sī'dŏn). God of the sea. He was called Neptune by the Romans.

3. *Pelias* (pē'lĭ-ăs). The king of Iolcus, who was wrongly keeping Jason from the throne.

to the town. And the Greeks sat silent with sorrow, and longed for Hercules and his strength; for there was no facing the thousands of the Colchians, and the fearful chance of war.

But Chalciope, Phrixus' widow, went weeping to the town; for she remembered her Grecian husband, and all the pleasures of her youth, while she watched the fair faces of his kinsmen, and their long locks of golden hair. And she whispered to Medea her sister—"Why should all these brave men die? Why does not my father give them up the fleece, that my husband's spirit may have rest?"

And Medea's heart pitied the heroes, and Jason most of all; and she answered, "Our father is stern and terrible, and who can win the golden fleece?" But Chalciope said, "These men are not like our men; there is nothing which they cannot dare nor do."

And Medea thought of Jason and his brave countenance, and said, "If there was one among them who knew no fear, I could show him how to win the fleece."

So in the dusk of evening they went down to the riverside, Chalciope and Medea the witch-maiden, and Argus, Phrixus' son. And Argus the boy crept forward among the beds of reeds till he came where the heroes were sleeping, on the thwarts[1] of the ship, beneath the bank, while Jason kept ward[2] on shore, and leant upon his lance full of thought. And the boy came to Jason, and said,—

"I am the son of Phrixus, your cousin; and Chalciope my mother waits for you, to talk about the golden fleece."

Then Jason went boldly with the boy, and found the two princesses standing; and when Chalciope saw him she wept, and took his hands, and cried,—

"O cousin of my beloved, go home before you die!"

1. *Thwarts* (thwôrts). Rowers' seats reaching across the boat.
2. *Kept ward.* Kept watch.

"It would be base to go home now, fair princess, and to have sailed all these seas in vain." Then both the princesses besought him; but Jason said, "It is too late."

"But you know not," said Medea, "what he must do who would win the fleece. He must tame the two brazen-footed bulls, who breathe devouring flame; and with them he must plow ere nightfall four acres in the field of Ares;[1] and he must sow them with serpents' teeth, of which each tooth springs up into an armed man. Then he must fight with all those warriors; and little will it profit him to conquer them; for the fleece is guarded by a serpent more huge than any mountain pine; and over his body you must step, if you would reach the golden fleece."

Then Jason laughed bitterly. "Unjustly is that fleece kept here, and by an unjust and lawless king; and unjustly shall I die in my youth, for I will attempt it ere another sun be set."

Then Medea trembled, and said, "No mortal man can reach that fleece, unless I guide him through. For round it, beyond the river, is a wall full nine ells[2] high, with lofty towers and buttresses,[3] and mighty gates of three-fold brass; and over the gates the wall is arched, with golden battlements[4] above. And over the gateway sits Brimo, the wild witch-huntress of the woods, brandishing a pine-torch in her hands, while her mad hounds howl around. No man dare meet her or look on her, but only

1. *Ares* (ā'rēz). The Greek god of war. The Romans identified him with their war-god, Mars.

2. *Ells.* The ell is an ancient measure of length, probably about equal to our yard.

3. *Buttresses.* Projections from the main wall to give strength and support.

4. *Battlements.* Low walls consisting of alternate solid and open spaces, built usually on the tops of fortifications.

I her priestess, and she watches far and wide lest any stranger should come near."

"No wall so high but it may be climbed at last, and no wood so thick but it may be crawled through; no serpent so wary but he may be charmed, or witch-queen so fierce but spells may soothe her; and I may yet win the golden fleece, if a wise maiden help bold men."

And he looked at Medea cunningly, and held her with his glittering eye, till she blushed and trembled, and said,—

"Who can face the fire of the bull's breath, and fight ten thousand armed men?"

"He whom you help," said Jason, flattering her, "for your fame is spread over all the earth. Are you not the queen of all enchantresses,[1] wiser even than your sister Circe,[2] in her fairy island in the West?"

"Would that I were with my sister Circe in her fairy island in the West, far away from sore temptation, and thoughts which tear the heart! But if it must be so—for why should you die?—I have an ointment here; I made it from the magic ice-flower which sprang from Prometheus' wound,[3] above the clouds on Caucasus, in the dreary fields of snow. Anoint yourself with that, and you shall have in you seven men's strength; and anoint your shield with it, and neither fire nor sword can harm you. But what you begin you must end before sunset, for its virtue lasts only one day. And anoint your helmet[4] with it before

1. *Enchantresses.* Women skilled in magic charms.

2. *Circe* (sûr'sē). An enchantress who changed men into the forms of beasts.

3. *Prometheus' wound* (prō-mē'thūs). Prometheus was a Titan regarded as the founder of civilization and, by some, as the creator of mankind. He is said to have stolen the secret of fire from heaven and to have bestowed it upon man. As a punishment Zeus had him bound to Mount Caucasus, where each day a vulture came and ate away his liver, which grew again in the night.

4. *Helmet.* A covering of armor for the head.

you sow the serpents' teeth; and when the sons of earth spring up, cast your helmet among their ranks, and the deadly crop of the War-god's field will mow itself, and perish."

Then Jason fell on his knees before her, and thanked her and kissed her hands; and she gave him the vase of ointment, and fled trembling through the reeds. And Jason told his comrades what had happened, and showed them the box of ointment; and all rejoiced but Idas,[1] and he grew mad with envy.

And at sunrise Jason went and bathed, and anointed himself from head to foot, and his shield, and his helmet, and his weapons, and bade his comrades try the spell. So they tried to bend his lance, but it stood like an iron bar; and Idas in spite hewed at it with his sword, but the blade flew to splinters in his face. Then they hurled their lances at his shield, but the spear-points turned like lead; and one, a great wrestler, tried to throw him, but he never stirred a foot; and another struck him with his fist, a blow which would have killed an ox; but Jason only smiled, and the heroes danced about him with delight; and he leapt, and ran, and shouted, in the joy of that enormous strength, till the sun rose, and it was time to go and to claim Æetes' promise.

So he sent up two of his company to tell Æetes that he was ready for the fight; and they went up among the marble walls, and beneath the roofs of gold, and stood in Æetes' hall, while he grew pale with rage.

"Fulfill your promise to us, child of the blazing sun. Give us the serpents' teeth, and let loose the fiery bulls; for we have found a champion among us who can win the golden fleece."

And Æetes bit his lips, for he fancied that they had fled

1. *Idas* (ī'dăs).

away by night; but he could not go back from his promise, so he gave them the serpents' teeth.

Then he called for his chariot, and his horses, and sent heralds[1] through all the town; and all the people went out with him to the dreadful War-god's field.

And there Æetes sat upon his throne, with his warriors on each hand, thousands and tens of thousands, clothed from head to foot in steel-chain mail. And the people and the women crowded to every window, and bank, and wall; while the Greeks stood together, a mere handful in the midst of that great host.

And Chalciope was there, and Argus, trembling, and Medea, wrapped closely in her veil; but Æetes did not know that she was muttering cunning spells between her lips.

Then Jason cried, "Fulfill your promise, and let your fiery bulls come forth."

Then Æetes bade open the gates, and the magic bulls leapt out. Their brazen hoofs rang upon the ground, and their nostrils sent out sheets of flame, as they rushed with lowered heads upon Jason; but he never flinched a step. The flame of their breath swept around him, but it singed not a hair of his head; and the bulls stopped short and trembled, when Medea began her spell.

Then Jason sprang upon the nearest, and seized him by the horn; and up and down they wrestled, till the bull fell grovelling[2] on his knees; for the heart of the brute died within him, and his mightly limbs were loosed, beneath the steadfast eye of that dark witch-maiden and the magic whisper of her lips.

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1. *Heralds.* Officers whose business it was to bear messages or make announcements for the king.

2. *Grovelling* (grŏv''l-ĭng). Creeping or cringing with the face to the ground.

So both the bulls were tamed and yoked; and Jason bound them to the plow, and goaded them onward with his lance, till he had plowed the sacred field.

And all the Greeks shouted; but Æetes bit his lips with rage; for the half of Jason's work was over, and the sun was yet high in heaven.

Then he took the serpents' teeth and sowed then, and waited what would befall. But Medea looked at him and at his helmet, lest he should forget the lesson she had taught.

And every furrow heaved and bubbled, and out of every clod rose a man. Out of the earth they rose by thousands, each clad from head to foot in steel, and drew their swords and rushed on Jason, where he stood in the midst alone.

Then the Greeks grew pale with fear for him; but Æetes laughed a bitter laugh. "See! if I had not warriors enough already round me, I could call them out of the bosom of the earth."

But Jason snatched off his helmet, and hurled it into the thickest of the throng. And blind madness came upon them, suspicion, hate, and fear; and one cried to his fellow, "Thou didst strike me!" and another, "Thou art Jason; thou shalt die!" So fury seized those earth-born phantoms,[1] and each turned his hand against the rest; and they fought and were never weary, till they all lay dead upon the ground. Then the magic furrows opened, and the kind earth took them home into her breast; and the grass grew up all green again above them, and Jason's work was done.

Then the Greeks rose and shouted, till Prometheus heard them from his crag. And Jason cried—"Lead me to the fleece this moment, before the sun goes down."

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1. *Phantoms* (făn'tŭmz). Ghosts; specters.

But Æetes thought—"He has conquered the bulls; and sown and reaped the deadly crop. Who is this who is proof against all magic? He may kill the serpent yet." So he delayed, and sat taking counsel with his princes, till the sun went down and all was dark. Then he bade a herald cry, "Every man to his home for to-night. To-morrow we will meet these heroes, and speak about the golden fleece."

Then he turned and looked at Medea: "This is your doing, false witch-maid! You have helped these yellow-haired strangers, and brought shame upon your father and yourself!"

Medea shrank and trembled, and her face grew pale with fear; and Æetes knew that she was guilty, and whispered, "If they win the fleece, you die!"

But the Greeks marched toward their ship, growling like lions cheated of their prey; for they saw that Æetes meant to mock them, and to cheat them out of all their toil. And they said, "Let us go to the grove together, and take the fleece by force."

And Idas the rash cried, "Let us draw lots who shall go in first; for while the dragon is devouring one, the rest can slay him, and carry off the fleece in peace." But Jason held them back, though he praised them; for he hoped for Medea's help.

And after a while Medea came trembling, and wept a long while before she spoke. And at last,—

"My end is come, and I must die; for my father has found out that I have helped you. You he would kill if he dared; but he will not harm you, because you have been his guests. Go, then, go, and remember poor Medea when you are far away across the sea." But all the heroes cried—

"If you die, we die with you; for without you we can-

not win the fleece, and home we will not go without it, but fall here fighting to the last man."

"You need not die," said Jason. "Flee home with us across the sea. Show us first how to win the fleece; for you can do it. Why else are you the priestess of the grove? Show us but how to win the fleece, and come with us, and you shall be my queen, and rule over the rich princes of the Greeks, in Iolcos[1] by the sea."

And all the heroes pressed round, and vowed to her that she should be their queen.

Medea wept, and shuddered, and hid her face in her hands; for her heart yearned after her sisters and her playfellows, and the home where she was brought up as a child. But at last she looked up at Jason, and spoke between her sobs,—

"Must I leave my home and my people, to wander with strangers across the sea? The lot is cast, and I must endure it. I will show you how to win the golden fleece. Bring up your ship to the woodside, and moor her there against the bank; and let Jason come up at midnight, and one brave comrade with him, and meet me beneath the wall."

Then all the heroes cried together—"I will go!" "and I!" "and I!" And Idas the rash grew mad with envy; for he longed to be foremost in all things. But Medea calmed them, and said, "Orpheus shall go with Jason, and bring his magic harp; for I hear of him that he is the king of all minstrels,[2] and can charm all things on earth."

And Orpheus laughed for joy, and clapped his hands,

1. *Iolcos* (ī-ŏl′kŭs). A city in Thessaly, Greece, near Mount Pelion (pē′lĭ-ŏn). The modern name is Volo. It was at Iolcos that the Argonauts embarked.

2. *Minstrels.* Entertainers who sang verses to the accompaniment of the harp or lyre.

because the choice had fallen on him; for in those days poets and singers were as bold warriors as the best.

So at midnight they went up the bank, and found Medea; and beside came her young brother, leading a yearling lamb.

Then Medea brought them to a thicket, beside the War-god's gate; and there she bade Jason dig a ditch, and kill the lamb and leave it there, and strew on it magic herbs and honey from the honeycomb.

Then sprang up through the earth, with the red fire flashing before her, Brimo the wild witch-huntress, while her mad hounds howled around. She had one head like a horse's, and another like a ravening[1] hound's, and another like a hissing snake's, and a sword in either hand. And she leapt into the ditch with her hounds, and they ate and drank their fill, while Jason and Orpheus trembled, and Medea hid her eyes. And at last the witch-queen vanished, and fled with her hounds into the woods; and the bars of the gates fell down, and the brazen doors flew wide, and Medea and the heroes ran forward and hurried through the poison wood, among the dark stems of the mighty beeches, guided by the gleam of the golden fleece, until they saw it hanging on one vast tree in the midst. And Jason would have sprung to seize it; but Medea held him back, and pointed shuddering to the tree-foot, where the mighty serpent lay, coiled in and out among the roots, with a body like a mountain pine. His coils stretched many a fathom, spangled with bronze and gold; and half of him they could see, but no more; for the rest lay in the darkness far beyond.

And when he saw them coming, he lifted up his head, and watched them with his small bright eyes, and flashed

1. *Ravening* (răv''n-ĭng). Greedy; devouring with great eagerness.

his forked tongue, and roared like the fire among the woodlands till the forest tossed and groaned. For his cry shook the trees from leaf to root, and swept over the long reaches of the river, and over Æetes' hall, and woke the sleepers in the city, till mothers clasped their children in their fear.

But Medea called gently to him; and he stretched out his long spotted neck, and licked her hand, and looked up in her face, as if to ask for food. Then she made a sign to Orpheus, and he began his magic song.

And as he sung, the forest grew calm again, and the leaves on every tree hung still; and the serpent's head sank down, and his brazen coils grew limp, and his glittering eyes closed lazily, till he breathed as gently as a child, while Orpheus called to pleasant Slumber, who gives peace to men, and beasts, and waves.

Then Jason leapt forward warily, and stepped across that mighty snake, and tore the fleece from off the tree-trunk; and the four rushed down the garden, to the bank where the *Argo* lay.

There was silence for a moment, while Jason held the golden fleece on high. Then he cried—"Go, now, good *Argo*, swift and steady, if ever you would see Pelion[1] more."

And she went, as the heroes drove her, grim and silent all, with muffled oars,[2] till the pine-wood bent like willow in their hands, and stout *Argo* groaned beneath their strokes.

On and on, beneath the dewy darkness, they fled swiftly down the swirling stream; underneath black walls, and

1. *Pelion.* The mountain near Iolcos, the home of Jason.

2. *Muffled oars.* Oars with cloth or canvas wrapped around their shafts so that they will make no noise as they work in the tholes or rowlocks.

temples, and the castles of the princes of the East; past sluice-mouths,[1] and fragrant gardens, and groves of all strange fruits; past marshes where fat kine lay sleeping, and long beds of whispering reeds; till they heard the merry music of the surge upon the bar, as it tumbled in the moonlight all alone.

Into the surge they rushed, and *Argo* leapt the breakers like a horse; for she knew the time was come to show her mettle, and win honor for the heroes and herself.

Into the surge they rushed, and *Argo* leapt the breakers like a horse, till the heroes stopped, all panting, each man upon his oar, as she slid into the still broad sea.

Then Orpheus took his harp and sang a pæan,[2] till the heroes' hearts rose high again; and they rowed on stoutly and steadfastly, away into the darkness of the West.

—Charles Kingsley.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: ancient songs, grand old rolling verse, most huge, wheaten flour, shrank, is become a proverb, sluggish Putrid Sea, everlasting night, helmsman, toil, chariot, reedy river, terrible manhood, awed, rich gold tissue, diadem, jeweled sceptre, invader, pirates, lawless men, to plunder and to ravage, quest, sons of immortals, heroes far renowned, a cunning speech, brazen-footed, devouring flame, full nine ells high, wild witch-huntress, brandishing, wary, witch-queen, fairy island, ointment, anoint, shield, helmet, enormous, champion, fancied, cunning spells, singed, grovelling, goaded, lest, earth-born phantoms, magic furrows, crag, counsel, mock, draw lots, devouring, moor, comrade, yearling, vanished, brazen doors, fathom, spangled, limp, dewy darkness, fat kine, surge, breakers, mettle.

2. Why did the heroes wish Hercules for captain?

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1. *Sluice-mouths* (slo͞os). The mouths or outlets of artificial water passages.

2. *Pæan* (pē′ăn). A song of deliverance, praise, or thanksgiving, generally addressed to a god.

3. Why was Jason chosen captain? What qualities made Jason a good captain?

4. Describe the sacrifice and the taking of the vow.

5. What was the purpose in taking the vow?

6. What is meant by saying that the name *Argo* "is become a proverb among men"?

7. What stories were told about the Black Sea in those days?

8. Describe the arrival at the kingdom of Æetes.

9. What was the dream of Æetes? What effect did it have on him?

10. Describe Æetes as he appeared in his chariot.

11. What was Jason's reply to his insolent question?

12. How were the Greeks affected by the proposal of Æetes?

13. Tell of the meeting between Jason and Chalciope and Medea.

14. What conditions were put upon the man who would win the golden fleece?

15. Describe the place where the fleece was kept.

16. How did Jason flatter Medea?

17. What was the power of the magic ointment? Explain how the Greeks tried its power.

18. Describe the scene at the War-god's field.

19. Tell how Jason conquered the magic bulls.

20. Tell of the sowing of the serpents' teeth.

21. Explain the sentence: "So fury seized those earth-born phantoms, and each turned his hand against the rest; and they fought and were never weary, till all lay dead upon the ground."

22. How did Æetes try to trick Jason?

23. Was the plan of Idas for capturing the golden fleece a good one? Why?

24. Why did Medea turn against her father and help Jason?

25. Why did she choose Orpheus to go with Jason?

26. Describe Brimo and her mad hounds.

27. Describe the serpent that guarded the golden fleece.

28. Tell how Medea and Orpheus calmed him.

29. Explain how the *Argo* escaped to the open sea.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT takes first rank in America as a nature poet. Not only did he write of the big things in nature, like giant forests, awful storms, and the roar of the mighty sea, but he also had great respect for tiny flowers and the birds of the field and forest. From them he learned valuable lessons for man, and he put these lessons into delightful poems.

"Robert of Lincoln" is a study of the life and character of the bobolink. In it Bryant shows how a happy-go-lucky bobolink, chattering and boasting, is turned into a sober enough old fellow by the cares of his family of one little "Quaker wife" and six little hungry bobolinks.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,[1]
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

1. *Mead.* Meadow.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink.
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart[1] and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves,[2] if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked[3] with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

1. *Braggart.* Boaster.
2. *Knaves* (nāvz). Rascals; rogues.
3. *Flecked* (flĕkt). Spotted; streaked.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him[1] well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober[2] with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes;[3] the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;[4]
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink.
When you can pipe[5] that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

—William Cullen Bryant.

1. *Bestirs him.* Stirs himself; hustles about.
2. *Sober.* Serious-minded.
3. *Wanes* (wānz). Passes away.
4. *Crone.* A withered old person.
5. *Pipe.* Sing.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: brier, dame, "spink, spank, spink," snug, drest, crest, broods, creature, shy as a nun, frolic, hungry brood, holiday garment, nestlings, merry old strain.

2. Explain how Robert of Lincoln was telling his name. Why was he singing so merrily?

3. How was he dressed?

4. Describe his "Quaker wife."

5. In what way did she differ from him?

6. What change came over the bobolink after the eggs were hatched?

7. What sort of a fellow was the bobolink by the time summer was over?

THE STORY OF A SALMON

MOST American boys and girls think of a salmon as a fish found in flat tin cans, cut in strips of regular length, and ready to be eaten without having to undergo the process of being cooked. They seldom stop to consider where the salmon came into life, where and how he passed his babyhood, how long he lived and where he lived before he got packed so tightly into those flat tin cans. They never wonder about his life in the cool waters of the rivers of Washington and Oregon or think of the years he spends at sea.

All of this and many things more about the salmon's life are told in the following delightful and interesting "Story of a Salmon," by David Starr Jordan, one of America's greatest scientists and most prominent citizens. The story starts with the salmon when he is no more than a little orange-colored globule, and traces his exciting life through unto the end, when he and his companion, their life work done, turn and for the second time drift down toward the sea.

THE STORY OF A SALMON

IN the realm of the Northwest Wind, on the boundary line between the dark fir forests and the sunny plains, there stands a mountain,—a great white cone two miles

and a half in perpendicular height. On its lower mile the dense fir woods cover it with never-changing green; on its next half-mile a lighter green of grass and bushes gives place in winter to white; and on its uppermost mile the snows of the great ice age[1] still linger in unspotted purity. The people of Washington Territory say that their mountain is the great "King-pin of the Universe," which shows that even in its own country Mount Tacoma is not without honor.

Flowing down from the southwest slope of Mount Tacoma is a cold, clear river, fed by the melting snows of the mountain. Madly it hastens down over white cascades[2] and beds of shining sands, through birch woods and belts of dark firs, to mingle its waters at last with those of the great Columbia. This river is the Cowlitz; and on its bottom, not many years ago, there lay half buried in the sand a number of little orange-colored globules,[3] each about as large as a pea. These were not much in themselves, but great in their possibilities. In the waters above them little suckers and chubs and prickly sculpins[4] strained their mouths to draw these globules from the sand, and vicious-looking crawfishes picked them up with their blundering hands and examined them with their telescopic eyes. But one, at least, of the globules escaped their curiosity, else this story would not be worth telling.

The sun shone down on it through the clear water, and the ripples of the Cowlitz said over it their incantations,[5]

1. *The great ice age.* The age during which glaciers covered the greater part of North America.

2. *White cascades.* A series of small waterfalls or rapids in which the water is churned into foam.

3. *Globules* (glŏb′ūlz). Little globes; very small spheres.

4. *Prickly sculpins* (skŭl′pĭnz). Bony, large-headed, broad-mouthed fishes.

5. *Incantations* (ĭn′kăn-tā′shŭnz). Words used in magic spells or charms.

and in it at last awoke a living being. It was a fish,—a curious little fellow, not half an inch long, with great, staring eyes, which made almost half his length, and with a body so transparent that he could not cast a shadow. He was a little salmon, a very little salmon; but the water was good, and there were flies and worms and little living creatures in abundance for him to eat, and he soon became a larger salmon. Then there were many more little salmon with him, some larger and some smaller, and they all had a merry time. Those who had been born soonest and had grown largest used to chase the others around and bite off their tails, or, still better, take them by the heads and swallow them whole; for, said they, "Even young salmon are good eating." "Heads I win, tails you lose," was their motto. Thus, what was once two small salmon became united into a single larger one, and the process of "addition, division, and silence" still went on.

By-and-by, when all the salmon were too large to be swallowed, they began to grow restless. They saw that the water rushing by seemed to be in a great hurry to get somewhere, and it was somehow suggested that its hurry was caused by something good to eat at the other end of its course. Then they all started down the stream, salmon fashion,—which fashion is to get into the current, head upstream, and thus to drift backward as the river sweeps along.

Down the Cowlitz River the salmon went for a day and a night, finding much to interest them which we need not know. At last they began to grow hungry; and coming near the shore, they saw an angle-worm of rare size and beauty floating in an eddy of the stream. Quick as thought one of them opened his mouth, which was well filled with teeth of different sizes, and put it around the angle-worm. Quicker still he felt a sharp pain in his gills,

followed by a smothering sensation, and in an instant his comrades saw him rise straight into the air. This was nothing new to them; for they often leaped out of the water in their games of hide-and-seek, but only to come down again with a loud splash not far from where they went out. But this one never came back, and the others went on their course wondering.

At last they came to where the Cowlitz and the Columbia join, and they were almost lost for a time; for they could find no shores, and the bottom and the top of the water were so far apart. Here they saw other and far larger salmon in the deepest part of the current, turning neither to the right nor to the left, but swimming right on upstream just as rapidly as they could. And these great salmon would not stop for them, and would not lie and float with the current. They had no time to talk, even in the simple sign language by which fishes express their ideas, and no time to eat. They had important work before them, and the time was short. So they went on up the river, keeping their great purposes to themselves; and our little salmon and his friends from the Cowlitz drifted down the stream.

By-and-by the water began to change. It grew denser, and no longer flowed rapidly along; and twice a day it used to turn about and flow the other way. Then the shores disappeared, and the water began to have a different and peculiar flavor, — a flavor which seemed to the salmon much richer and more inspiring than the glacier water of their native Cowlitz. There were many curious things to see,—crabs with hard shells and savage faces, but so good when crushed and swallowed! Then there were luscious squid[1] swimming about; and, to a salmon,

1. *Luscious squid* (lŭsh′ŭs skwĭd). The squid is a long, snake-like fish with ten arms at the head, and a shelly, pointed tail. "Luscious" means pleasing to the taste.

squid are like ripe peaches and cream. There were great companies of delicate sardines and herring, green and silvery, and it was such fun to chase and capture them! Those who eat sardines packed in oil by greasy fingers, and herrings dried in the smoke, can have little idea how satisfying it is to have a meal of them, plump and sleek and silvery, fresh from the sea.

Thus the salmon chased the herrings about, and had a merry time. Then they were chased about in turn by great sea lions,—swimming monsters with huge half-human faces, long thin whiskers, and blundering ways. The sea lions liked to bite out the throat of a salmon, with its precious stomach full of luscious sardines, and then to leave the rest of the fish to shift for itself. And the seals and the herrings scattered the salmon about, till at last the hero of our story found himself quite alone, with none of his own kind near him. But that did not trouble him much, and he went on his own way, getting his dinner when he was hungry, which was all the time, and then eating a little between meals for his stomach's sake.

So it went on for three long years; and at the end of this time our little fish had grown to be a great, fine salmon of twenty-two pounds' weight, shining like a new tin pan, and with rows of the loveliest round black spots on his head and back and tail. One day, as he was swimming about, idly chasing a big sculpin with a head so thorny that he never was swallowed by anybody, all of a sudden the salmon noticed a change in the water around him.

Spring had come again, and the south-lying snow-drifts on the Cascade Mountains[1] once more felt that the "earth was wheeling sunwards." The cold snow waters

1. *Cascade Mountains.* A range of mountains in Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia. The highest peak is Mt. Rainier.

ran down from the mountains and into the Columbia River, and made a freshet on the river. The high water went far out into the sea, and out in the sea our salmon felt it on his gills. He remembered how the cold water used to feel in the Cowlitz when he was a little fish. In a blundering, fishy fashion he thought about it; he wondered whether the little eddy looked as it used to look, and whether caddisworms[1] and young mosquitoes were really as sweet and tender as he used to think they were. Then he thought some other things; but as the salmon's mind is located in the optic lobes[2] of his brain, and ours is in a different place, we cannot be quite certain what his thoughts really were.

What our salmon did, we know. He did what every grown salmon in the ocean does when he feels the glacier water once more upon his gills. He became a changed being. He spurned the blandishment[3] of soft-shelled crabs. The pleasures of the table and of the chase, heretofore his only delights, lost their charms for him. He turned his course straight toward the direction whence the cold water came, and for the rest of his life never tasted a mouthful of food. He moved on toward the river mouth, at first playfully, as though he were not really certain whether he meant anything after all. Afterward, when he struck the full current of the Columbia, he plunged straight forward with an unflinching determination that had in it something of the heroic.[4] When he had passed the rough water at the bar, he was not alone. His old neighbors of the Cowlitz, and many more from the Clack-

1. *Caddisworms.* Small worms often used as bait by anglers.

2. *Optic lobes.* Important parts of the brain in reptiles, birds and fishes.

3. *Blandishment.* Allurement; temptation.

4. *Something of the heroic.* Something noble, or worthy of a hero.

amas and the Spokane and Deschutes and Kootenay,[1]—a great army of salmon,—were with him. In front were thousands pressing on, and behind them were thousands more, all moved by a common impulse which urged them up the Columbia.

They were all swimming bravely along where the current was deepest, when suddenly the foremost felt something tickling like a cobweb about their noses and under their chins. They changed their course a little to brush it off, and it touched their fins as well. Then they tried to slip down with the current, and thus leave it behind. But, no! the thing, whatever it was, although its touch was soft, refused to let go, and held them like a fetter. The more they struggled, the tighter became its grasp, and the whole foremost rank of the salmon felt it together; for it was a great gill net,[2] a quarter of a mile long, stretched squarely across the mouth of the river.

By-and-by men came in boats, and hauled up the gill net and the helpless salmon that had become entangled in it. They threw the fishes into a pile in the bottom of the boat, and the others saw them no more. We that live outside the water know better what befalls them, and we can tell the story which the salmon could not.

All along the banks of the Columbia River, from its mouth to nearly thirty miles away, there is a succession of large buildings, looking like great barns or warehouses, built on piles in the river, high enough to be out of the reach of floods. There are thirty of these buildings, and they are called canneries. Each cannery has about forty boats, and with each boat are two men and a long gill net.

1. *Clackamas* (klăk′ȧ-mȧs), *Spokane* (spō-kăn′), *Deschutes* (dā-shōōt′), *Kootenay* (kōō′tē-nā). Tributaries of the Columbia.

2. *Gill net.* A net having meshes which allow the fish's head to pass through and catch in the meshes when he tries to get out.

These nets fill the whole river as with a nest of cobwebs from April to July, and to each cannery nearly a thousand great salmon are brought every day. These salmon are thrown in a pile on the floor; and Wing Hop, the big Chinaman, takes them one after another on the table, and with a great knife dexterously[1] cuts off the head, the tail, and the fins; then with a sudden thrust he removes the intestines and the eggs. The body goes into a tank of water; and the head is dropped into a box on a flatboat, and goes down the river to be made into salmon oil. Next, the body is brought to another table; and Quong Sang, with a machine like a feed cutter, cuts it into pieces each just as long as a one-pound can. Then Ah Sam, with a butcher knife, cuts these pieces into strips just as wide as the can. Next Wan Lee, the "China boy," brings down a hundred cans from the loft where the tinners are making them, and into each can puts a spoonful of salt. It takes just six salmon to fill a hundred cans. Then twenty Chinamen put the pieces of meat into the cans, fitting in little strips to make them exactly full. Ten more solder up the cans, and ten more put the cans into boiling water till the meat is thoroughly cooked, and five more punch a little hole in the head of each can to let out the air. Then they solder them up again, and little girls paste on them bright-colored labels showing merry little cupids riding the happy salmon up to the cannery door, with Mount Tacoma and Cape Disappointment[2] in the background; and a legend underneath says that this is "Booth's," or "Badollet's Best," or "Hume's," or "Clark's," or "Kinney's Superfine Salt Water Salmon." Then the cans are placed in cases, forty-eight in a case, and five hundred

1. *Dexterously* (dĕks'tĕr-ŭs-lĭ). Skillfully.

2. *Cape Disappointment.* A cape at the mouth of the Columbia River.

thousand cases are put up every year. Great ships come to Astoria, and are loaded with them; and they carry them away to London and San Francisco and Liverpool and New York and Sidney and Valparaiso; and the man at the corner grocery sells them at twenty cents a can.

All this time our salmon is going up the river, eluding[1] one net as by a miracle, and soon having need of more miracles to escape the rest; passing by Astoria on a fortunate day,—which was Sunday, the day on which no man may fish if he expects to sell what he catches,—till finally he came to where nets were few, and, at last, to where they ceased altogether. But there he found that scarcely any of his many companions were with him; for the nets cease when there are no more salmon to be caught in them. So he went on, day and night, where the water was deepest, stopping not to feed or loiter on the way, till at last he came to a wild gorge,[2] where the great river became an angry torrent, rushing widly over a huge staircase of rocks. But our hero did not falter; and summoning all his forces, he plunged into the Cascades. The current caught him and dashed him against the rocks. A whole row of silvery scales came off and glistened in the water like sparks of fire, and a place on his side became black-and-red, which, for a salmon, is the same as being black-and-blue for other people. His comrades tried to go up with him; and one lost his eye, one his tail, and one had his lower jaw pushed back into his head like the joint of a telescope. Again he tried to surmount the Cascades; and at last he succeeded, and an Indian on the rocks above was waiting to receive him. But the Indian with his spear was less skillful than he was wont to be, and our hero escaped, losing only a part of one of his fins; and

1. *Eluding* (ē-lūd'ĭng). Dodging by.
2. *Gorge* (gôrj). A very narrow valley between mountains.

with him came one other, and henceforth these two pursued their journey together.

Now a gradual change took place in the looks of our salmon. In the sea he was plump and round and silvery, with delicate teeth in a symmetrical[1] mouth. Now his silvery color disappeared, his skin grew slimy, and the scales sank into it; his back grew black, and his sides turned red,—not a healthy red, but a sort of hectic flush. He grew poor; and his back, formerly as straight as need be, now developed an unpleasant hump at the shoulders. His eyes—like those of all enthusiasts who forsake eating and sleeping for some loftier aim—became dark and sunken. His symmetrical jaws grew longer and longer, and meeting each other, as the nose of an old man meets his chin, each had to turn aside to let the other pass. His beautiful teeth grew longer and longer, and projected from his mouth, giving him a savage and wolfish appearance, quite at variance with[2] his real disposition. For all the desires and ambitions of his nature had become centered into one. We may not know what this one was, but we know that it was a strong one; for it had led him on and on,—past the nets and horrors of Astoria; past the dangerous Cascades; past the spears of Indians; through the terrible flume of the Dalles,[3] where the mighty river is compressed between huge rocks into a channel narrower than a village street; on past the meadows of Umatilla[4] and the wheatfields of Walla Walla; on to where the great Snake River and the Columbia join; on up the Snake River

1. *Symmetrical* (sĭ-mĕt'rĭ-kăl). Well shaped; evenly proportioned.

2. *At variance with* (vā'rĭ-ăns). Different from.

3. *Flume of the Dalles* (flōōm, dălz). A flume is a narrow ravine through which a river runs. The Dalles is a rapid in the Columbia River where the channel is narrowed between rock walls.

4. *Umatilla* (ū'mȧ-tĭl'ȧ). A county in northeast Oregon.

and its eastern branch, till at last he reached the foot of the Bitter Root Mountains in the Territory of Idaho, nearly a thousand miles from the ocean which he had left in April. With him still was the other salmon which had come with him through the Cascades, handsomer and smaller than he, and, like him, growing poor and ragged and tired.

At last, one October afternoon, our finny travelers came together to a little clear brook, with a bottom of fine gravel, over which the water was but a few inches deep. Our fish painfully worked his way to it; for his tail was all frayed out, his muscles were sore, and his skin covered with unsightly blotches.[1] But his sunken eyes saw a ripple in the stream, and under it a bed of little pebbles and sand. So there in the sand he scooped out with his tail a smooth round place, and his companion came and filled it with orange-colored eggs. Then our salmon came back again; and softly covering the eggs, the work of their lives was done, and, in the old salmon fashion, they drifted tail foremost down the stream.

They drifted on together for a night and a day, but they never came to the sea. For the salmon has but one life to live, and it ascends the river but once. The rest lies with its children. And when the April sunshine fell on the globules in the gravel, these were wakened into life. With the early autumn rains, the little fishes were large enough to begin their wanderings. They dropped down the current in the old salmon fashion. And thus they came into the great river and drifted away to the sea.

—David Starr Jordan.

From "Science Sketches," by David Starr Jordan; published by A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago, Ill. Used by the courteous permission of author and publishers.

1. *Unsightly blotches* (blŏch'ĕz). Ugly spots.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: realm of the Northwest Wind, boundary line, cone, perpendicular height, never-changing, unspotted purity, suckers, chubs, vicious-looking, blundering, telescopic eyes, ripples, curious, transparent, angle-worm, gills, smothering sensation, peculiar flavor, inspiring, glacier water, sardines, herring, freshet, eddy, unflinching determination, cobweb, fetter, canneries, cupids, legend, miracle, angry torrent, surmount, slimy, hectic flush, enthusiasts, symmetrical, wolfish, finny travelers.

2. Describe Mount Tacoma.

3. What were the "little orange-colored globules" on the bottom of the Cowlitz River?

4. Describe the appearance of a baby salmon.

5. What is meant by the process of "addition, division, and silence"?

6. What happened to the salmon that ate the angle-worm?

7. Explain the smothering sensation he had.

8. What difference did the young salmon note when he came to the Columbia River?

9. What new food did he find when he got out into the ocean?

10. What enemies did he find there?

11. What changes did the three long years of ocean life make in the salmon?

12. What effect did the cold snow waters of the Columbia River have upon him?

13. Explain the sentence, "He spurned the blandishment of soft-shelled crabs."

14. What did he find when he came into the full current of the Columbia?

15. Describe the canneries along the lower part of the Columbia River.

16. Explain carefully the process of canning salmon, from the time they are caught until they are shipped to the big cities of the world.

17. Locate on the map the cities of London, San Francisco, Liverpool, New York, Sidney, and Valparaiso.

18. Why was our salmon fortunate in passing by Astoria on Sunday?

19. Tell how he swam up the Cascades.

20. What changes took place in his appearance?

21. What changes had taken place in his desires and ambitions?

22. Trace on the map the route of the salmon from the time he started up the Columbia until he reached the foot of the Bitter Root Mountains in Idaho.

23. Tell how he and his companion finished the work of their lives.

THE FORGING OF BALMUNG

PERHAPS no other of the mythical heroes of the early Germans has had more stories told about him than has Siegfried. His many deeds, accomplished with the help of his magic sword Balmung and the wonderful cap, or cloak, Tarnkappe, which rendered the wearer invisible, have been told time and again in verse and in prose. Richard Wagner made him the hero of two of his operas in the "Ring of the Nibelung." Siegfried's greatest exploits were the winning of the hoard of the Nibelungs, the slaying of the dragon, and the wooing and winning of Queen Brunhild for his friend Gunther.

The following story gives an account of the making of Balmung, the famous sword, which was later of so great service to Siegfried. It gives an interesting picture of Siegfried as a boy at work in the smithy of Mimer, the keeper of the well of wisdom.

THE FORGING OF BALMUNG

AT Santen, in the Lowlands, there once lived a young prince named Siegfried.[1] His father, Siegmund,[2] was king of the rich country through which the lazy Rhine winds its way just before reaching the great North Sea; and he was known, both far and near, for his good deeds and his

1. *Siegfried* (sēg'frēd).
2. *Siegmund* (sēg'mŭnd).

prudent thrift. And Siegfried's mother, the gentle Sigelind,[1] was loved by all for her goodness of heart and her kindly charity to the poor. Neither king nor queen left aught undone that might make the young prince happy, or fit him for life's usefulness. Wise men were brought from far-off lands to be his teachers; and every day something was added to his store of knowledge or his stock of happiness. And very skillful did he become in warlike games and in manly feats of strength. No other youth could throw the spear with so great force, or shoot the arrow with surer aim. No other youth could run more swiftly, or ride with more becoming ease. His gentle mother took delight in adding to the beauty of his matchless form by clothing him in costly garments decked with the rarest jewels. The old, the young, the rich, the poor, the high, the low, all praised the fearless Siegfried, and all vied in friendly strife to win his favor. One would have thought that the life of the young prince could never be aught but a holiday, and that the birds would sing, and the flowers would bloom, and the sun would shine forever for his sake.

But the business of man's life is not mere pastime; and none knew this truth better than the wise old king, Siegmund.

"All work is noble," said he to Siegfried; "and he who yearns to win fame must not shun toil. Even princes should know how to earn a livelihood[2] by the labor of their hands."

And so, while Siegfried was still a young lad, his father sent him to live with a smith called Mimer, whose smithy was among the hills not far from the great forest. For in those early times the work of the smith was looked upon

1. *Sigelind* (sēg'lĭnd).
2. *Livelihood* (līv'lĭ-ho͝od). Living; means of support.

as the most worthy of all trades,—a trade which the gods themselves were not ashamed to follow. And this smith Mimer was a wonderful master,—the wisest and most cunning that the world had ever seen. Men said that he was akin to the dwarf-folk who had ruled the earth in the early days, and who were learned in every lore,[1] and skilled in every craft;[2] and they said that he was so exceeding old that no one could remember the day when he came to dwell in the land of Siegmund's fathers. And some said, too, that he was the keeper of a wonderful well, or flowing spring, the waters of which imparted wisdom and far-seeing knowledge to all who drank of them.

To Mimer's school, then, where he would be taught to work skillfully and to think wisely, Siegfried was sent, to be in all respects like the other pupils there. A coarse blue blouse, and heavy leggings, and a leathern apron, took the place of the costly clothing which he had worn in his father's dwelling. His feet were incased in awkward wooden shoes, and his head was covered with a wolfskin cap. The dainty bed, with its downy pillows, wherein every night his mother had been wont, with gentle care, to see him safely covered, was given up for a rude heap of straw in a corner of the smithy. And the rich food to which he had been used gave place to the coarsest and humblest fare. But the lad did not complain. The days which he passed in the smithy were mirthful and happy; and the sound of his hammer rang cheerfully, and the sparks from his forge flew briskly, from morning till night.

And a wonderful smith he became. No one could do more work than he, and none wrought with greater skill. The heaviest chains and the strongest bolts, for prison or for treasure-house, were but as toys in his stout hands,

1. *Every lore.* Every kind of learning.
2. *Every craft.* Every kind of workmanship.

so easily and quickly did he beat them into shape. And he was alike cunning in work of the most delicate and brittle kind. Ornaments of gold and silver, studded[1] with the rarest jewels, were fashioned into beautiful forms by his deft fingers. And among all of Mimer's apprentices[2] none learned the master's lore so readily, or gained the master's favor more.

One morning the master, Mimer, came to the smithy with a troubled look upon his face. It was clear that something had gone amiss; and what it was the apprentices soon learned from the smith himself. Never, until lately, had any one questioned Mimer's right to be called the foremost smith in all the world; but now a rival had come forward. An unknown upstart—one Amilias,[3] in Burgundyland[4]—had made a suit of armor, which, he boasted, no stroke of sword could dint, and no blow of spear could scratch; and he had sent a challenge to all other smiths, both in the Rhine country and elsewhere, to equal that piece of workmanship, or else acknowledge themselves his underlings and vassals.[5] For many days had Mimer himself toiled, alone and vainly, trying to forge a sword whose edge the boasted armor of Amilias could not foil;[6] and now, in despair, he came to ask the help of his pupils and apprentices.

"Who among you is skillful enough to forge such a sword?" he asked.

One after another, the pupils shook their heads. And

1. *Studded.* Set.

2. *Apprentices* (ă-prĕn'tĭs-ĕz). Persons bound by legal agreement to serve another for a certain time while learning a trade.

3. *Amilias* (à-mĭl'ĭ-ăs).

4. *Burgundyland* (bûr'gŭn-dĭ-lănd). Burgundy, an old province of eastern France.

5. *Underlings and vassals.* Inferiors and servants.

6. *Foil.* Stop; defeat; render useless.

Veliant, the foreman of the apprentices, said, "I have heard much about that wonderful armor, and its extreme hardness, and I doubt if any skill can make a sword with edge so sharp and true as to cut into it. The best that can be done is to try to make another war coat whose temper[1] shall equal that of Amilias's armor."

Then the lad Siegfried quickly said, "I will make such a sword as you want,—a blade that no war coat can foil. Give me but leave to try!"

The other pupils laughed in scorn, but Mimer checked them. "You hear how this boy can talk: we will see what he can do. He is the king's son, and we know that he has uncommon talent. He shall make the sword; but if, upon trial, it fail, I will make him rue the day."[2]

Then Siegfried went to his task. And for seven days and seven nights the sparks never stopped flying from his forge; and the ringing of his anvil, and the hissing of the hot metal as he tempered it, were heard continuously. On the eighth day the sword was fashioned, and Siegfried brought it to Mimer.

The smith felt the razor edge of the bright weapon, and said, "This seems, indeed, a fair fire edge. Let us make a trial of its keenness."

Then a thread of wool as light as thistledown was thrown upon water, and, as it floated there, Mimer struck it with the sword. The glittering blade cleft the slender thread in twain,[3] and the pieces floated undisturbed upon the surface of the liquid.

"Well done!" cried the delighted smith. "Never have

1. *Temper.* Hardness and toughness.

2. *Rue the day.* Regret the day on which he undertook to forge the sword.

3. *Twain.* Two.

I seen a keener edge. If its temper is as true as its sharpness would lead us to believe, it will indeed serve me well."

But Siegfried took the sword again, and broke it into many pieces; and for three days he welded it in a white-hot fire, and tempered it[1] with milk and oatmeal. Then, in sight of Mimer and the sneering apprentices, he cast a light ball of fine-spun wool upon the flowing water of the brook; and it was caught in the swift eddies of the stream, and whirled about until it met the bared blade of the sword, which was held in Mimer's hands. And it was parted as easily and clean as the rippling water, and not the smallest thread was moved out of its place.

Then back to the smithy Siegfried went again; and his forge glowed with a brighter fire, and his hammer rang upon the anvil with a cheerier sound than ever before. But he suffered none to come near, and no one ever knew what witchery he used. But some of his fellow pupils afterwards told how, in the dusky twilight, they had seen a one-eyed man, long-bearded, and clad in a cloud-gray kirtle,[2] and wearing a sky-blue hood, talking with Siegfried at the smithy door. And they said that the stranger's face was at once pleasant and fearful to look upon, and that his one eye shone in the gloaming[3] like the evening star, and that, when he had placed in Siegfried's hands bright shards,[4] like pieces of a broken sword, he faded suddenly from their sight, and was seen no more.

For seven weeks the lad wrought day and night at his

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1. *Welded it . . . tempered it.* Welding is the process of pressing pieces of metal permanently together while they are at white heat. Tempering is the process of hardening and toughening steel or other metals by alternate gradual heating and sudden cooling.

2. *Kirtle* (kûr't'l). A loose coat.

3. *Gloaming* (glōm'ing). Twilight, dusk.

4. *Shards* (shärdz). Fragments of a brittle substance.

forge; and then, pale and haggard, but with a pleased smile upon his face, he stood before Mimer, with the gleaming sword in his hands. "It is finished," he said. "Behold the glittering terror!—the blade Balmung. Let us try its edge, and prove its temper once again, that so we may know whether you can place your trust in it."

And Mimer looked long at the ruddy hilt[1] of the weapon, and at the mystic runes[2] that were scored upon its sides, and at the keen edge, which gleamed like a ray of sunlight in the gathering gloom of the evening. But no word came from his lips, and his eyes were dim and dazed; and he seemed as one lost in thoughts of days long past and gone.

Siegfried raised the blade high over his head; and the gleaming edge flashed hither and thither, like the lightning's play when Thor[3] rides over the storm clouds. Then suddenly it fell upon the master's anvil, and the great block of iron was cleft in two; but the bright blade was no whit[4] dulled by the stroke, and the line of light which marked the edge was brighter than before.

Then to the flowing brook they went; and a great pack of wool, the fleeces of ten sheep, was brought, and thrown upon the swirling water. As the stream bore the bundle downwards, Mimer held the sword in its way. And the whole was divided as easily and as clean as the woollen ball or the slender woollen thread had been cleft before.

"Now, indeed," cried Mimer, "I no longer fear to meet that upstart, Amilias. If his war coat can withstand the stroke of such a sword as Balmung, then I shall not be

1. *Hilt.* Handle.

2. *Mystic runes* (mĭs'tĭk rōōnz). The runes were characters or signs of the alphabet used by the early Germanic peoples. They were often employed as magic signs.

3. *Thor* (thôr). The god of thunder.

4. *No whit* (hwĭt). Not in the least.

ashamed to be his underling. But, if this good blade is what it seems to be, it will not fail me; and I, Mimer the Old, shall still be called the wisest and greatest of smiths."

And he sent word at once to Amilias, in Burgundyland, to meet him on a day, and settle forever the question as to which of the two should be the master, and which the underling. And heralds proclaimed it in every town and dwelling. When the time which had been set drew near, Mimer, bearing the sword Balmung, and followed by all his pupils and apprentices, wended his way towards the place of meeting. Through the forest they went, and then along the banks of the sluggish river, for many a league, to the height of land which marked the line between King Siegmund's country and the country of the Burgundians. It was in this place, midway between the shops of Mimer and Amilias, that the great trial of metal and of skill was to be made. And here were already gathered great numbers of people from the Lowlands and from Burgundy, anxiously waiting for the coming of the champions. On the one side were the wise old Siegmund and his gentle queen, and their train of knights and courtiers[1] and fair ladies. On the other side were the three Burgundian kings, Gunther, Gernot, and Giselher, and a mighty retinue[2] of warriors, led by grim old Hagen, the uncle of the kings, and the wariest[3] chief in all Rhineland.

When every thing was in readiness for the contest, Amilias, clad in his boasted war coat, went up to the top of the hill, and sat upon a great rock, and waited for Mimer's coming. As he sat there, he looked, to the people below, like some great castle tower; for he was almost a

1. *Courtiers* (kōrt'yĕrz). Those in attendance at the court of a prince.

2. *Retinue* (rĕt'ĭ-nū). A body of attendants.

3. *Wariest* (wā'rĭ-ĕst). Most cautious; craftiest.

giant in size, and his coat of mail, so skillfully wrought, was so huge that twenty men of common mould might have found shelter, or hidden themselves, within it. As the smith Mimer, so dwarfish in stature, toiled up the steep hillside, Amilias smiled to see him; for he felt no fear of the slender, gleaming blade that was to try the metal of his war coat. And already a shout of expectant triumph went up from the throats of the Burgundian hosts, so sure were they of their champion's success.

But Mimer's friends waited in breathless silence, hoping, and yet fearing. Only King Siegmund whispered to his queen, and said, "Knowledge is stronger than brute force. The smallest dwarf who has drunk from the well of the Knowing One[1] may safely meet the stoutest giant in battle."

When Mimer reached the top of the hill, Amilias folded his huge arms, and smiled again; for he felt that this contest was mere play for him, and that Mimer was already as good as beaten, and his thrall.[2] The smith paused a moment to take breath, and as he stood by the side of his foe he looked to those below like a mere black speck close beside a steel-gray castle tower.

"Are you ready?" asked the smith.

"Ready," answered Amilias. "Strike!"

Mimer raised the beaming blade in the air, and for a moment the lightning seemed to play around his head. The muscles on his short, brawny arms stood out like great ropes; and then Balmung, descending, cleft the air from right to left. The waiting lookers-on in the plain below thought to hear the noise of clashing steel; but

1. *The well of the Knowing One.* Mimer was said to drink each morning from a fountain in which wisdom and understanding lay hidden. The name "Mimer" means knowing.

2. *Thrall* (thrôl). Slave; bondman.

they listened in vain, for no sound came to their ears, save a sharp hiss like that which red hot iron gives when plunged into a tank of cold water. The huge Amilias sat unmoved, with his arms still folded upon his breast; but the smile had faded from his face.

"How do you feel now?" asked Mimer in a half-mocking tone.

"Rather strangely, as if cold iron had touched me," faintly answered the upstart.

"Shake thyself!" cried Mimer.

Amilias did so, and, lo! he fell in two halves; for the sword had cut sheer[1] through the vaunted[2] war coat, and cleft in twain the great body incased within. Down tumbled the giant head and the still folded arms, and they rolled with thundering noise to the foot of the hill, and fell with a fearful splash into the deep waters of the river; and there, fathoms down, they may even now be seen, when the water is clear, lying like great gray rocks among the sand and gravel below. The rest of the body, with the armor which incased it, still sat upright in its place; and to this day travellers sailing down the river are shown on moonlit evenings the luckless armor of Amilias on the high hilltop. In the dim, uncertain light, one easily fancies it to be the ivy-covered ruins of some old castle of feudal times.[3]

The master, Mimer, sheathed his sword, and walked slowly down the hillside to the plain, where his friends welcomed him with glad cheers and shouts of joy. But the Burgundians, baffled, and feeling vexed, turned silently

1. *Sheer.* Clean; straight.

2. *Vaunted* (vänt'ĕd). Boasted.

3. *Feudal times* (fū'dăl). Times when chiefs or lords owned the land and rented it to vassals or serfs in return for labor and armed service.

homeward, nor cast a single look back to the scene of their disappointment and their ill-fated champion's defeat.

And Siegfried went again with the master and his fellows to the smoky smithy, to his roaring bellows and ringing anvil, and to his coarse fare, and rude, hard bed, and to a life of labor. And while all men praised Mimer and his knowing skill, and the fiery edge of the sunbeam blade, no one knew that it was the boy Siegfried who had wrought that piece of workmanship.

But after a while it was whispered around that not Mimer, but one of his pupils, had forged the sword. And, when the master was asked what truth there was in the story, his eyes twinkled, and the corners of his mouth twitched strangely, and he made no answer. But Veliant, the foreman of the smithy, and the greatest of boasters, said, "It was I who forged the fire edge of the blade Balmung." And, although none denied the truth of what he said, but few who knew what sort of a man he was believed his story. And this is the reason, my children, that, in the ancient songs and stories which tell of this wondrous sword, it is said by most that Mimer, and by a few that Veliant, forged its blade. But I prefer to believe that it was made by Siegfried, the hero who afterwards wielded it in so many adventures. —JAMES BALDWIN.

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EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: lazy Rhine, prudent thrift, kindly charity, manly feats of strength, decked, rarest jewels, vied, pastime, yearns, smithy, akin, dwarf-folk, imparted, far-seeing knowledge, leggings, leathern apron, incased, forge, wrought, treasure-house, deft, amiss, rival, upstart, dint, challenge, foil, foreman, extreme, uncommon talent, hissing, razor edge, fair fire edge, keenness, thistledown, cleft, white-hot fire, sneering, fine-spun, eddies,

cheerier, witchery, glittering terror, ruddy hilt, scored, dazed, pack of wool, swirling, underling, heralds proclaimed, wended, sluggish, league, height of land, metal, knights, grim, contest, clad, common mould, dwarfish in stature, toiled, expectant triumph, breathless silence, brawny, fathoms down, luckless, sheathed his sword, baffled, ill-fated, twinkled, twitched, wielded.

2. Describe Siegfried's childhood and early training.

3. Why did Siegmund wish his son to know how to work?

4. What stories were told in regard to Mimer?

5. What kind of treatment did Siegfried receive at Mimer's school?

6. What progress did he make?

7. Tell the story of Siegfried's undertaking to make the sword.

8. What did Veliant and the apprentices think of Siegfried?

9. Did Mimer have faith in him?

10. Tell in detail how Balmung was forged and tested.

11. What help did Siegfried receive?

12. Describe the scene of the contest between Mimer and Amilias.

13. Describe the giant Amilias and the dwarf Mimer as they appeared at the contest.

14. Why did King Siegmund have faith in Mimer?

15. Why did the Burgundians have faith in Amilias?

16. Tell the story of the contest.

17. What became of Amilias?

18. Did Mimer have any right to the glory that came to him?

19. Why did Siegfried not claim the glory of having forged Balmung?

20. Why did Veliant make false claims?

21. What characteristics of Siegfried do you like best?

OLD IRONSIDES

THE frigate *Constitution* was launched in the year 1797. She was first used in a war against the pirates who made commerce in the Mediterranean dangerous. In the War of 1812 she made a record that every schoolboy in America has read about.

By 1830 the *Constitution* was old and unseaworthy and the Navy Department decided to destroy her. Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a young law student at Cambridge, read a notice of the decision in a newspaper. He hastily wrote the fine, patriotic verses of "Old Ironsides" and sent them to a Boston paper. The poem traveled over the country like wildfire, and aroused such feeling that the Navy Department was forced to reconsider its decision. The order was withdrawn, and in 1834 the *Constitution* was entirely rebuilt. She was continued in commission until 1881, and was then placed in the navy yard at Portsmouth, N. H. In 1897 she was taken to Charleston, Mass., for the one-hundredth anniversary of her launching. Since that time she has been kept in the Charleston navy yard.

OLD IRONSIDES

AY,[1] tear her tattered ensign[2] down!
  Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
  That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
  And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
  Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
  Where knelt the vanquished[3] foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,[4]

1. *Ay* (ī).
2. *Ensign* (ĕn'sīn). Flag; banner.
3. *Vanquished* (văŋ'kwĭsht). Conquered; overcome.
4. *The flood.* The sea.

And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore[1] shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders[2] shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: tattered ensign, battle shout, meteor, victor's tread, conquered knee, shattered hulk, threadbare, god of storms.

2. What was *Old Ironsides*' ensign? How did it become tattered?

3. Explain, "many an eye has danced to see that banner in the sky."

4. What is meant by, "The meteor of the ocean air"?

5. Why would the deck of *Old Ironsides* no more "feel the victor's tread"?

6. Explain, "The harpies of the shore shall pluck the eagle of the sea."

7. What does the author suggest as a better way to dispose of the vessel?

---

1. *Harpies of the shore.* The harpies were monsters, half woman and half eagle, noted for their destructiveness. Holmes here refers to the workmen who would tear down *Old Ironsides.*

2. *Her thunders.* The roar of her cannon.

8. What was done with *Old Ironsides?* Where is it to-day?

9. What service did Holmes render his country by writing "Old Ironsides"?

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was noted for another thing besides his love of country. That thing was his love of fun. During his college days at Harvard and the first few years after college, he wrote many short poems that showed his fine sense of humor. His fun is of the sort that makes everybody happy and nobody angry.

In "The Ballad of the Oysterman" he tells the story of a young fisherman who went calling on his sweetheart in a rather strange fashion, and who never got back home.

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN

IT was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide;
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive[1] oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."
Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see;

---

1. *Pensive.* Serious and thoughtful.

I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont,[1]—and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam;
Oh there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain,—
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—"Oh, what was that, my daughter?"
"'T was nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."
"And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?"
"It's nothing but a porpoise,[2] sir, that's been a-swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—"Now bring me my harpoon![3]
I'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon."
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb,
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

---

1. *Leander swam the Hellespont* (lē-ăn'dĕr, hĕl'ĕs-pŏnt). The Hellespont is a narrow strait, one to four miles wide, between Europe and Asiatic Turkey. Leander is said to have swum the strait nightly to visit his sweetheart Hero, a priestess.

2. *Porpoise* (pôr'pŭs). The dolphin, a large fish six to eight feet long.

3. *Harpoon* (här-pōōn'). A large barbed spear used to catch whales or large fish.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swound,[1]
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned;
But Fate has metamorphosed[2] them, in pity of their woe,
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: oysterman, right opposite, pensive, a-sitting, skiff, this here, clambered, moonlight gleam, ancient, paddles, a-swimming, fix the fellow, pretty innocent, pallid, mermaids.

2. Why did the oysterman cross the river?

3. Why did he swim instead of going in his boat?

4. What interfered with the lovers' meeting?

5. What did the oysterman do?

6. What explanations did the maiden make to her father?

7. Describe the swooning of the maiden.

8. What became of the oysterman and the maiden?

THE SWAN-CHILDREN OF LIR

Long before the discovery of America the people of Europe were fond of thinking about magic islands in the western Atlantic. Many myths were invented about them, and some of the imaginary islands actually found their way into maps and charts. At first the stories concerned the islands near the western coast of Europe, such as England and Scotland, and Ireland. As the people came to know these lands better they passed their myths on to imaginary lands still farther west.

The following story of the Swan-Children of Lir is one of the

1. *Swound.* Fainting spell.

2. *Metamorphosed* (mĕt'ȧ-môr'fōzd). Changed completely; transformed.

early Irish myths. It has been told many times in verse and prose, and is one of the three tales known in Ireland as "The Three Sorrows of Story Telling." What happened to the children of King Lir because of the jealousy of their wicked stepmother, and the still worse fate that befell her, do indeed form a tale of sorrow and misery.

THE SWAN-CHILDREN OF LIR[1]

KING LIR of Erin[2] had four young children who were cared for tenderly at first by their stepmother, the new queen; but there came a time when she grew jealous of the love their father bore them, and resolved that she would endure it no longer. Sometimes there was murder in her heart, but she could not bear the thought of that wickedness, and she resolved at last to choose another way to rid herself of them. One day she took them to drive in her chariot:—Finola,[3] who was eight years old, with her three younger brothers,—Aodh,[4] Fiacre,[5] and little Conn, still a baby. They were beautiful children, the legend says, with skins white and soft as swans' feathers, and with large blue eyes and very sweet voices. Reaching a lake, she told them that they might bathe in the clear water; but so soon as they were in it she struck them with a fairy wand,—for she was of the race of the Druids,[6] who had magical power,—and she turned them into four beautiful snow-white swans. But they still had human voices, and Finola said to her, "This wicked deed of thine shall be punished, for the doom that awaits thee will surely be

1. *Lir* (lēr).

2. *Erin* (ĕr'ĭn). An early name for Ireland, now used mainly in poetry and song.

3. *Finola* (fĭ-nō'lȧ).

4. *Aodh* (ä-ōd').

5. *Fiacre* (fyȧ'kr').

6. *Druids* (drōō'ĭdz). Members of a religious order among the Celts (ancient inhabitants of the British Isles), whose duties included those of priest, physician, wonder-worker, and historian.

worse than ours." Then Finola asked, "How long shall we be in the shape of swans?" "For three hundred years," said the woman, "on smooth Lake Darvra; then three hundred years on the sea of Moyle" (this being the sea between Ireland and Scotland); "and then three hundred years at Inis Glora, in the Great Western Sea" (this was a rocky island in the Atlantic). "Until the Tailkenn (St. Patrick) shall come to Ireland and bring the Christian faith, and until you hear the Christian bell, you shall not be freed. Neither your power nor mine can now bring you back to human shape; but you shall keep your human reason and your Gaelic speech,[1] and you shall sing music so sweet that all who hear it shall gladly listen."

She left them, and ere long their father, King Lir, came to the shore and heard their singing. He asked how they came to have human voices. "We are thy four children," said Finola, "changed into swans by our stepmother's jealousy." "Then come and live with me," said her sorrowing father. "We are not permitted to leave the lake," she said, "or live with our people any more. But we are allowed to dwell together and to keep our reason and our speech, and to sing sweet music to you." Then they sang, and the king and all his followers were at first amazed and then lulled to sleep.

Then King Lir returned and met the cruel stepmother at her father's palace. When her father, King Bove, was told what she had done, he was hot with anger. "This wicked deed," he said, "shall bring severer punishment on thee than on the innocent children, for their suffering shall end, but thine never shall." Then King Bove asked her what form of existence would be most terrible to her. She replied, "That of a demon of the air." "Be it so," said

1. *Gaelic speech* (gāl'ĭk). The speech of the Celtic peoples.

her father, who had also Druidical[1] power. He struck her with his wand, and she became a bat, and flew away with a scream, and the legend says, "She is still a demon of the air and shall be a demon of the air until the end of time."

After this, the people of all the races that were in Erin used to come and encamp by the lake and listen to the swans. The happy were made happier by the song, and those who were in grief or illness or pain forgot their sorrows and were lulled to rest. There was peace in all that region, while war and tumult filled other lands. Vast changes took place in three centuries—towers and castles rose and fell, villages were built and destroyed, generations were born and died;—and still the swan-children lived and sang, until at the end of three hundred years they flew away, as was decreed, to the stormy sea of Moyle; and from that time it was made a law that no one should kill a swan in Erin.

Beside the sea of Moyle they found no longer the peaceful and wooded shores they had known, but only steep and rocky coasts and a wild, wild sea. There came a great storm one night, and the swans knew that they could not keep together, so they resolved that if separated they would meet at a rock called Carricknarone.[2] Finoła reached there first, and took her brothers under her wings, all wet, shivering, and exhausted. Many such nights followed, and in one terrible winter storm, when they nestled together on Carricknarone, the water froze into solid ice around them, and their feet and wings were so frozen to the rock that when they moved they left the skin of their feet, the quills of their wings, and the feathers of their

1. *Druidical* (drōō-ĭd'ĭ-kăl).
2. *Carricknarone* (kăr'ĭk-nȧ-rōn').

breasts clinging there. When the ice melted, and they swam out into the sea, their bodies smarted with pain until the feathers grew once more.

One day they saw a glittering troop of horsemen approaching along the shore and knew that they were their own kindred, though from far generations back, the Dedannen or Fairy Host. They greeted each other with joy, for the Fairy Host had been sent to seek for the swans; and on returning to their chiefs they narrated what had passed, and the chiefs said, "We cannot help them, but we are glad they are living; and we know that at last the enchantment will be broken and that they will be freed from their sorrows." So passed their lives until Finola sang, one day, "The Second Woe has passed—the second period of three hundred years," when they flew out on the broad ocean, as was decreed, and went to the island of Inis Glora. There they spent the next three hundred years, amid yet wilder storms and yet colder winds. No more the peaceful shepherds and living neighbors were around them; but often the sailor and fisherman, in his little coracle,[1] saw the white gleam of their wings or heard the sweet notes of their song and knew that the children of Lir were near.

But the time came when the nine hundred years of banishment were ended, and they might fly back to their father's old home, Finnaha.[2] Flying for days above the sea, they alighted at the palace once so well known, but everything was changed by time—even the walls of their father's palace were crumbled and rain-washed. So sad was the sight that they remained one day only, and flew back to Inis Glora, thinking that if they must be forever

1. *Coracle* (kŏr'ȧ-k'l). A small, round boat made by covering a wicker frame with hide, leather, or oilcloth.

2. *Finnahà* (fĭ-nä'hà).

solitary, they would live where they had lived last, not where they had been reared.

One May morning, as the children of Lir floated in the air around the island of Inis Glora, they heard a faint bell sounding across the eastern sea. The mist lifted, and they saw afar off, beyond the waves, a vision of a stately, white-robed priest, with attendants around him on the Irish shore. They knew that it must be St. Patrick, the Tail-kenn, or Tonsured[1] One, who was bringing, as had been so long promised, Christianity to Ireland. Sailing through the air, above the blue sea, towards their native coast, they heard the bell once more, now near and distinct, and they knew that all evil spirits were fleeing away, and that their own hopes were to be fulfilled. As they approached the land, St. Patrick stretched his hand and said, "Children of Lir, you may tread your native land again." And the sweet swan-sister, Finola, said, "If we tread our native land, it can only be to die, after our life of nine centuries. Baptize us while we are yet living." When they touched the shore, the weight of all those centuries fell upon them; they resumed their human bodies, but they appeared old and pale and wrinkled. Then St. Patrick baptized them, and they died; but, even as he did so, a change swiftly came over them; and they lay side by side, once more children, in their white night-clothes, as when their father Lir, long centuries ago, had kissed them at evening and seen their blue eyes close in sleep and had touched with gentle hand their white foreheads and their golden hair. Their time of sorrow was ended and their last swan-song was sung; but the cruel stepmother seems yet to survive in her bat-like shape, and a single glance at her weird[2]

1. *Tonsured* (tŏn'shūrd). Having the crown of the head shaved as a sign of entrance into the priesthood.

2. *Weird* (wērd). Strange; unearthly.

and malicious[1] little face will lead us to doubt whether she has yet fully atoned for her sin.

—THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

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EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: jealous, chariot, legend, fairy wand, magical power, doom, ere, amazed, lulled, severer, form of existence, a demon of the air, encamp, tumult, vast changes, decreed, shivering, glittering troop of horsemen, narrated, enchantment, banishment, crumbled, rain-washed, forever solitary, stately, white-robed, attendants, swan-sister, resumed, survive, atoned.

2. Explain the crime of the wife of King Lir.

3. What were the conditions of the spell into which she cast the four children?

4. What punishment was visited upon the queen by her father?

5. Describe the three hundred years that the swan-children spent on Lake Darra.

6. Tell of their life on the stormy sea of Moyle.

7. What kind of experiences did they have on the island of Inis Glora?

8. What did they find upon their first visit to their father's old home?

9. Tell the story of their return to Ireland and of their death.

10. Retell to the class the story of the Swan-Children of Lir.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

IN the ability to tell stories well in verse Henry Wadsworth Longfellow has been equaled by no other American poet. Often he took some incident of seemingly little importance and worked it up into a delightfully interesting narrative.

The following ballad was suggested to him while he was riding along the seashore at Newport. A year or two before, a skeleton,

1. *Malicious* (mȧ-lĭsh′ŭs). Evil; filled with wicked desire.

clad in the armor of the early Norsemen, had been dug up near Fall River. Longfellow conceived the idea of connecting it with the famous Round Tower at Newport, supposed to have been built by early Norse explorers, and of making a voice from the skeleton tell the story of a marvelous adventure.

"The Skeleton in Armor" ranks as one of the very best American ballads.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest![1]
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
  Comest to daunt[2] me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,[3]
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
  Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous[4] eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
  Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
  From the heart's chamber.[5]

---

1. *Thou fearful guest.* The skeleton, clad in broken armor, dug up at Fall River.

2. *Daunt* (dänt). Frighten; dismay.

3. *Eastern balms* (bämz). Ointments or perfumes used in Oriental countries on the bodies of the dead.

4. *Cavernous* (kăv'ẽr-nŭs). Resembling caves.

5. *Heart's chamber.* That portion of the skeleton in which the heart would lie.

"I was a Viking[1] old!
My deeds, though manifold,[2]
No Skald[3] in song has told,
No Saga[4] taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,[5]
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;[6]
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,[7]
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;

---

1. *Viking* (vī'kĭng). A member of the Norse pirate crews that plundered the coasts of western Europe during the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries.

2. *Manifold.* Many and varied.

3. *Skald* (skôld). Any one of the old Scandinavian poets.

4. *Saga* (sä'gȧ). One of the old Scandinavian stories.

5. *Baltic's strand.* The shore of the Baltic Sea.

6. *Gerfalcon* (jûr'fô-k'n). A very large bird of the hawk family, found in the Arctic regions of Europe, Asia, and America.

7. *The half-frozen Sound.* The wide passage of water between the Baltic and the North Sea.

Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,[1]
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,[2]
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.[3]
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout[4]
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale[5]
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;

---

1. *The were-wolf's bark.* The were-wolf, or man-wolf, was believed in by most of the ancient savage races. The were-wolf was supposed often to lead hunters to their destruction.

2. *Corsair's crew* (kôr'sârz). Pirate's crew.

3. *Marauders* (mȧ-rôd'ẽrz). Plunderers.

4. *Wassail-bout* (wos'il-bout). Drinking contest.

5. *The Berserk's tale* (bûr'sûrks). The Berserks were the wildest of warriors. They were believed to be capable of turning themselves into the forms of wolves and bears.

And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.[1]
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels[2] all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,[3]
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,[4]
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

1. *Plighted* (plīt'ĕd). Made.
2. *Minstrels* (mĭn'strĕlz). Singers; musical entertainers.
3. *Quaffed* (kwȧft).
4. *Unshorn.* Unshaved.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,[1]
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen,

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw[2]
Came round the gusty Skaw,[3]
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
'Death!' was the helmsman's hail,
'Death without quarter!'[4]

1. *Sea-mew's flight.* The Viking represents himself as the sea-mew, or sea-gull, and the maiden as a white dove.
2. *Flaw.* A gust of wind.
3. *Gusty Skaw* (skô). The windy headland or promontory.
4. *Without quarter.* Without mercy.

Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,[1]
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,—
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,[2]
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

1. *Cormorant* (kôr'mō-rănt). A large sea bird which catches fish and devours them ravenously.

2. *The lofty tower.* The famous Round Tower at Newport, supposed to have been built by Norsemen.

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen![1]
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed[2] with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal![3] to the Northland! *skoal!*"
Thus the tale ended.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: hollow breast, rude armor, drest, fleshless palms, Northern skies, the tale rehearse, childish hand, whimpering hound, frozen lair, grisly bear, soaring, soft splendor, wooed, frighted, chanting, champion, as the wind-gusts waft, drinking-horn, discarded, scarce, white sea-strand, launched, the wind failed us, veered, helmsman's hail, mid-ships, iron keel, hulk, reel, wings aslant, rocky haunt, laden, hurricane, leeward, hateful, grateful, scars, ascended.

2. Describe the skeleton in armor as it appeared to the poet.

3. What change took place in the skeleton after the poet had asked it to speak?

4. Explain the lines, "Came a dull voice of woe from the heart's chamber."

---

1. *Stagnant fen.* A foul marsh or bog.
2. *Seamed* (sēmd). Marked with ridges or seams.
3. *Skoal* (skōl). Hail.

5. What warning did the skeleton give the poet about telling the tale?

6. Describe the Viking's life in his home land.

7. What kind of life did he lead when he grew older?

8. Explain the stanza beginning, "Once as I told in glee."

9. Tell what happened in Hildebrand's hall when the Viking asked for the hand of his daughter.

10. Why was the Viking discarded?

11. What did the Viking do when Hildebrand refused his suit for the maiden's hand?

12. Tell the story of the pursuit of the Viking and the maiden.

13. How did the Viking escape?

14. To what land did he go?

15. What effect did the death of his companion have upon the Viking?

16. What, according to the poem, became of the Viking's soul after his death?

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT

THE stories of King Arthur's court have never failed to interest young and old of the English-speaking people. They take us back to a time when knighthood was at its best, and when high ideals of justice, honor, duty, and love were being created. The knight in armor, mounted on his fine charger and sworn to defend the rights of his God, his king, and womankind against the evil devices of monsters and wicked men, is a figure that makes us feel that a good story is at hand.

Of the many knights that sat around the huge, marble Round Table of King Arthur, none was truer, more daring, nor dearer to his king than Sir Gawain. Utterly fearless, ever on the side of right, and ever trusting in his God and his king, Gawain had many wonderful adventures. None was more thrilling, perhaps, than that with the mysterious Green Knight, who appeared at the revels of King Arthur one New Year's Day and startled the whole court by a most remarkable performance. What befell Gawain when he

bravely set out to fulfill his awful agreement with this strange fellow we shall learn in the story of Sir Gawain and the Green Knight.

SIR GAWAIN[1] AND THE GREEN KNIGHT

I. THE GREEN KNIGHT'S CHALLENGE

KING ARTHUR[2] lay at Camelot[3] at Christmas, with many trusty lords and ladies of the best, and all the company of the Round Table.[4] They held rich revel, and jousted[5] full merrily, and anon[6] made carols. The Christmas feast lasted fifteen days, and all this fair band of folk was young, and the King was of greater fame than any that now could be found.

On New Year's Day, when the year was but freshly come in, the knights at the dais[7] were served with a double portion, and a solemn service was held, and all made festival. Queen Guinevere[8] and her maidens sat at the board with the King, and by her side was good Sir Gawain, the King's sister's son. There was no lack of mirth and jollity and rich meats at that feast.

Suddenly, as the first course of the banquet was served, there rode in at the hall door a terrible knight. He was of more than man's stature, and so broad and strong that

1. *Gawain* (gô'wān). A nephew of King Arthur, and one of the most famous knights of his court.

2. *King Arthur.* A king of Britain of the sixth century. He became the central figure in a series of legends about his court and the deeds of his knights.

3. *Camelot* (kăm'ē-lŏt). The place where King Arthur had his palace and court. It has been variously located in southwestern England and Wales.

4. *Round Table.* The large circular marble table around which King Arthur and his knights sat. It is said that as many as one hundred fifty persons could sit around it.

5. *Jousted* (jŭst'ĕd). Joined battle in mock combat.

6. *Anon.* In a little while.

7. *Dais* (dā'ĭs). The high or principal table at the end of a hall at which the chief guests were seated.

8. *Guinevere* (gwĭn'ē-vēr).

he seemed half a giant. Yet he was a man, though the mightiest that ever rode a horse; his back and shoulders were huge, but his waist was small and seemly, and his features comely.[1] He was clad all in green, his hair and beard were green, and he wore a straight green coat, with a mantle above, lined with fur. His hose were of green, and his spurs of clean bright gold. Round him and over his saddle ran a baldric[2] set with jewels, curiously embroidered with figures of butterflies and insects, and fringed with green. All his harness, his stirrups, and his saddle bow were of golden enamel with green stones flashing in them. His very horse was green, a great thick-set steed, full hard to hold in.

The strange knight had no helmet or hawberk,[3] nor any armor or arms; but in one hand he had a holly-staff (for holly is ever green when other trees are bare), and in the other hand an axe, huge and cumbrous, burnished bright, with a broad edge sharp as a razor.

At the entrance to the hall he stopped. He looked towards the dais, but greeted no man. The first words he said were, "Where is the lord of this gathering? I would fain[4] see him and speak with him."

He cast his eye on all the knights, to see which was the most renowned; and they looked back at him in wonder and amazement.

Then Arthur, seeing this knight waiting before the dais, greeted him. "Sir Knight, you are welcome to this place. I am lord of it, and my name is Arthur. Dismount and rest, and we will hear anon what your will is."

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1. *Comely* (kŭm'lĭ). Pleasing to the sight; handsome.
2. *Baldric* (bôl'drĭk). A belt worn over the shoulder, across the breast and under the opposite arm, to support a sword or bugle.
3. *Hawberk* (hô'bĕrk). A coat of ring or chain mail.
4. *I would fain.* I wish to.

"Nay," quoth the Green Knight, "it is not my errand to abide any while here. But the praise of your city and your knights is gone far abroad, and men say that they are the best in the world. You may be sure from this holly-branch that I bear that I am at peace with you, for had I wished war, I had come in hawberk and helmet, with the shield and sharp shining spear that now I have left at my home. But if you be so bold as is said, tell me first if you will grant me that which I ask."

"Courteous knight," answered Arthur, "if you crave battle, it shall be given to you here."

"Nay, I fight not in battle. If I were in arms on my steed no man here could match me. I crave at this court but a Christmas sport, for it is Yule[1] and New Year, and here are many knights gathered. If any man here holds himself so hardy and bold that he dares strike me one blow in return for another, I will give him a rich gift, this axe that I hold. I will abide[2] the first blow clad even as I am here. If any dare this, let him now leap lightly to me, and take this axe, and I will quit my claim to it, and I will stand his blow here on this floor. You shall grant me the right to deal him a blow in turn, with a respite[3] of a twelvemonth and a day between."

If the knights were amazed at first, they were stiller with surprise now. The knight rolled his red eyes upon them, and glared under his green eyebrows.

"What, is this Arthur's court?" he cried, when none came forward to answer his challenge. "Where are now your pride and your conquests, your wrath and your high words? Now is the renown of the Round Table abased by one man's challenge!"

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1. *Yule* (yo͞ol). Christmastide.
2. *Abide.* Withstand.
3. *Respite* (rĕs'pĭt). Postponement; delay.

With that he laughed aloud, and all the knights felt shame and sorrow; the blood rushed to the King's face, and he started up in wrath.

"Now, by heaven, your folly shall win its due reward," he cried. "I know no man here that fears your boast. Give me now your axe, and I will grant your boon."

Lightly he leaped towards the Green Knight, and laid hold of him; and the knight dismounted from his steed. Then Arthur took the axe and gripped it, and swung it about, making ready to strike. The Green Knight stood firm before him, and stroked his beard, and drew down his coat for the blow, no more dismayed than if a knight had brought him a cup to drink of.

But Gawain, who sat by the Queen, turned to the King, "I beseech you, fair lord," he said, "let this encounter[1] be mine. Bid me rise from this bench and stand by you, that I may without discourtesy leave the Queen's side at the table. I think it not seemly[2] that you yourself should take up this proud challenge in your very court, while so many bold knights sit nigh you to answer for you. I am the weakest, I ween,[3] and feeblest of wit,[4] and if I die it matters little. Let this challenge fall to me, and if I take it not up honorably, let all this court blame me."

As he spoke, all the knights cried out that the King should grant this deed to Gawain.

Then Arthur commanded Gawain to rise, and he rose up and knelt before the King, and took the axe in his hand. The King lifted up his hand and blessed him, and bade him be hardy and strong. "Fare safely, cousin," he said. "If I know ought, you will easily abide the blow

1. *Encounter* (ĕn-koun'tĕr). Combat.
2. *Seemly.* Proper.
3. *I ween.* I suppose.
4. *Feeblest of wit.* Least learned; having the least wisdom.

he shall give you in return, if you do but strike true first. He will be a stout knight who can give a blow after he has had one at your hands."

Gawain strode to the Green Knight, the axe in his hand. "Let us plight our word,"[1] said the Green Knight, "ere we fall to. First tell me your name, Sir Knight."

"My name is Gawain: that I vow," answered Gawain. "And I will take your blow in return at this a twelvemonth hence, with what weapon you will."

"I will take your buffet,[2] Sir Gawain," said the Green Knight. "You have readily rehearsed all the covenant I asked of the King; but this thing I ask also, that you shall seek me myself, wheresoever you hope I may be found, that you may receive back the gift you are to give me to-day."

"How can I seek you? Where is your dwelling? I know not your court or your name, Sir Knight. Teach me truly all this, and tell me how you are called, and I vow I will spend all my wits in coming to you for your return blow."

"That is enough," quoth the Green Knight. "I will tell you truly when I have had your blow. Then will I straightway teach you the way to my dwelling, and my name, that you may keep our troth.[3] Now give your blow."

"Gladly will I," said Sir Gawain, and made ready with the great axe.

The Green Knight bowed his head, and parted his hair that his neck might be free for the blow. Sir Gawain gripped the axe, and swung it high, putting his weight on

1. *Plight our word.* Make our agreement; give our promises.
2. *Buffet* (bŭf'ĕt). A blow; a stroke.
3. *Keep our troth* (trŏth). Keep our faith; carry out our agreement.

his left foot, and let the blow fall on the Green Knight's neck. So true was the stroke, so keen the axe, that it sundered the bones, and shore[1] through the neck, and the knight's head fell to the ground. But the Green Knight neither faltered nor fell, but stooped firmly, and lifted up the head. Then he mounted his horse, still holding his head in his hand, by the hair, as if he had been untouched.

When he was in the saddle, he turned the head towards the dais; and it opened its eyes and looked full upon the King and his knights, and cried to them: "Look, Gawain, be sure that you are ready to go, as you have vowed before all these knights, and seek till you find me. I charge you, ride in a twelvemonth's time to the Green Chapel, and you shall there have on New Year's morn such a stroke as you have deserved. I am the knight of the Green Chapel, known to many, and you shall not fail to find me. Therefore come as I bid you, or be called recreant[2] for ever after."

He turned and rode out at the hall door, his head in his hand, and his horse's hoofs struck sparks from the ground. To what place he went, none there knew, nor whence he had come.

Though Arthur the King was astonished in his heart, he let no show of wonder be seen in his face, but said courteously to the comely Queen: "Dear dame, be not dismayed; such craft is welcome at a Christmas festival. Now let me turn to my meat, for I have seen a wonder I may not forget. Sir Gawain, hang up your axe: it has hewn enough."

The axe was hung above the dais, that all men might look at it and know these wonders were true. Then the

1. *Shore.* Cut smoothly.
2. *Recreant* (rĕk'rē-ănt). Cowardly; unfaithful.

knights fell a-feasting, with all manner of mirth and minstrelsy.[1]

II. SIR GAWAIN RIDES FORTH

Christmas waned, and spring followed winter, and presently Michaelmas[2] came again, and Gawain thought of his appointed journey. Yet till All-Hallows Day[3] he lingered with Arthur, and they made a feast with much revelry; but courteous knights and comely ladies were all in great grief for love of Sir Gawain, who must needs endure the Green Knight's stroke so soon.

After the feast Gawain spoke to Arthur. "Now, liege lord[4] of my life, I ask you leave to go, as I vowed, to seek the Green Knight."

Then all the most famous knights gathered round Gawain, to counsel him, and there was much sadness in the hall that so worthy a knight should be going forth on such an errand. But Gawain would have put aside their grief, saying, "Why should I flinch from destiny? What may a man do but face it?"

All that day he dwelt there. Early the next morning, when he had commended his soul to God, he was arrayed in his armor, and took his shield with the pentangle[5] pointed thereon in pure gold. Now a pentangle is a figure that Solomon the Wise discovered, and it betokens truth, for it has five points, and every line in it crosses two others, and it is endless, so that the English call it "the endless

1. *Minstrelsy* (mĭn'strĕl-sĭ). Singing and playing by minstrels, people who entertained the guests at feasts by singing, playing musical instruments, and reciting poems.

2. *Michaelmas* (mĭk'ĕl-mȧs). The feast of the archangel Michael, a church festival celebrated on the 29th of September.

3. *All-Hallows Day.* All Saints' Day, November 1.

4. *Liege lord* (lēj). A superior lord to whom allegiance and service are due.

5. *Pentangle* (pĕn'tăŋ-g'l).

knot." And this pentangle was a seemly device for Gawain, for he was found faultless in his five senses, and his five fingers never failed him, and all his trust was in the five wounds of Christ; and he had five virtues—frankness, fellowship, purity, courtesy, and pity, that passeth all the rest;[1] and these five virtues were joined in Gawain, so that the pentangle on his shield was the very sign and emblem of himself.

When all was ready, he mounted his good steed Gringolet,[2] and sprang on his way, so that sparks struck from the stones as he rode. His road lay first through the realm of Logres.[3] Often he lay alone at night, with his steed for his only companion. Long did he journey, and came at last out of Logres into North Wales, and, passing thence by the ford at Holyhead, into Anglesea,[4] and so into the wilderness of Wirral. Ever and anon he asked, of all whom he met as he fared along, if anywhere in that place was to be found the Green Chapel or the Green Knight; but all said him nay, for that never had they seen any knight of such hue. Many a cliff he climbed, many a stream he crossed, and ever at the fords, ere he could cross, he must needs slay some doughty[5] foeman who guarded the way. Sometimes he warred with dragons and wolves, with bears and boars, and sometimes with savage men. Had he not been so stout a knight, he had full often been slain.

It was many a day he pricked[6] forward in sorrow and

1. *Passeth all the rest.* Is better than, or superior to, all the rest.

2. *Gringolet* (grĭŋ'gō-lĕt).

3. *Logres* (lō'grĕs). An old name for England.

4. *Anglesea* (ăŋ'g'l-sē). An island of North Wales, a former stronghold of the Druids.

5. *Doughty* (dou'tĭ). Able; strong; valiant.

6. *Pricked.* Rode.

hardship, until Christmas Eve came. As he rode on that day he prayed in his heart that he might come upon some shelter for Christmas, where he might pay his vows to God and do worship. Even as he prayed, he looked up, and was aware of a castle before him in the wood: before it was a lawn, and it stood on a mound, and a moat[1] was round about it. It was the comeliest castle that ever a knight possessed, girt by great trees, with a spiked fence all round the moat for more than two miles.

At the sight of this castle Sir Gawain raised his helmet, and thanked God that his prayer had been heard. Then he spurred Gringolet and rode on to the chief gate, where lay a drawbridge drawn up. The gates were shut fast, and the walls were so stout that they need fear no blast of tempest.

Sir Gawain called aloud at the bridge-end, and soon there came a porter, who, from the wall, asked his errand.

"Good sir," quoth Gawain, "will you go to the high lord of this castle for me, and crave lodging?"

"Yea, that I will," answered the porter. "I ween you may abide here so long as you like."

Then he went, and came back anon with other folk to welcome the knight. They let down the drawbridge, and opened the gates, and Sir Gawain rode in, greeting them. When he had come into the castle, squires[2] held his stirrup for him to dismount, and received his armor from him, and served him in all things duly.

He entered the hall of the castle, where a fire burned; there the lord of the castle came forth and greeted him. "Do here as it pleases you," he said. "All that is here is yours to do with as you will."

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1. *Moat* (mōt). A deep and wide ditch around the outer walls of a castle or fort, usually filled with water.

2. *Squires.* Shield-bearers or armor-bearers for knights.

"I thank you, sir," said Sir Gawain, and looked on him, and saw that he was a bold warrior, mighty in stature.

Then led they Gawain to a chamber, and robed[1] him; and afterwards a great feast was held with all mirth and gladness; and when the folk in that castle knew that they had for guest Sir Gawain of the Round Table, they were filled with joy, and more than ever strove to show honor to so fair a knight.

The next day, being Christmas Day, Sir Gawain and all the folk in the castle paid their vows to God and His Son, and thereafter they held a great feast; and for three days they did the like. But on the third day Sir Gawain remembered his tryst,[2] and would fain have gone from the castle to meet the Green Knight. But the knight of the castle would have had him tarry longer, until Gawain told him of his errand, and how he might by no means fail to find the Green Chapel by New Year's Day.

When the lord of the castle heard Sir Gawain's errand, he laughed. "Now shall you stay," he said, "for I will teach you the way to the Green Chapel, which is hard by this castle. I know that dread chapel. Rest and take your ease in bed for yet three days more, and on the fourth, which is New Year's Day, you shall ride forth, and even so shall come to the Green Chapel by mid-morn."

Then was Gawain full glad, and he laughed merrily. "Now I thank you for this counsel,"[3] quoth he. "My errand is achieved: I will dwell here at your will, and do as you deem right."

"See," said his host, "let us make a covenant for these three days. You have travelled far, and even now are not refreshed from your long journey. Lie at your ease

1. *Robed* (rōbd). Dressed.
2. *His tryst* (trĭst). His appointment with the Green Knight.
3. *Counsel* (koun'sĕl). Advice.

to-morrow and the day after and the third day, and my lady wife shall comfort you, while I go a-hunting; and we will make this pledge, that whatsoever I win in the wood on each day, shall be yours; and whatsoever you win here in my house, you shall exchange for what I win. Let us vow this."

"I grant it," said Sir Gawain.

"Bring wine," cried his host; "the bargain is made."

They pledged one another with regard to this covenant, and then with friendly talk they went to bed. But when the lord of the castle was in bed, he oft remembered their covenant in his mind.

III. THE THREE GIFTS

Full early, before day, the folk rose up, some to take their leave and go elsewhere, some to abide at the castle and hunt with its lord, who speedily, after prayer, blew his bugle and went forth to the chase. Nigh a hundred went with him, and all day they hunted, and fared well.

But while the lord hunted, Gawain lay in the castle and took his ease in his bed till long after daylight shone on the walls. As he lay there he heard a little sound at the door; and he lifted his head out of the clothes, and pulled back a corner of the bedcurtain, that he might see who it was.

It was the fair lady of the castle, who entered softly, and shut the door, and came towards the bed.

Gawain made as if he slept. But the lady came close to the bedside, and sat down thereby to wait till he should wake. Thereupon Gawain wondered to himself what this might mean. "It were more seemly," he thought, "to ask her what she would with me."

Thereat he made pretence to wake, and turned towards her, and looked on her with surprise.

"Good morrow, Sir Gawain," said that fair lady. "You sleep heedlessly, if I can enter thus unheard. Now are you my prisoner, since I have come upon you suddenly."

"Good morrow to you, dame," answered Gawain, "I will do what you will, and I yield me[1] prisoner gladly."

"Then shall I keep you here," said the lady, "and talk with my knight whom I have caught. You are Sir Gawain, whom all the world worships, and I too worship you."

"Nay, lady," quoth Gawain, "I am not worthy of such worship. I were glad if I might set myself at your service in any way."

"Sir Knight, you are very fair, and worthy of all worship. Truly I find it in my heart to love you."

"Nay, dame, that were not seemly; you are the wife of a true and valiant knight."

Thus they talked for long, the lady speaking words of love, and seeking by her arts to make him forget his knighthood and give her his love in return, and Sir Gawain ever setting aside her words, for his honor bade him pay no heed to such things. Till mid-morn did they converse: and then the lady took her leave. But as she gave him good-day, she glanced at him, and said, "I thank you for your courtesy, Sir Knight; but that you be Gawain, that must I doubt."

"Wherefore?" asked Sir Gawain, for at her words he feared that he had failed in courtesy.

"So good a knight as Gawain is said to be," quoth the lady, "could not have dallied so long with a lady without of courtesy he craved a kiss when they parted."

"I will do even as it pleases you," said Sir Gawain.

At that the lady came near, and stooped over him. Then with all courtesy she kissed him.

That evening, when the lord of the castle returned, he

1. *I yield me.* I yield myself.

brought the plenteous spoils of the chase, and showed them to Gawain.

"How like you this, Sir Gawain?" he asked. "All this have I won for you to-day. What have you won for me, according to our covenant?"

"This have I won," said Sir Gawain, and put his arms round him and kissed him courteously.

"It is good," said the other. "I thank you. Yet I would fain know where you won this gift."

"Nay, that was not bargained," said Gawain. "I give you what I received, neither more nor less. Ask me no more. You have your due."

Thereafter they feasted, and presently went to rest in all content and good fellowship.

On the morrow the lord of the castle went forth hunting, and slew a great boar. Again his lady came to Gawain's chamber and gave him a kiss at parting; and in the evening Gawain rendered up the kiss even as at the first day, taking in exchange the slain boar. And on the third day it happened likewise that the lady kissed Gawain. But as the lady was leaving Gawain, having given him the third kiss, she said: "Now, dear knight, at this parting, do me this kindness; give me somewhat for a gift, if it be but your glove, that I may think of my knight and lessen my sorrow at his going. I have tempted you sorely, and you have resisted with all courtesy; yet I would fain have a remembrance of this pleasant converse of ours."

"Now I would that I had here the least thing," answered Sir Gawain; "and if I had ought, I would that I might give it you for your love of me, for you have deserved more reward than ever I could give. But it is not to your honor to have at this time a glove as a gift from me, for I am here on a wondrous quest, and have no gifts

nor treasures with me, and may heed nothing but my quest."

"Nay, then," said the lady, "if I may have nought of yours, you shall have somewhat of mine."

She took from her finger a rich ring of red gold with a bright stone upon it. But Sir Gawain would not have the ring. "I will take no gift at this time, lady, for I am bound upon a quest," said he, "and think of nought else."

"If you will not have my ring, take this girdle," said the lady; and she loosened a strip of lace that was fastened at her side, of green silk with a golden braid.

But Gawain would have nothing of her, and he prayed her to ask him no more.

"You will not have this silken scarf?" said the lady. "Peradventure[1] it seems simple and of little worth, and you despise it. But whosoever knew its virtue would value it at a great price, I trow.[2] For if a knight be girt with this green scarf, there is no man under heaven can wound him, no, not by any guile[3] on earth."

Then Gawain was sorely tempted in his heart to take this gift from her, for it would aid him in his quest and save him, peradventure, when he came to receive the Green Knight's blow. He pondered long; and at last, since fear of the Green Knight had entered ever so little into his heart, he took the scarf, and gave thanks to the lady right courteously.

When the lord of the castle returned that night, he brought with him but one fox that he had hunted long; and when he gave it to Gawain, Gawain gave him in return only the third kiss, concealing from him the green

1. *Peradventure* (pĕr'ăd-vĕn'tūr). Perhaps
2. *Trow* (trō). Believe; trust.
3. *Guile* (gīl). Cunning; deceit.

scarf, for he was minded to break his covenant in this little point, and keep the scarf for his own safety. Then he thanked him for the glad sojourn[1] he had made at the castle; and after they had feasted, they went to bed.

IV. THE GREEN CHAPEL

Sir Gawain slept but little that cold New Year's Eve. Early in the morning he arose, and was clad and armed by the chamberlain.[2] Then, with the lady's scarf about his waist, he sallied[3] forth upon his good steed Gringolet, commending the castle and all in it to Christ. The drawbridge was let down, the great gates thrown open, and Sir Gawain rode out with but one man to guide him to the Green Chapel.

They pricked on apace[4] past bare hedges, and climbed the frost-bound cliffs. The sky was lowering; a mist lay on the moor and on the hill-tops like a cloak.

They came at length about sunrise to a high hill, where the snow lay white and bare around them. There the guide bade Gawain farewell.

"I have brought you now not far from the place you seek," he said. "But it is held to be a full perilous place, and he who dwells there is stark[5] and stern and mighty, greater of body than any man at Arthur's court. He slays all men who would pass by the Green Chapel, without mercy. I say sooth,[6] that though you had twenty lives, yet you will be slain if you encounter him. Therefore, Sir Gawain, go some other road; seek not this man.

1. *Sojourn* (sō'jûrn). Visit; stay.
2. *Chamberlain* (chām'bĕr-lĭn). A superintendent of a household, especially of the bedrooms and dressing rooms.
3. *Sallied* (săl'ĭd). Rushed; hurried.
4. *Pricked on apace.* Went on speedily.
5. *Stark.* Violent.
6. *I say sooth.* I speak the truth.

I vow that I will hie me home again, and say no word to show that you fled."

"Gramercy,"[1] said Sir Gawain in anger. "You wish me well. But if I fled I were a coward knight, and could not be forgiven. I will go to this Green Chapel, come what may, and meet the Green Knight."

"If you will willingly lose your life," said the man, "I will not stay you. Ride down this road till you come to the bottom of the valley; there a little on your left will you see the chapel, and the knight who keeps it. Now farewell, and God keep you, noble Gawain; for all the gold on earth I would not go one step farther with you."

With that he turned and rode off, leaving Sir Gawain alone.

"I will neither grieve nor groan," quoth Gawain: "I give myself up to God's will."

Then spurred he Gringolet, and rode down into the valley. But he saw no sign of a chapel, but only high banks and rugged rocks. He halted his horse and looked about him. He discerned nought but a little green mound not far distant, to which he went. By it ran a swift stream, and the water bubbled as it ran.

Sir Gawain alighted from Gringolet, and tied the horse to a linden tree. Then he turned to the mound. It had a hole at the end, and on either side, and was all hollow within, as it were an old cave or a crevice in a crag. It was all overgrown with grass, and green from end to end.

"Is this the Green Chapel?" quoth the gentle knight. "It is an ugly place, overgrown with weeds, and it is seemly that the Green Knight should do his devotions here. This is a chapel of mischance, worthy of so fierce and fell[2] a knight."

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1. *Gramercy* (grȧ-mûr'sĭ). A word used to express surprise or emotion.

2. *Fell.* Destructive; wicked.

With his helmet on his head and his lance in his hand he roamed over the mound. Suddenly he heard from the hill beyond the brook a wonderful shrill noise, that rang loud through the cliffs, as if to cleave them; it was a sound as of a man whetting a scythe upon a grindstone, and it whirred and hissed like water on a mill-wheel.

"I trow there is one making arms ready for the knight who is to meet me here," quoth Gawain grimly. "Yet I fear not, even if my life be lost."

Then he called full loud: "Who waits in this steading[1] to keep faith with me? Now is Gawain come here to keep his tryst, and to serve any man if he will but come hither speedily."

"Abide there," quoth one on the bank above Sir Gawain's head, "and you shall have all that I vowed to you."

The noise of the grindstone continued for a little. But suddenly it ceased, and from a cave by a crag on the hill came the Green Knight, rushing out of the dark cave as in a whirlwind, and bearing in his hand a fell weapon, a Danish axe new whetted.

He was clad all in green, as of old, but fared on foot now. When he came down the hill to the water, he would not wade, but leaped it by the aid of his axe, and strode boldly across to where Gawain stood. He did him no reverence, but only said: "Gawain, you are welcome to this my place, and have timed your journey as a true man should. You know the covenant between us: here at this New Year I am ready to quit me of my debt to you. There are no knights here to stay us. Do off your helmet from your head, and have your pay. Let there be no more talk than when you shore off my head at one blow."

1. *Steading* (stĕd'ĭng). Building site.

"Nay, by the God who gave me the breath of life," said Gawain, "I shall not flinch: I will stand still whatsoever you do."

He leaned his neck forward and bared it, and made as if he were undaunted,[1] for he would show no fear.

Then the Green Knight gathered up all his strength and swung the grim axe aloft to smite Gawain. Had it driven downwards as true as he meant, Gawain would have been dead from that one blow. But Gawain, as the axe glided down, shrank a little with his shoulders, for fear of the sharp edge.

The Green Knight turned the bright axe aside in a twinkling, as he saw Gawain flinch.

"You are not that Gawain who is held so good a knight," he said in rebuke. "He never shrank from any man by hill or vale, but you flinched before ever harm came to you. Never could I hear such cowardice reported of Gawain. Not so did I flinch when in King Arthur's hall my head was shorn from my shoulders and fell at my feet. Wherefore I must needs be called a better knight than you."

"I shrank once," quoth Gawain, "and so will I never again, though my head be cleft from my body. Haste you, Sir Knight, and deal my fate to me. I will abide your stroke and start from it no more, till your axe has hit me—have here my word upon it."

"Have at you then," quoth the other, and heaved the axe aloft like a madman. He swung it down heavily, but ere ever he hurt Sir Gawain, turned the axe aside once more, meaning to try him yet again, to see if he would flinch.

1. *Made as if he were undaunted.* Acted as if he were not dismayed.

Gawain awaited the stroke unmoved, and flinched in no wise,[1] but stood still as a stone.

Then merrily cried the Green Knight, "I have proved[2] you, and I see that your heart is whole. Now will I smite. Hold aside the hood of your cloak, and let me strike."

"You threaten too long," said Sir Gawain in anger. "Have done with your blow."

"For sooth, so angrily you speak," said the knight, "that I will no longer wait."

Then he made ready to strike, frowning with lips and brow, so that it was no marvel that Gawain misliked him and had no hope of rescue.

The Green Knight struck. The edge of the blade smote Sir Gawain on his bare neck, but though it cut the skin a little so that the blood came, it hurt him no more than that.

When Sir Gawain knew that the blow was done, he sprang away more than a spear's length, and took his helmet and shield swiftly, and drew his bright sword.

"You have had your blow, Sir Knight," he said, blither than ever since first he was born. "I have stood your stroke without repaying it, and if you give me more I will speedily requite you, and pay you readily."

The Green Knight held aloof from him and rested on his axe, setting the shaft on the ground. He looked on Sir Gawain, and saw how he faced him undaunted; and in his heart he liked it well.

"Bold knight," he cried merrily, "no man here has used you in unknightly fashion or will. I vowed to give you a stroke, and you have had it. Hold yourself well paid. Know now that I am the lord of the castle where

1. *In no wise.* Not at all.
2. *Proved.* Tested.

you have lodged, and I have requited you for the three days of our covenant. You yielded a little to temptation in those days, and by these blows have I rewarded you. On the first day my wife kissed you, as I knew full well: I gave you in return the first blow, whereat you flinched. For the second kiss, I gave you the second blow, and held my hand from harming you. For the third kiss, I struck the third blow with my might and with fell intent. It is my green scarf, which my wife wrought for me, that you wear, which saved your life. That also I know, for I myself sent her to prove your knighthood in the three days of my hunting, and in sooth by this test I find you the truest knight that ever went on foot. As a pearl among white peas is of more price than they, so is Gawain among all other knights. The kisses I make nought of: they were but courtesy. You lacked a little in your good faith in taking the gift of the green scarf; but that was for love of your life, and for no baser purpose, and I blame you not for it; a man may not be perfect, be he never so gentle a knight."

Gawain stood still in thought a great while, so grieved and sorry was his mind. The blood rushed to his face, and he shrank for shame as the knight talked. "Woe on you, cowardice and covetousness," he cried at last: "you are villainy and vice, that destroy virtue. You have undone me in this my quest."

Then he unloosened the green scarf, and gave it to the knight, saying, "Lo, take the sign of my falsehood. For fear of your stroke cowardice drove me to make friends with covetousness, so that I forsook the generous loyalty that beseems a knight. Now am I faulty and false, and have been afraid. Do your will with me, Sir Knight."

The Green Knight laughed. "I hold you purged[1] of

1. *Purged.* Cleansed.

your sin," he said, "for you stood my blow like a true knight. This green scarf I give you, Sir Gawain. You may think upon this adventure of the Green Chapel when you go forth among princes of fame and might."

Gawain took the scarf, and thanked the Green Knight full courteously. "I will take it with good will," he said, "not for the worth of it, though it is precious and wondrously wrought, but to keep as a sign of my sin. One thing more I would pray of you. Since you be lord of yonder castle and land, tell me your right name."

"That will I truly," quoth the other. "I am called Bernlak of Hautdesert.[1] Morgan le Fay dwells in my castle, and she has much magic lore,[2] and has taken many men by craft. There is none so high and haughty that Morgan le Fay cannot abase him. She sent me in this green gear to Arthur's hall, to prove and test the pride and renown of the Round Table; and I have proved the Round Table by your knighthood, and find it the very mirror of chivalry. Come now to my castle and greet Morgan le Fay, and make merry, for I love you as well as any man."

But Gawain said him nay, for he must ride to King Arthur's court. So they took their leave one of another with all love and courtesy, and parted there. The Green Knight took his way whithersoever he wished, and Sir Gawain rode back through wild ways to the King's city of Camelot. And when he was come thither, and had told his shame and whatever else had befallen him, all the knights vowed to wear thereafter a baldric of bright green, in remembrance of Sir Gawain's temptation and of his courage and of all his adventure with the Green Knight.

—F. J. Harvey Darton.

1. *Hautdesert* (ō'dĕ-zâr').
2. *Magic lore.* Knowledge of magic.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: held rich revel, jousted full merrily, anon, carols, double portion, festival, jollity, stature, seemly, mantle, curiously embroidered, enamel, thick-set, cumbrous, burnished, amazement, crave, holds himself hardy, abide, quit my claim, a twelvemonth, challenge, abashed, boon, beseech, discourtesy, feeblest of wit, rehearsed, covenant, straightway, stroke, sundered, faltered, courteously, comely, craft, hewn, waned, counsel, flinch, commended, emblem, realm, fared along, girt, spiked fence, porter, crave lodging, fain, mid-morn, achieved, valiant, plenteous, sorely, converse, virtue, pondered, sojourn, sallied forth, apace, stark and stern, hie, discerned, crevice, crag, do his devotions, steading, quit me of my debt, twinkling, heaved, requite, fell intent, cowardice and covetousness, faulty and false, haughty, abase, mirror of chivalry.

2. Describe the Christmas revels at Camelot.

3. Describe the appearance of the terrible knight.

4. What is meant by saying that his steed was "full hard to hold in"?

5. What was the proposal that the Green Knight made to King Arthur?

6. What effect did his proposal have upon the court?

7. How did he taunt King Arthur and his knights?

8. Why did Gawain take up the challenge?

9. What agreement did Gawain and the Green Knight make before the first blow?

10. Tell how the first blow was struck.

11. What did King Arthur think of the amazing deed of the Green Knight?

12. Describe Gawain as he departed in search of the Green Knight's home.

13. Through what countries did he travel?

14. Describe his reception at the castle that he found on Christmas Eve.

15. What was the covenant made between Sir Gawain and his host?

16. Tell the story of the three gifts.

17. Was Sir Gawain entirely fair with his host?

18. Did Gawain do right in accepting the green scarf?

19. Was he right in keeping the green scarf from his host?

20. What advice did Gawain's guide give him about the knight of the Green Chapel?

21. Describe the Green Chapel as Gawain found it.

22. Describe the appearance of the Green Knight as he came out of the dark cave.

23. Tell the story of the blows as they were delivered by the Green Knight.

24. What explanation did the Green Knight make to Gawain after the blow had failed to harm him?

25. How did Gawain feel about his conduct?

26. How did the Green Knight feel toward Gawain?

27. What do you consider to be Gawain's finest characteristics?

THE BELL OF ATRI

In the "Tales of the Wayside Inn" Longfellow pretends that the stories are told by different individuals who gather at the Inn. "The Bell of Atri" is the second story told by the Sicilian, whose first tale had been "King Robert of Sicily." The Sicilian was a young man who had been exiled from his native land and had come to America. He was a close friend of Longfellow's.

In "The Bell of Atri" Longfellow gives us a pleasing picture of life in one of those small Italian villages "that have run half way up a hill, beneath the blazing sun, and then sat down to rest." He tells how a good custom, established by a good king, brought just punishment on an ungrateful knight who loved gold better than he loved anything else.

THE BELL OF ATRI

At Atri[1] in Abruzzo,[2] a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,[3]
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may,"—
The Re Giovanni,[4] now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place,
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic[5] to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that,[6] as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,[7]

1. *Atri* (ä′trē).
2. *Abruzzo* (ä′brōōt′sō). A district in central Italy.
3. *Scant renown* (rē-noun′). Little fame.
4. *Re Giovanni* (rā jō-vän′ē). King John.
5. *Syndic* (sĭn′dĭk). A magistrate or judge.
6. *Suffice it that* (sŭ-fīs′). It is enough to say that.
7. *Briony* (brī′ō-nĭ). A vine with small white or yellowish flowers.

So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.[1]

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons[2] with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities[3] of camps and courts;—
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.
At length he said: "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender[4] is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

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1. *A votive garland at a shrine.* A garland or wreath hung at some sacred place in fulfillment of a vow.

2. *Falcons* (fô'k'nz). Hawks trained to hunt other birds.

3. *Prodigalities* (prŏd'ĭ-găl'ĭ-tĭz). Extravagances; wastes.

4. *Provender* (prŏv'ĕn-dĕr). Dry food for domestic animals, such as hay, straw, or corn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarm of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung,
Reiterating[1] with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon,[2] the old song:
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"
But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade[3]
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio!"[4] cried the Syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,

1. *Reiterating* (rē-ĭt'ĕr-āt'ĭng). Saying over and over again.

2. *Half-articulate jargon* (häf-är-tĭk'ū-lāt järʹgŏn). Confused language, only half clear.

3. *Arcade* (är-kād'). An arched entrance.

4. *Domeneddio* (dŏm'ĭ-nĭ-dē'ō). An exclamation of surprise equivalent to our "Dear me!"

With much gesticulation[1] and appeal
To heathen gods,[2] in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King; then said:
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute[3]
Can come to you for starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;
But go not into mass; my bell doth more:

1. *Gesticulation* (jĕs-tĭk′ū-lā′shŭn). The act of making gestures.
2. *Heathen gods.* Gods other than the Christian's God.
3. *Repute.* Reputation; esteem.

It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: of ancient Roman date, scant renown, market-place, projecting some small space, train, made proclamation, decay, hempen rope, unravelled, tendrils, votive garland, wild-boar, passion, vineyards, garden-grounds, starve and shiver, brooding, devising plans, hoard and spare, suburban lanes forlorn, sultry clime, accusing bell, repose, reluctant pace, persistent tongue, dejected, sore distressed, appeal, excessive zeal, flowers of chivalry, familiar proverbs, clamor, abashed, Christian clime.

2. Where is the scene of this story laid?

3. What description does the author give of the town of Atri?

4. What provision did King John make that his subjects might secure justice?

5. Describe the life of the knight who lived in Atri. What change came over him as he grew old?

6. What did the knight do in order to save and hoard gold?

7. How did he justify his treatment of the old horse?

8. How did it happen that the old horse rang the bell?

9. Explain "donned his robes."

10. Describe the scene in the Syndic's court.

11. What was the attitude of the knight?

12. What was the decree of the Syndic?

13. Why did the king say the Bell of Atri had done more than church-bells?

14. Retell the story.

PRINCE HASSAK'S MARCH

EVERY once in a while it is a fine thing to read a story that is filled from beginning to end with good, wholesome fun. No recent writer has produced better stories of this type than has Mr. Frank R. Stockton. His writings are justly famous for their fine, pure humor and for the ease and rapidity with which the stories move along. No one who enjoys a good tale, well told, should miss reading such stories as "Old Pipes and the Dryad," "The Clocks of Rondaine," "The Griffin and the Minor Canon," and others of the "Fanciful Tales."

In Prince Hassak's March Mr. Stockton tells about the adventure of a young prince who wanted to show the boys and girls of his land "how, when a thing was to be done, the best way was to go straight ahead and do it." He made the most careful preparation and he set out in the right spirit and with great confidence, but—well, we shall see just how he got along.

PRINCE HASSAK'S MARCH

IN the spring of a certain year, long since passed away, Prince Hassak of Itoby[1] determined to visit his uncle, the King of Yan.

"Whenever my uncle visited us," said the Prince, "or when my late father went to see him, the journey was always made by sea; and in order to do this it was necessary to go in a very roundabout way between Itoby and Yan. Now, I shall do nothing of this kind. It is beneath the dignity of a prince to go out of his way on account of capes, peninsulas, and promontories. I shall march from my palace to that of my uncle in a straight line. I shall go across the country, and no obstacle shall cause me to deviate[2] from my course. Mountains and hills shall be tunnelled, rivers shall be bridged, houses shall be levelled, a road shall be cut through forests, and when I have fin-

1. *Itoby* (ĭt'ō-bĭ).
2. *Deviate* (dē'vĭ-āt). Turn aside.

ished my march, the course over which I have passed shall be a mathematically straight line.[1] Thus will I show to the world that when a prince desires to travel it is not necessary for him to go out of his way on account of obstacles."

As soon as possible after the Prince had determined upon this march, he made his preparations, and set out. He took with him a few courtiers, and a large body of miners, rock-splitters, bridge-builders, and workmen of that class, whose services would, very probably, be needed. Besides these, he had an officer whose duty it was to point out the direct course to be taken, and another who was to draw a map of the march showing the towns, mountains, and the various places it passed through. There were no compasses[2] in those days, but the course-marker had an instrument which he would set in a proper direction by means of the stars, and then he could march by it all day. Besides these persons, Prince Hassak selected from the schools of his city five boys and five girls, and took them with him. He wished to show them how, when a thing was to be done, the best way was to go straight ahead and do it, turning aside for nothing.

"When they grow up they will teach these things to their children," said he, "and thus I shall instill good principles into my people."

The first day Prince Hassak and his party marched over a level country, with no further trouble than that occasioned by the tearing down of fences and walls, and the destruction of a few cottages and barns. After en-

1. *A mathematically straight line.* A straight line as defined by the laws of mathematics, the shortest distance between two points.

2. *Compasses* (kŭm'pȧs-ĕz). Instruments for determining directions by means of the magnetic needle.

camping for the night, they set out the next morning, but had not marched many miles before they came to a rocky hill, on the top of which was a handsome house, inhabited by a Jolly-cum-pop.

"Your Highness,"[1] said the course-marker, "in order to go in a direct line we must make a tunnel through this hill, immediately under the house. This may cause the building to fall in, but the rubbish can be easily removed."

"Let the men go to work," said the Prince. "I will dismount from my horse and watch the proceedings."

When the Jolly-cum-pop saw the party halt before his house, he hurried out to pay his respects to the Prince.[2] When he was informed of what was to be done, the Jolly-cum-pop could not refrain from laughing aloud.

"I never heard," he said, "of such a capital[3] idea. It is so odd and original. It will be very funny, I am sure, to see a tunnel cut right under my house."

The miners and rock-splitters now began to work at the base of the hill, and then the Jolly-cum-pop made a proposition to the Prince.

"It will take your men some time," he said, "to cut this tunnel, and it is a pity your Highness should not be amused in the meanwhile. It is a fine day; suppose we go into the forest and hunt?"

This suited the Prince very well, for he did not care about sitting under a tree and watching his workmen, and the Jolly-cum-pop having sent for his horse and some bows and arrows, the whole party, with the exception of the laborers, rode toward the forest, a short distance away.

1. *Your Highness.* A term of respect often employed in addressing emperors, kings, queens, or princes.

2. *To pay his respects to the Prince.* To welcome or greet the Prince in the proper manner.

3. *Capital.* Excellent; of first rank.

"What shall we find to hunt?" asked the Prince of the Jolly-cum-pop.

"I really do not know," exclaimed the latter, "but we'll hunt whatever we happen to see—deer, small birds, rabbits, griffins,[1] rhinoceroses,[2] anything that comes along. I feel as gay as a skipping grasshopper. My spirits rise like a soaring bird. What a joyful thing it is to have such a hunt on such a glorious day!"

The gay and happy spirits of the Jolly-cum-pop affected the whole party, and they rode merrily through the forest. But they found no game, and, after an hour or two, they emerged into the open country again. At a distance, on a slight elevation, stood a large and massive building.

"I am hungry and thirsty," said the Prince, "and perhaps we can get some refreshments at yonder house. So far, this has not been a very fine hunt."

"No," cried the Jolly-cum-pop, "not yet But what a joyful thing to see a hospitable mansion just at the moment when we begin to feel a little tired and hungry!"

The building they were approaching belonged to a potentate[3] who lived at a great distance. In some of his travels he had seen this massive house, and thought it would make a good prison. He accordingly bought it, fitted it up as a jail, and appointed a jailer and three myrmidons[4] to take charge of it. This had occurred years before, but no prisoners had ever been sent to this jail. A few days preceding the Jolly-cum-pop's hunt, the Poten-

1. *Griffins.* Monsters, half eagle and half lion, believed by the ancient Greeks to keep watch over the gold of Scythia.

2. *Rhinoceroses* (rī-nŏs'ĕr-ŏs-ĕz).

3. *Potentate* (pō'tĕn-tāt). One who possesses great power; a ruler or monarch.

4. *Myrmidons* (mûr'mĭ-dŏnz). Subordinate officers who carry out all orders without protest or pity.

tate had journeyed this way and had stopped at his jail. After inquiring into its condition, he had said to the jailer:

"It is now fourteen years since I appointed you to this place, and in all that time there have been no prisoners, and you and your men have been drawing your wages without doing anything. I shall return this way in a few days and if I still find you idle I shall discharge you all and close the jail."

This filled the jailer with great dismay, for he did not wish to lose his good situation. When he saw the Prince and his party approaching, the thought struck him that perhaps he might make prisoners of them, and so not be found idle when the Potentate returned. He came to meet the hunters, and when they asked if they could here find refreshment, he gave them a most cordial welcome. His men took their horses, and, inviting them to enter, he showed each member of the party into a small bedroom, of which there seemed to be a great many.

"Here are water and towels," he said to each one, "and when you have washed your face and hands, your refreshments will be ready." Then, going out, he locked the door on the outside.

The party numbered seventeen: the prince, three courtiers, five boys, five girls, the course-marker, the map-maker, and the Jolly-cum-pop. The heart of the jailer was joyful. Seventeen inmates was something to be proud of. He ordered his myrmidons to give the prisoners a meal of bread and water, through the holes in their cell doors, and then he sat down to make out his report to the Potentate.

"They must all be guilty of crimes," he said to himself, "which are punished by long imprisonment. I don't want any of them executed."

So he numbered his prisoners from one to seventeen,

according to the cell each happened to be in, and he wrote a crime opposite each number. The first was highway robbery, the next forgery, and after that followed treason, smuggling, barn-burning, bribery, poaching,[1] usury,[2] piracy, witchcraft, assault and battery,[3] using false weights and measures, burglary, counterfeiting,[4] robbing hen-roosts, conspiracy, and poisoning his grandmother by proxy.[5]

This report was scarcely finished when the Potentate returned. He was very much surprised to find that seventeen prisoners had come in since his previous visit, and he read the report with interest.

"Here is one who ought to be executed," he said, referring to Number Seventeen. "And how did he poison his grandmother by proxy? Did he get another woman to be poisoned in her stead? Or did he employ some one to act in his place as the poisoner?"

"I have not yet been fully informed, my lord," said the jailer, fearful that he should lose a prisoner. "But this is his first offence, and his grandmother, who did not die, has testified to his general good character."

"Very well," said the Potentate. "But if he ever does it again, let him be executed. And, by the way, I should like to see the prisoners."

Thereupon the jailer conducted the Potentate along the

1. *Poaching* (pōch'ĭng). Catching fish or game contrary to law.

2. *Usury* (ū'zhū-rĭ). Taking interest in excess of the lawful rate charged for the use of money.

3. *Assault and battery.* A violent and willful use of force in doing hurt to another.

4. *Counterfeiting* (koun'tĕr-fĭt-ĭng). Making money or notes in imitation of the legal money or notes of a country.

5. *By proxy.* Through an agent.

corridors,[1] and let him look through the holes in the doors at the prisoners within.

"What is this little girl in for?" he said.

The jailer looked at the number over the door, and then at his report.

"Piracy," he answered.

"A strange offence for such a child," said the Potentate.

"They often begin that sort of thing very early in life," said the jailer.

"And this fine gentleman," said the Potentate, looking in at the Prince, "what did he do?"

The jailer glanced at the number, and then at the report.

"Robbed hen-roosts," he said.

"He must have done a good deal of it to afford to dress so well," said the Potentate, passing on, and looking into other cells. "It seems to me that many of your prisoners are very young."

"It is best to take them young, my lord," said the jailer. "They are very hard to catch when they grow up."

The Potentate then looked in at the Jolly-cum-pop, and asked what was his offence.

"Conspiracy," was the answer.

"And where are the other conspirators?"[2]

"There was only one," said the jailer.

Number Seventeen was the oldest of the courtiers.

"He appears to be an elderly man to have a grandmother," said the Potentate. "She must be very aged, and that makes it all the worse for him. I think he should be executed."

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1. *Corridors* (kŏr'ĭ-dôrz). Passageways connecting different parts of a building.

2. *The other conspirators.* A conspiracy is an agreement between two or more persons to commit a crime. The ignorant jailer evidently did not know this.

"Oh, no, my lord," cried the jailer. "I am assured that his crime was quite unintentional."

"Then he should be set free," said the Potentate.

"I mean to say," said the jailer, "that it was just enough intentional to cause him to be imprisoned here for a long time, but not enough to deserve execution."

"Very well," said the Potentate, turning to leave. "Take good care of your prisoners, and send me a report every month."

"That will I do, my lord," said the jailer, bowing very low.

The Prince and his party had been very much surprised and incensed[1] when they found that they could not get out of their rooms, and they had kicked and banged and shouted until they were tired; but the jailer had informed them that they were to be confined there for years, and when the Potentate arrived they had resigned themselves to despair. The Jolly-cum-pop, however, was affected in a different way. It seemed to him the most amusing joke in the world that a person should deliberately walk into a prison cell and be locked up for several years; and he lay down on his little bed and laughed himself to sleep.

That night one of the boys sat at his iron-barred window, wide-awake. He was a truant, and had never yet been in any place from which he could not run away. He felt that his schoolfellows depended upon him to run away and bring them assistance, and he knew that his reputation as a truant was at stake. His responsibility was so heavy that he could not sleep, and he sat at the window, trying to think of a way to get out. After some hours the moon arose, and by its light he saw upon the grass, not far from his window, a number of little creatures

1. *Incensed* (ĭn-sĕnst'). Angered.

which at first he took for birds or small squirrels; but on looking more attentively he perceived that they were pigwidgeons.[1] They were standing around a flat stone, and seemed to be making calculations on it with a piece of chalk. At this sight the heart of the Truant jumped for joy. "Pigwidgeons can do anything," he said to himself, "and certainly these can get us out."

He tried in various ways to attract the attention of the pigwidgeons; but as he was afraid to call or whistle very loud, for fear of arousing the jailer, he did not succeed. Happily he thought of a pea-shooter which he had in his pocket, and taking this out, he blew a pea into the midst of the little group with such force that it knocked the chalk from the hand of the pigwidgeon who was using it. The little fellows looked up in astonishment, and perceived the Truant beckoning to them from his window. At first they stood angrily regarding him. But on his urging them in a loud whisper to come to his relief, they approached the prison, and, clambering up a vine, soon reached his window-sill. The Truant now told his mournful tale, to which the pigwidgeons listened very attentively, and then, after a little consultation among themselves, one of them said: "We will get you out if you will tell us how to divide five sevenths by six."

The poor Truant was silent for an instant, and then he said: "That is not the kind of thing I am good at, but I expect some of the other fellows could tell you easily enough. Our windows must be all in a row, and you can climb up and ask some of them, and if any one tells you, will you get us all out?"

"Yes," said the pigwidgeon who had spoken before. "We will do that, for we are very anxious to know how to divide five sevenths by six. We have been working at it

1. *Pigwidgeons* (pĭg-wĭj'ŭnz). Elves.

for four or five days, and there won't be anything worth dividing if we wait much longer."

The pigwidgeons now began to descend the vine. But one of them lingering a little, the Truant, who had a great deal of curiosity, asked him what it was they had to divide.

"There were eight of us," the pigwidgeon answered, "who helped a farmer's wife, and she gave us a pound of butter. She did not count us properly, and divided the butter into seven parts. We did not notice this at first, and two of the party, who were obliged to go away to a distance, took their portions and departed, and now we can not divide among six the five sevenths that remain."

"That is a pretty hard thing," said the Truant, "but I am sure some of the boys can tell you how to do it."

The pigwidgeons visited the next four cells, which were occupied by four boys, but not one of them could tell how to divide five sevenths by six. The Prince was questioned, but he did not know, and neither did the course-marker, nor the map-maker. It was not until they came to the cell of the oldest girl that they received an answer. She was good at mental arithmetic, and, after a minute's thought, she told them that it would be five forty-seconds.

"Good!" cried the pigwidgeons. "We will divide the butter into forty-two parts, and each take five. And now let us go to work and cut these bars."

Three of the six pigwidgeons were workers in iron, and they had their little files and saws in pouches by their sides. They went to work manfully, and the others helped them, and before morning one bar was cut in each of the seventeen windows. The cells were all on the ground floor, and it was quite easy for the prisoners to clamber out—that is, it was easy for all but the Jolly-cum-pop. He had laughed so much in his life that he had grown quite fat,

and he found it impossible to squeeze himself through the opening made by the removal of one iron bar. The sixteen other prisoners had all departed. The pigwidgeons had hurried away to divide their butter into forty-two parts, and the Jolly-cum-pop still remained in his cell, convulsed with laughter at the idea of being caught in such a curious predicament.[1]

"It is the most ridiculous thing in the world," he said. "I suppose I must stay here and cry until I get thin." And the idea so tickled him that he laughed himself to sleep.

The Prince and his party kept together, and hurried from the prison as fast as they could. When the day broke they had gone several miles, and then they stopped to rest. "Where is that Jolly-cum-pop?" said the Prince. "I suppose he has gone home. He is a pretty fellow to lead us into this trouble and then desert us! How are we to find the way back to his house? Course-marker, can you tell us the direction in which we should go?"

"Not until to-night, your Highness," answered the course-marker, "when I can set my instrument by the stars."

The Prince's party was now in a doleful plight. Everyone was very hungry. They were in an open plain, no house was visible, and they knew not which way to go. They wandered about for some time, looking for a brook or a spring where they might quench their thirst, and then a rabbit sprang out from some bushes. The whole party immediately started off in pursuit of the rabbit. They chased it here, there, backward and forward, through hollows and over hills, until it ran quite away and dis-

1. *Predicament* (prē-dĭk'ā-mĕnt). An unfortunate, unpleasant, or trying position or situation.

appeared. Then they were more tired, thirsty, and hungry than before, and to add to their miseries, when night came on, the sky was cloudy, and the course-marker could not set his instrument by the stars. It would be difficult to find sixteen people more miserable than the Prince and his companions when they awoke the next morning from their troubled sleep on the hard ground. Nearly starved, they gazed at one another with feelings of despair.

"I feel," said the Prince, in a weak voice, "that there is nothing I would not do to obtain food. I would willingly become a slave if my master would give me a good breakfast."

"So would I," ejaculated[1] each of the others.

About an hour after this, as they were all sitting disconsolately upon the ground, they saw, slowly approaching, a large cart drawn by a pair of oxen. On the front of the cart, which seemed to be heavily loaded, sat a man with a red beard, reading a book.

The boys, when they saw the cart, set up a feeble shout, and the man, lifting his eyes from his book, drove directly toward the group on the ground. Dismounting, he approached Prince Hassak, who immediately told him his troubles and implored relief. "We will do anything," said the Prince, "to obtain food."

Standing for a minute in a reflective mood, the man with the red beard addressed the Prince in a slow, meditative manner. "How would you like," he said, "to form a nucleus?"[2]

"Can we get anything to eat by it?" eagerly asked the Prince.

"Yes," replied the man, "you can."

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1. *Ejaculated* (e-jăk'ū-lāt'ĕd). Spoke impulsively.

2. *Nucleus* (nū'klē-ŭs). A central part about which other material is gathered.

"We'll do it!" immediately cried the whole sixteen, without waiting for further information.

"Which will you do first," said the man, "listen to my explanations, or eat?"

"Eat!" cried the entire sixteen in chorus.

The man now produced from his cart a quantity of bread, meat, wine, and other provisions, which he distributed generously, but judiciously, to the hungry Prince and his followers. Every one had enough, but no one too much. Soon, revived and strengthened, they felt like new beings.

"Now," said the Prince, "we are ready to form a nucleus, as we promised. How is it done?"

"I will explain the matter to you in a few words," said the man with the red beard. "For a long time I have been desirous to found a city. In order to do this, one must begin by forming a nucleus. Every great city is started from a nucleus. A few persons settle down in some particular spot, and live there. Then they are a nucleus. Then other people come there, and gather around this nucleus, and then more people come, and more, until in course of time there is a great city. I have loaded this cart with provisions, tools, and other things that are necessary for my purpose, and have set out to find some people who would be willing to form a nucleus. I am very glad to have found you, and that you are willing to enter into my plan. And this seems a good spot for us to settle upon."

"What is the first thing to be done?" said the Prince.

"We must all go to work," said the man with the red beard, "to build dwellings, and also a schoolhouse for these young people. Then we must till some ground in the

suburbs,[1] and lay the foundations, at least, of a few public buildings."

"All this will take a good while, will it not?" said the Prince.

"Yes," said the man, "it will take a good while, and the sooner we set about it, the better."

Thereupon tools were distributed among the party, and Prince, courtiers, boys, girls, and all, went to work to build houses and form the nucleus of a city.

When the jailer looked into his cells in the morning, and found that all but one of his prisoners had escaped, he was utterly astounded, and his face, when the Jolly-cum-pop saw him, made that individual roar with laughter. The jailer, however, was a man accustomed to deal with emergencies. "You need not laugh," he said; "everything shall go on as before, and I shall take no notice of the absence of your companions. You are now numbered One to Seventeen inclusive, and you stand charged with highway robbery, forgery, treason, smuggling, barn-burning, bribery, poaching, usury, piracy, witchcraft, assault and battery, using false weights and measures, burglary, counterfeiting, robbing hen-roosts, conspiracy, and poisoning your grandmother by proxy. I intended to-day to dress the convicts in prison garb, and you shall immediately be so clothed."

"I shall require seventeen suits," said the Jolly-cum-pop.

"Yes," said the jailer, "they shall be furnished."

"And seventeen rations[2] a day," said the Jolly-cum-pop.

"Certainly," replied the jailer.

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1. *Suburbs* (sŭb'ûrbz). The outlying parts of a city or town.
2. *Rations* (răsh'ŭnz). Fixed allowances of food.

"This is luxury," roared the Jolly-cum-pop. "I shall spend my whole time in eating and putting on clean clothes."

Seventeen large prison suits were now brought to the Jolly-cum-pop. He put one on, and hung up the rest in his cell. These suits were half bright yellow and half bright green, with spots of bright red as big as saucers.

The jailer now had doors cut from one cell to another. "If the Potentate comes here and wants to look at the prisoners," he said to the Jolly-cum-pop, "you must appear in cell Number One, so that he can look through the hole in the door and see you. Then, as he walks along the corridor, you must walk through the cells, and whenever he looks into a cell you must be there."

"He will think," merrily replied the Jolly-cum-pop, "that all your prisoners are very fat, and that the little girls have grown up into big men."

"I shall endeavor to explain that," said the jailer.

For several days the Jolly-cum-pop was highly amused at the idea of his being seventeen criminals, and he would sit first in one cell and then in another, trying to look like a ferocious pirate, a hard-hearted usurer, or a mean-spirited chicken-thief, and laughing heartily at his failures. But after a time he began to tire of this and to have a strong desire to see what sort of a tunnel the Prince's miners and rock-splitters were making under his house. "I had hoped," he said to himself, "that I should pine away in confinement, and so be able to get through the window-bars. But with nothing to do, and seventeen rations a day, I see no chance of that. But I must get out of this jail, and as there seems no other way, I will revolt." Thereupon he shouted to the jailer through the hole in the door of his cell: "We have revolted! We have risen

in a body, and have determined to resist your authority and break jail!"

When the jailer heard this he was greatly troubled. "Do not proceed to violence," he said. "Let us parley."[1]

"Very well," replied the Jolly-cum-pop, "but you must open the cell door. We cannot parley through a hole."

The jailer thereupon opened the cell door, and the Jolly-cum-pop, having wrapped sixteen suits of clothes around his left arm as a shield, and holding in his right hand the iron bar which had been cut from his window, stepped boldly into the corridor and confronted the jailer and his myrmidons.

"It will be useless for you to resist," he said. "You are but four, and we are seventeen. If you had been wise you would have made us all cheating shop-keepers, chicken-thieves, or usurers. Then you might have been able to control us. But when you see before you a desperate highwayman, a daring smuggler, a bloodthirsty pirate, a wily[2] poacher, a powerful ruffian, a reckless burglar, a bold conspirator, and a murderer by proxy, you well may tremble."

The jailer and his myrmidons looked at each other in dismay.

"We sigh for no blood," continued the Jolly-cum-pop, "and will readily agree to terms. We will give you your choice: Will you allow us honorably to surrender, and peacefully disperse[3] to our homes, or shall we rush upon you in a body, and, after overpowering you by numbers, set fire to the jail, and escape through the crackling timbers of the burning pile?"

The jailer reflected for a minute. "It would be better,

1. *Parley* (pär'lĭ). To confer orally with an enemy.
2. *Wily* (wīl'ĭ). Full of tricks; crafty.
3. *Disperse.* Scatter.

perhaps," he said, "that you should surrender and disperse to your homes."

The Jolly-cum-pop agreed to these terms, and the great gate being opened, he marched out in good order. "Now," said he to himself, "the thing for me to do is to get home as fast as I can, or that jailer may change his mind." But, being in a great hurry, he turned the wrong way, and walked rapidly into a country unknown to him. His walk was a very merry one. "By this time," he said to himself, "the Prince and his followers have returned to my house, and are tired of watching the rock-splitters and miners. How amused they will be when they see me come back in this gay suit of green and yellow with red spots, and with sixteen similar suits upon my arm! How my own dogs will bark at me! How my own servants will not know me! It is the funniest thing I ever knew of!" And his gay laugh echoed far and wide. But when he had gone several miles without seeing any signs of his habitation, his gayety abated.[1] "It would have been much better," he said, as he sat down to rest under the shade of a tree, "if I had brought with me sixteen rations instead of these sixteen suits of clothes."

The Jolly-cum-pop soon set out again, but he walked a long distance without seeing any person or any house. Toward the close of the afternoon he stopped, and looking back, he saw coming toward him a large party of foot travellers. In a few moments he perceived that the person in advance was the jailer. At this the Jolly-cum-pop could not restrain his merriment. "How comically it has all turned out!" he exclaimed. "Here I've taken all this trouble, and tired myself out, and nearly starved myself, and the jailer comes now, with a crowd of people, to

1. *Abated* (ȧ-bāt'ĕd). Lessened; diminished.

take me back. I might as well have stayed where I was. Ha! ha!"

The jailer now left his party and came running toward the Jolly-cum-pop. "I pray you, sir," he said, bowing very low, "do not cast us off."

"Who are you all?" asked the Jolly-cum-pop, looking with much surprise at the jailer's companions, who were now quite near.

"We are myself, my three myrmidons, and our wives and children. Our situations were such good ones that we married long ago and our families lived in the upper stories of the prison. But when all the convicts had left we were afraid to remain, for, should the Potentate again visit the prison, he would be disappointed and enraged at finding no prisoners, and probably would punish us grievously.[1] So we determined to follow you, and to ask you to let us go with you, wherever you are going. I wrote a report, which I fastened to the great gate, and in it I stated that sixteen of the convicts escaped by the aid of outside confederates,[2] and that seventeen of them mutinied[3] in a body and broke jail."

"That report," laughed the Jolly-cum-pop, "your Potentate will not readily understand."

"If I were there," said the jailer, "I could explain it to him. But, as it is, he must work it out for himself."

"Have you anything to eat with you?" asked the Jolly-cum-pop.

"Oh, yes," said the jailer, "we brought provisions."

"Well, then, I gladly take you under my protection. Let us have supper. I have had nothing to eat since

1. *Grievously* (grēv'ŭs-lĭ).
2. *Confederates.* Accomplices; helpers.
3. *Mutinied* (mū'tĭ-nĭd). Revolted against lawful authority.

morning, and the weight of sixteen extra suits of clothes does not help to refresh one."

The Jolly-cum-pop and his companions slept that night under some trees, and started off early the next morning. "If I could only get myself turned in the proper direction," said he, "I believe we should soon reach my house."

The Prince, his courtiers, the boys and girls, the course-marker, and the map-maker worked industriously for several days at the foundation of their city. They dug the ground, they carried stones, they cut down trees. This work was very hard for all of them, for they were not used to it. After a few days' labor, the Prince said to the man with the red beard, who was reading his book: "I think we have now formed a nucleus. Any one can see that this is intended to be a city."

"No," said the man with the red beard, "nothing is truly a nucleus until something is gathered around it. Proceed with your work, while I continue my studies upon civil government."[1]

Toward the close of that day the red-bearded man raised his eyes from his book and beheld the Jolly-cum-pop and his party approaching. "Hurrah!" he cried, "we are already attracting settlers!" And he went forth to meet them.

When the Prince and the courtiers saw the Jolly-cum-pop in his bright and variegated[2] dress, they did not know him. But the boys and girls soon recognized his jovial face, and, tired as they were, they set up a hearty laugh, in which they were loudly joined by their merry friend.

1. *Civil government.* The body of laws having to do with the relations between the citizens of a state and the state itself.

2. *Variegated* (vā'rĭ-ē-gāt'ĕd). Having marks or patches of different colors.

While the Jolly-cum-pop was listening to the adventures of the Prince and his companions, and telling what had happened to himself, the man with the red beard was talking to the jailer and his party, and urging them to gather around the nucleus which had been here formed, and help to build a city.

"Nothing will suit us better," exclaimed the jailer, "and the sooner we build a town wall so as to keep off the Potentate, if he should come this way, the better shall we be satisfied."

The next morning the Prince said to the red-bearded man: "Others have gathered around us. We have formed a nucleus, and thus have done all that we promised to do. We shall now depart."

The man objected strongly to this, but the Prince paid no attention to his words. "What troubles me most," he said to the Jolly-cum-pop, "is the disgraceful condition of our clothes. They have been so torn and soiled during our unaccustomed work that they are not fit to be seen."

"As for that," said the Jolly-cum-pop, "I have sixteen suits with me, in which you can all dress, if you like. They are of unusual patterns, but they are new and clean."

"It is better," said the Prince, "for persons in my station to appear inordinately[1] gay than to be seen in rags and dirt. We will accept your clothes."

Thereupon the Prince and each of the others put on a prison dress of bright green and yellow with large red spots. There were some garments left over, for each boy wore only a pair of trousers with the waistband tied around his neck, and holes cut for his arms, while the large jackets, with the sleeves tucked, made very good dresses for the girls. The Prince and his party, accompanied by the Jolly-cum-pop, now left the red-bearded man and his new set-

1. *Inordinately* (ĭn-ôr'dĭ-nāt-lĭ). Unreasonably; immoderately.

tlers to continue the building of the city, and set off on their journey. The course-marker had not been informed the night before that they were to go away that morning, and consequently had not set his instrument by the stars.

"As we do not know in which way we should go," said the Prince, "one way will be as good as another, and if we can find a road let us take it. It will be easier walking."

In an hour or two they found a road, and they took it. After journeying the greater part of the day, they reached the top of a low hill, over which the road ran, and saw before them a glittering sea and the spires and houses of a city.

"It is the city of Yan," said the course-marker.

"That is true," said the Prince, "and as we are so near, we may as well go there."

The astonishment of the people of Yan, when this party, dressed in bright green and yellow with red spots, passed through their streets, was so great that the Jolly-cum-pop roared with laughter. This set the boys and girls and all the people laughing, and the sounds of merriment became so uproarious that when they reached the palace the King came out to see what was the matter. What he thought when he saw his nephew in his fantastic guise,[1] accompanied by a party apparently composed of sixteen other lunatics, cannot now be known. But, after hearing the Prince's story, he took him into an inner apartment, and thus addressed him: "My dear Hassak: The next time you pay me a visit, I beg, for your sake and my own, that you will come in the ordinary way. You have sufficiently shown to the world that, when a prince desires to travel, it is often necessary for him to go out of his way on account of obstacles."

1. *Fantastic guise* (gīz). Queer or fanciful dress.

"My dear uncle," replied Hassak, "your words shall not be forgotten."

After a pleasant visit of a few weeks, the Prince and his party (in new clothes) returned (by sea) to Itoby, whence the Jolly-cum-pop soon repaired to his home. There he found the miners and rock-splitters still at work at the tunnel, which had now penetrated half-way through the hill on which stood his house. "You may go home," he said, "for the Prince has changed his plans. I will put a door to this tunnel, and it will make an excellent cellar in which to keep my wine and provisions."

The day after the Prince's return his map-maker said to him: "Your Highness, according to your commands, I made, each day, a map of your progress to the city of Yan. Here it is."

The Prince glanced at it and then cast his eyes upon the floor. "Leave me," he said. "I would be alone."

—FRANK R. STOCKTON.

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EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: roundabout, peninsulas, promontories, obstacle, tunnelled, mathematically, rock-splitters, instill, principles, occasioned, encamping, rubbish, refrain, proposition, rhinoceroses, a skipping grasshopper, soaring bird, emerged, slight elevation, massive, hospitable mansion, fitted, preceding, discharge, dismay, cordial welcome, inmates, highway robbery, forgery, treason, smuggling, bribery, piracy, witchcraft, using false weights and measures, burglary, robbing hen-roosts, conspiracy, executed, stead, testified, elderly, assured, unintentional, deliberately, attentively, perceived, consultation, mental arithmetic, pouches, clamber, convulsed, disconsolately, reflective mood, meditative, generously, judiciously, revived, utterly astounded, emergencies, inclusive, rations, ferocious, mean-spirited, pine away, revolt, confronted, wily, honorably, disperse, crackling, habitation,

gayety abated, comically, grievously, industriously, jovial, disgraceful, consequently, glittering sea, uproarious, fantastic, lunatics, inner apartment.

2. What did Prince Hassak wish to show to the world?

3. What preparations did he make for the journey?

4. What was his purpose in taking the boys and girls along?

5. Tell of the meeting between the Prince and the Jolly-cum-pop.

6. What sort of fellow was the Jolly-cum-pop?

7. Describe the hunt.

8. What success had the Potentate had with his prison?

9. Explain how the jailer tricked the members of the hunting party.

10. Name the crimes with which he charged the seventeen hunters.

11. How did he explain the various crimes to the Potentate?

12. How did the Prince and his party feel about their imprisonment?

13. What did the Truant think of it?

14. Explain how the Truant got the attention of the pigwidgeons.

15. What were the pigwidgeons in trouble about?

16. Tell how the Prince and his party were rescued from prison.

17. Why did the Jolly-cum-pop not get out?

18. Describe the meeting of the Prince's party with the man in the ox-cart.

19. What did the man in the cart mean by "forming a nucleus"?

20. How did the jailer arrange to keep the news of the escape from the Potentate?

21. Explain how the Jolly-cum-pop outwitted the jailer.

22. Tell of the meeting of the Jolly-cum-pop with the jailer and his party.

23. How did the red-bearded man finally get his city started?

24. Describe the Prince's party in the prison clothes.

25. Describe the Prince's entry into the city of Yan.

26. Why did the Prince wish to be alone when he saw the map of his progress to the city of Yan?

27. Give a brief review of Prince Hassak's march.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

During December, 1839, a terrible storm swept the coasts of New England. Many vessels were destroyed and many bodies were washed ashore. On a reef called Norman's Woe was found the body of a woman lashed to a piece of wreckage. Longfellow read about it and decided to write a ballad based on the incident.

The ballad was written one night after one o'clock, some two weeks after the storm. Longfellow tells in his journal how, after writing the poem, he was unable to sleep, and how new thoughts which came to him caused him to get up again at three o'clock and add to and finish the story.

The poem is written in regular ballad form. It is one of the best ballads that have been produced in America.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper[1] had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,[2]
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw[3] did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

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1. *Skipper.* The master of a small vessel.
2. *Helm.* The wheel and other apparatus by which the vessel is steered.
3. *Veering flaw.* A changeable and sudden gust of wind.

Then up and spake[1] an old Sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,[2]
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,[3]
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain[4]
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.[5]

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather[6] the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

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1. *Spake.* A poetic form for "spoke."

2. *The Spanish Main.* The waters along the northern coast of South America.

3. *The brine.* The sea.

4. *Smote amain.* Struck with full force.

5. *Cable's length.* The length of a ship's cable, usually considered to be about six hundred feet. It was probably not nearly so much in this case.

6. *Weather.* To make headway against or sail safely through.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,[1]
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.[2]

---

1. *Who stilled the wave.* See Matthew viii, 23-26.

2. *The reef of Norman's Woe.* A reef is a chain of rocks or ridge of sand in shallow water. The reef of Norman's Woe is near Gloucester, Massachusetts.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,[1]
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,[2]
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds,[3] all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove[4] and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

---

1. *Bows* (bouz). The forward part of a vessel.
2. *Carded wool.* Wool that has been carded or combed in preparation for its manufacture into cloth.
3. *Shrouds.* Ropes which support the masts.
4. *Stove.* Broke to pieces.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: schooner, wintry sea, fairy-flax, yonder port, hurricane, whiff, scornful, hissing, frothed like yeast, shuddered, frighted steed, roughest gale, stinging blast, spar, fog-bell, rock-bound coast, steered, ship in distress, angry sea, gleaming light, lashed, stiff and stark, glassy eyes, drear, whistling sleet, fitful gusts, trampling surf, sea-sand, breakers, dreary wreck, whooping billows, icicles, gored, sheathed, aghast.

2. Describe the skipper's daughter.

3. What things made the old sailor fear a hurricane?

4. Describe the coming on of the storm.

5. How did the vessel act under the storm?

6. What assurance did the father give his daughter? What precaution did he take for her safety?

7. What were the sounds and the light that the daughter asked about?

8. How do you explain the fact that the skipper died before his daughter did?

9. Explain the expression, "Like a sheeted ghost."

10. What was the fate of the vessel's crew?

11. Tell what happened to the vessel when it hit the rocks.

12. What was the sight that the fisherman saw at daybreak?

13. Retell the story of "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

VERY often people whose hearts are evil get caught in the traps they set for others. And very often the jokes that we play on others, especially if such jokes have something of wickedness in them, turn on us and bring us great misfortune. In the story,

"The Inchcape Rock," Robert Southey, the English poet and prose writer, tells of a jolly pirate who sought to plague a good abbot, who had been kind and thoughtful enough to place a warning bell on a dangerous reef in the North Sea. This poem has long been a favorite in the schools of America. It teaches a great truth about mixing thoughtlessness and wickedness with practical jokes.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK[1]

No STIR in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel[2] was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok[3]
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy[4] in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,[5]
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

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1. *Inchcape Rock.* A reef near Arbroath, Scotland, in the North Sea.

2. *Keel.* That part of a vessel made of a series of timbers extending from stem to stern along the center of the bottom.

3. *The Abbot of Aberbrothok* (ăb'ĕr-brŏth'ŏk). The superior monk of the abbey at Aberbrothok, another name for Arbroath.

4. *Buoy* (boi). A float moored to the bottom, to mark a channel or to indicate danger.

5. *Surge's swell.* The crest, or top, of a large wave.

The sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance[1] in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A dark spot on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover[2] walked his deck
And fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of Spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing:
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float.
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague[3] the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the sea for many a day;

1. *Joyance* (joi'ăns). Joyfulness; delight.
2. *Sir Ralph the Rover.* A famous pirate.
3. *Plague* (plāg). Torment; annoy.

And now grown rich with plundered store,[1]
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high:
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be brighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell[2] is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock;
"O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He curst himself in his despair:
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,—
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

—Robert Southey.

1. *Plundered store.* Goods stolen from other ships.
2. *The swell.* The force of the waves.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: surge's swell, mariners, perilous, mirthful to excess, boat is lowered, gurgling sound, methinks, shivering shock, curst, knell.

2. Describe the sea about the Inchcape Rock at the time of the Rover's first visit.

3. Why had the Abbot had the bell placed on the rock?

4. Why did the Rover cut the bell from the rock?

5. Explain, "scoured the sea for many a day."

6. Describe the sea about the rock on the Rover's return.

7. For what did the Rover wish?

8. What did the Rover seem to hear as the vessel sank?

9. Retell the story.

PATIENT GRISELDA

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, "Father of English Poetry," was born in 1340 and died in 1400. He saw service in the British army in France in 1359, and later spent ten years on the continent in diplomatic missions. He was a man well acquainted with business and with court life. Although he was pensioned by three kings, he found it necessary, or convenient, to complain of poverty in his old age. Most of his poetry, of which there are about thirty-five thousand lines in all, was written after he was forty. For a while he imitated the fashion of French poetry, and later he was greatly influenced by the Italian; but his third and greatest period was English and brought forth the Canterbury Tales.

In the Canterbury Tales, Chaucer gives free reign to his remarkable gift for telling stories. During the latter part of the twelfth century it was quite fashionable for people in England to make a journey to the tomb of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. Often the pilgrims would travel in groups. Chaucer pretends in his Canterbury Tales that the various members of one of these groups tell stories on the way to Canterbury and back. The characters who tell the stories are from all ranks—knights, priests, sailors, millers, and many others—so that Chaucer had a suitable character for almost any story he wished to tell. Chaucer wrote the stories

as a series of poems. The three selections given here are the prose adaptations as written by F. J. Harvey Darton, an English writer.

One of the most important stories of the group, especially for its effect upon later English literature, is the clerk's tale, "Patient Griselda." So well was the character of Griselda described that she became the model for characters in many other stories, and particularly in plays. Ever since that time the patient, abused wife, who bears trials and injustice without complaint, has been referred to as a "patient Griselda."

PATIENT GRISELDA

THERE is on the western side of Italy a large and fertile plain, wherein you may behold many a tower and town founded long ago by the men of the olden days. The name of this noble country is Saluzzo.[1] A worthy marquis[2] called Walter was once lord of it, as his fathers had been before him. His subjects obeyed him willingly and well, and he was loved by all, lords and common people alike. His family was very ancient and of high rank in Italy. He himself was young, strong, and handsome, and discreet enough in the government of his country. But he had several faults for which he was to blame; he took no thought for the future, but in his youth liked to do nothing but hawk[3] and hunt all day, and let all other cares go unheeded. And the thing which seemed to the people of Saluzzo to be worst of all was that he would not marry.

At length his subjects came to him in a body to urge him to take a wife. The wisest of them spoke on behalf of the rest.

"Noble marquis," he said, "you are ever kind to us, and so we now dare to come to you and tell you our grief.

1. *Saluzzo* (sä'lo͞ot'sō).

2. *Marquis* (mär'kwĭs). A nobleman next in rank above an earl or count.

3. *Hawk.* To catch, or attempt to catch, birds by means of hawks trained for the purpose.

Of your grace, my lord, listen to our complaint. I speak for all of us, and have no more and no less concern in the matter than any other one here. This is our plea: We know how good is your rule over us, and there is only one thing which would make your subjects happier, and that is that you should take a wife. Bow your head under the happy yoke of marriage, my lord, which gives you not slavery, but joy and power. Bethink you how quickly our lives pass, and that no man can stop the swift course of time. You are in your youth now, but age will creep upon you in a day which you cannot foresee. We pray you therefore to marry, that you may leave an heir to rule over us when you are gone. If you will do this, lord marquis, we will choose you a wife from among the noblest in the land. Grant our boon, and deliver us from our fears, for we could not live under a lord of a strange race."

Their distress and grief filled the marquis with pity. "My own dear people," he answered, "you are asking of me that which I thought never to do. I rejoice to be free, and like not to have my freedom cut short by marriage. But I see that your prayer is just and truly meant, and that it is my duty to take a wife. Therefore I consent to marry as soon as I may. But as for your offer to choose a wife for me, of that task I acquit you. The will of God must ordain what sort of an heir I shall have, and be your choice of a wife never so wise, the child may yet be amiss, for goodness is of God's gift alone. To Him, therefore, I trust to guide my choice. You must promise also to obey and reverence my wife, and not to rebel against her so long as she lives, whosoever she may be. As my heart is inclined,[1] so will I choose and wed her, and if you will not agree to what I say, speak to me no more of the matter."

1. *Is inclined.* Chooses.

With hearty goodwill they promised to do as he bade them, and obey his wife, being glad that he should have heard their prayer so graciously. But before they went away they begged him to fix a day for the wedding, for they were still doubtful lest he might not marry after all.

Walter granted this boon, also, and appointed a day for his marriage, saying that this, too, he did because they wished it; and they fell on their knees and thanked him, and went away to their homes again, while he gave orders to his knights and officers to prepare a great wedding-feast, with every kind of splendor and magnificence. But he told no one who was to be his bride.

Near the great palace of the marquis there stood a small village, where a number of poor folk dwelt. Among them lived a man called Janicola,[1] the poorest of them all. But Heaven can give grace even to the meanest things. Janicola had a daughter named Griselda, the fairest maiden under the sun, and the best. She had been brought up simply, knowing more of labor than of ease, and she worked hard to keep her father's old age in comfort. All day long she sat spinning and watching sheep in the fields; when she came home to their poor cottage in the evening she would bring with her a few herbs, which she would cut up and cook, to make herself a meal before she lay down to rest on her hard bed; and she had not a moment idle till she was asleep. Thus she lived from day to day, tending her old father with kindness and reverence.

Walter had often seen this maiden as he rode out a-hunting, and he was filled with pleasure at the sight of her loveliness and her gentle, kindly life. In his heart he had vowed to marry none other than her, if ever he did marry.

The day appointed for the wedding came, but still no

1. *Janicola* (jăn-ē'kō-lȧ).

one knew who would be the bride. Men wondered and murmured and gossiped secretly. "Will our lord never give up his idle way of living? Will he never marry? Why does he betray us by breaking his word?"

But the marquis had ordered all kinds of costly gems, brooches, and rings to be made ready, and rich dresses were prepared for the bride (for there was a maid in his service about Griselda's stature,[1] so that they knew how to measure the cloth for the wedding-garments). Yet still, when the very hour for the marriage arrived, no one but Walter knew who would be the bride.

All the palace was put in array, and the board set for the feast. The bridal procession started as if to fetch the bride, the marquis at its head, dressed in gay attire, and attended by all his lords and ladies. They set out in all their pomp and magnificence, to the sound of joyful music, and rode until they came to the little village where Griselda lived.

Griselda, all ignorant of what was to happen, went that morning to the well to draw water, according to her wont, for she had heard of the procession which would take place in honor of the wedding.

"I will do my work as soon as I can, and go and stand at the door as the other maidens do," she thought, "to watch the marquis and his bride pass, if they come this way to the castle."

Just as she went to the door the procession reached the cottage, and the marquis called her. She set down her waterpot by the threshold in the ox's stall (for they were so poor that their one ox lived in the hut with them), and fell on her knees to hear what the marquis wished to say to her.

1. *Stature* (stăt'ūr). Size and figure.

"Where is your father, Griselda?" he asked soberly and gravely.

"My lord, he is within," she answered humbly, and went in and brought Janicola before him.

Walter took the old man by the hand, and led him aside. "Janicola," he said, "I can no longer hide the desire of my heart. If you will grant me your daughter, I will take her with me to be my wife to my life's end. You are my faithful liege subject,[1] and I know that you love and obey me. Will you, then, consent to have me for your son-in-law?"

The sudden question so amazed the old man that he turned red and confused, and stood trembling before the marquis. All he could say was: "My lord, my will is as your will, and you are my sovereign.[2] Let it be as you wish."

"Let us talk privately a little," said the marquis, "and afterwards I will ask Griselda herself to be my wife, and we three will speak of the matter together."

So they went apart to confer privately about it. Meanwhile the courtiers were in the yard of the mean little cottage, marveling at the care and kindness which Griselda showed in tending her old father. But their wonder was not so great as hers, for she had never before seen so splendid a sight as these richly dressed lords and ladies, nor received such noble guests; and she stood in their presence pale with astonishment.

But her father and the marquis called her. "Griselda," said Walter, "your father and I desire that you shall become my wife. I wish to ask you whether you give your consent now, or whether you would like to think further

1. *Liege subject* (lēj). A subject bound to serve a lord in return for protection given by the lord.

2. *Sovereign* (sŏv'ĕr-ĭn).

of it. If you marry me, will you be ready to love and obey me, and never to act against my will, even so much as by a word or a frown?"

"My lord," Griselda answered, fearing and wondering at his word, "I am all unworthy of so great an honor; but as you wish, so will I do. Here and now I promise that I will never willingly disobey you in deed or thought —no, not if I die for it."

"That is enough, my Griselda," said the marquis; and with that he went gravely to the door, with Griselda following him.

"This is my bride," he cried to all the people. "Honor and love her, I pray you, if you love me."

Then, that she might not enter his palace poorly dressed in her old clothes, he bade the women robe her fitly and honorably; and though these ladies did not like even to touch the old rags which Griselda wore, still, at his orders, they took them off her, and clad her afresh from head to foot. They combed her hair, and set a crown on her head, and decked her with precious stones and jeweled clasps, so that they hardly knew her again; and in this rich array she seemed more lovely than ever. The marquis put a ring on her finger, she was set on a snow-white horse, and they all rode to the palace, where they feasted and reveled till the sun set.

Thus Griselda was married to Walter. By her marriage her gentleness and beauty seemed only to increase, so that folk who had known her many a year would not believe that she was the same Griselda, the daughter of Janicola, who had lived in a mean hut in a poor village. Everyone who looked on her loved her, and her fame spread all over Walter's realm, so that young and old used to come to Saluzzo merely to see her, or maybe to lay their wrongs before her; for in her simple goodness she

could often settle a quarrel where the wisest judges had failed.

Thus for a time Walter and Griselda lived together in great happiness. At length Griselda had a daughter, and though they would have liked a son better, Walter and Griselda were very glad and joyful at the event, and so were all their subjects.

But when the child was still quite young, a strange desire came upon the marquis to try his wife's goodness and obedience, though he had tested it in many ways times enough already, and had discovered no faults in her. It was a cruel deed to put her to such pains for no need, but he could not rid himself of the wish, and he set about carrying it out.

One night, as she lay alone, he came to her with a stern, grave face. "Griselda," he said, "I think you have not forgotten the day when I took you from your poor home and set you high in rank and nobility. This present dignity which you now enjoy must not make you unmindful of your former low estate.[1] Take heed to my words, therefore, now that we are alone, with none to hear what I am going to say. You must know that you are very dear to me, but not to my people. They say that it is shameful to be subjects of one of such mean birth; and since your daughter was born their grumbling has not grown less. Now, I wish to live my life with them in peace, as I have always done, and I cannot but give ear to their words. I must deal with your child as seems best, not for my own sake, but for my people's. Yet I am very loathe to do what must be done, and I will not do it unless you consent. Show me, therefore, the obedience and patience which you promised at our marriage."

Griselda never moved when she heard all this false tale.

1. *Estate.* Condition.

She did not reveal her grief in look or word, but simply answered: "My lord, it is in your power to do as you please; my child and I are yours, willingly enough. Do with us as you wish. Whatever you do cannot displease me, for all my desire is to obey you, and no length of time can change it—no, not even death itself—nor move my heart from you."

Walter was filled with gladness at this gentle answer, but he hid his joy, and went mournfully out of her room.

A little while after this he told his plan to a faithful servant, a harsh and fierce-looking officer, whom he had often before trusted greatly; and when this man understood what was to be done he went to Griselda, and stalked into her chamber, silent and grim.

"My lady," he said bluntly, "I must obey my lord, and you must forgive me for doing that which I am ordered to do. I am commanded to take away your daughter."

Not a word more did he say, but seized the child and made as if to slay it there and then. Griselda sat obedient to the commands which she thought to be those of her lord, and uttered no sound. The man's looks, his words, his manner, his very presence, were full of dread foreboding[1] to her, and she feared that he would kill the babe before her eyes. Nevertheless she endured, and waited meek and still as a lamb.

At last she spoke, and gently prayed him to let her kiss her child before it was slain; and he granted her prayer. She clasped her little daughter to her bosom, kissing it and lulling it to rest, and saying softly, "Farewell, my child; never again shall I see you. May the kind Father above receive your soul!"

Then she spoke again to the officer, so meekly and humbly that it would have stirred any mother's heart to

1. *Foreboding.* Promise or presentiment of evil.

see her. "Take the little child again, and go and do whatever my lord has bidden you. Only one thing more I ask you of your grace—that, unless my lord forbid it, you bury the babe so that no birds of prey and carrion creatures can reach her little body."

But he would promise nothing. He took the child, and went his way again to Walter, and told him all that Griselda had said and done.

The marquis was touched a little by remorse when he heard of his wife's gentle obedience, but none the less he held to his cruel purpose like a man who is resolved to have his own way. He bade the officer take the babe with all care and secretly to his sister, who was Countess of Bologna,[1] and tell her the whole story, asking her to bring the child up honorably, without saying whose it was.

The man carried out his orders, and the little babe was taken to Bologna, and brought up there. But Walter's mind was not yet softened from his wicked intent. He looked eagerly to see if what he had done would make his wife show in her face any signs of grief or anger. But Griselda did not seem to be changed in the least. She was always gentle and kind, and still as glad, as humble, as ready to obey him as she had ever been; and not a word either in jest or earnest did she say of her little daughter.

Thus there passed four years or so more, until Griselda had a little son, at which Walter and all his subjects were overjoyed, giving thanks to God because now there was an heir to the kingdom.

But when the boy was some two years old Walter's heart again became cruel and perverse,[2] and he made up his mind to test his wife's patience once more. Her gentle

1. *Bologna* (bō-lōn'yä). A province in Italy.
2. *Perverse* (pẽr-vûrs'). Turned away from the right; wicked.

obedience seemed only to make him wish to torment her still further.

"Wife," he said to her, "I have told you that my subjects did not like our marriage, but now, since our son was born, their murmuring has been worse than ever before, so that I am greatly afraid of what they may do. They speak openly of the matter. 'When Walter dies,' they say, 'we shall be ruled by Janicola's grandson.' I cannot but hear their words, and I fear them. So, in order to live in peace, I am resolved to serve our son as I did his sister before; and I warn you now, so that you may have patience to bear his loss when the time comes."

"I have always said, and always will say," answered Griselda, "that I will do nothing but what you wish. I am not grieved that both my son and my daughter are slain, if it is you who order it. You are my lord, and can do with me as you will. When I left my home and my poor rags I left there my freedom also, and took your clothing and became obedient to your commands. Therefore do as you will; if I knew beforehand what you wished I would do it, and if my death would please you I would gladly die."

When Walter heard these words he cast down his eyes, wondering at the patience of his wife. Yet he went away from her with a stern and cruel face, though his heart was full of joy at her goodness.

The fierce officer came to her again in a little while, and seized her son. Again she prayed him to give the babe proper burial, and kissed its little face, and blessed it, without a word of complaint or bitterness. Again the child was taken to Bologna, to be brought up there.

The marquis watched for signs of grief in his wife, but found none, and the more he regarded her the more he wondered. If he had not known how she loved the chil-

dren he would have thought her gentleness was a pretense to hide some evil plot or other. But he knew that she loved her son and daughter next to himself, and he could only marvel at her courage. Between the two of them there was but one will, and that his own; whatever he wished, that she too desired.

Meanwhile rumors crept about among the people that Walter had murdered his two children secretly because their mother was nothing but a poor village maiden of low birth. The report spread far and wide, so that the marquis began to be hated by the subjects who had formerly loved him so well. Nevertheless, he did not change his purpose, but sought to try his wife's obedience to the utmost. Very soon he sent a secret message to Rome, asking that a decree from the Pope should be forged, which would allow him for the good of his subjects to put away his wife Griselda and wed another.

In due time the false decree arrived. It said that, since great strife had arisen between the Marquis of Saluzzo and his people because he had married a poor wife of humble birth, he was to put away this wife, and be free to marry another if he pleased.

The common people believed these lying orders, but when the news came to Griselda her heart was full of woe. Yet she resolved to endure patiently whatever was done by the husband whom she loved so dearly.

But she did not yet know all Walter's plan. He sent a letter secretly to Bologna to the Count who had married his sister, asking him to bring to Saluzzo Griselda's son and daughter, openly and in state, but without saying to any man whose children they really were, and to proclaim that the young maiden was soon to be married to the Marquis of Saluzzo.

The Count did as he was asked. He set out with a

great train of lords and ladies in rich array, bringing the girl with her brother riding beside her. She was decked in bright jeweled robes, as if for marriage, and the boy, too, was nobly and fittingly dressed. Thus they started to go to Saluzzo, which was distant a journey of many days.

When all this plan was being carried out, the marquis, according to his wicked design, put yet another trial upon Griselda's patience by saying to her boisterously,[1] before all his Court: "Griselda, I was once glad to marry you for your goodness and obedience—not for your birth or your wealth. But now I know that great rulers have duties and hardships of many kinds; I am not free to do as every plowman may, and marry whom I please. Every day my people urge me to take another wife, and now I have got leave to do so to stop the strife between me and them. I must tell you that even now my new wife is on her way hither. Be brave, then, and give place to her, and of my grace I will restore to you again the dowry[2] you brought me when I married you. Return again to your father's house; remember that no one is always happy, and bear steadfastly the buffeting of misfortune."[3]

"My lord," answered Griselda patiently, "I knew always how great was the distance between your high rank and my poverty. I never deemed myself worthy to be your wife, nor even to be your servant. May Heaven be my witness that in this house whither you led me as your wife I have always tried to serve you faithfully, and ever will while my life lasts. I thank God and you that of your kindness you have so long held me in honor and dignity

1. *Boisterously* (bois'tĕr-ŭs-lĭ). Rudely; noisily.

2. *Dowry* (dou'rĭ). The money or estate which a woman brings to her husband in marriage.

3. *Buffeting of misfortune.* The trials or afflictions of ill luck.

when I was so unworthy. No more will I say; I will go to my father gladly, and dwell with him to my life's end. With him I lived since I was a babe, with him I will live from now henceforth till I die, and never will I wed any other man than you. May God of His grace grant you and your new wife happiness and prosperity! I give place to her readily, since it pleases you, my lord, to whom I have ever given all my heart. But as for the dowry which you say I brought with me, I remember well what it was: it was my poor clothes that I wore in my father's house. Let me, then, go in my old smock[1] back to him. Ah, how gentle and how kind you were when you took me from him! Love when it is old is not the same as when it is new; nevertheless, though I have lost your love, I will never in word or deed repent that I gave you my heart."

"You may take the old smock and go," said Walter. Scarcely another word could he speak, but went away with great pity in his heart.

Before them all Griselda stripped off her fine clothes, and went forth clad only in her smock, barefoot and bareheaded. The people followed her weeping and railing at her hard lot, but she made no complaint, and spoke never a word. Her father met her at his door, lamenting the day that he saw her cast off thus. He had ever looked askance at[2] the marriage, and thought that as soon as the marquis had wearied of Griselda he would begin to despise her, and would in the end send her away.

So Griselda went home and lived for a while with Janicola as though she had never left him. She was as gentle and humble as of old, and never showed that she remembered the days of her high estate.

At length the Count drew near from Bologna with

1. *Smock.* A coarse overdress.
2. *Looked askance at* (ȧ-skăns'). Doubted the wisdom of.

Griselda's son and daughter. The news spread among the people, and everyone talked of the grand wife who was coming to be married to the marquis with such splendor as had never been seen in all West Lombardy.[1]

When Walter heard of their approach, he sent for Griselda. She came humbly and reverently, and knelt before him.

"Griselda," said he, "I desire that the lady whom I am to wed shall be received to-morrow as royally as may be. I have no woman who can make all the preparations for this, and arrange that everyone shall be placed according to his proper rank, and I have sent for you to do it, since you know my ways of old. Your garments are poor and mean, but you will do your duty as well as you can."

"I am glad always to do your will, my lord," she answered. With that she turned to her task of setting the house in order for the guests of the marquis.

The next morning the Count of Bologna arrived with Griselda's son and daughter. All the people ran out to see the fine sight, and when they looked at the girl, whom they supposed to be Walter's new wife, they thought that he had done well and made a change for the better. She was younger and even fairer than Griselda, and the fickle people, ever changeable as a weathercock,[2] were full of praises for the choice of the marquis.

Griselda had made everything ready, and went into the courtyard of the palace with the other folk to greet the marquis and his bride. When the procession reached the banquet-hall, she took no shame in her torn old clothes, but went busily about her work with a cheerful face, show-

1. *West Lombardy* (lŏm'bär-dĭ). A province in the northwest part of Italy.

2. *Weathercock.* A vane, often in the form of a cock, placed on a spire to indicate the direction of the wind.

ing the guests each to his appointed place. They wondered who it was that was so prudent and courteous and skillful in spite of her poor appearance.

At length, when they were all sitting down to the feast, Walter called out to her as she busied herself in the great hall.

"Griselda," he cried, as if in jest, "what think you of my wife?"

"Never have I looked upon a fairer maiden, my lord," she answered. "I pray that you may have all prosperity to your lives' end. One thing only I ask of you—that you do not torment her as you did me; for she is tenderly brought up, and could not bear hardship as well as I, who was poorly bred."

When Walter heard her gentle answer, and saw that even now she had no discontent or malice[1] for all the wrong he had done her, he relented at last, and blamed himself sorely for his cruelty.

"Enough, Griselda," he said, "be not ill at ease any longer. I have tried and tested your faithfulness and goodness, and I know your true heart, dear wife."

He took her in his arms and kissed her, but she was so filled with wonder that she hardly heard what he said till he spoke again.

"Griselda, you are my wife, and I will have no other. This is your daughter, who you thought was my new bride, and this your son, who shall be my heir; they have been kept and brought up secretly at Bologna. Take them again, and see for yourself that your children are safe. Let no one think evil of me for my cruelty; I did it but to make trial of my wife's goodness and show it the more brightly."

Griselda swooned for joy at his words. When she came

1. *Malice* (măl'ĭs). Ill will.

to her senses again, she thanked heaven for restoring her children to her. "And I thank you, too, my lord. Now I fear nothing, not even death itself, since I have truly won your love. Dear children, God of His mercy has brought you back to me."

But suddenly she swooned again. Walter raised her up and comforted her till everyone wept at the touching sight. Then the ladies of the court took her into a chamber apart, and dressed her in splendid robes again, and set a golden crown on her head, and brought her back into the banquet-hall, where she was honored as she deserved with feasting and rejoicing that lasted all that day.

Full many a year Walter and Griselda lived together in happiness and peace. Janicola, too, was brought to the Court, and dwelt there with them till at last the soul crept out of his body. Their daughter was married to one of the greatest lords in all Italy, and their son succeeded Walter at his death, and ruled well and prosperously; but when he married he never put his wife to such a test as Walter did Griselda.

—F. J. Harvey Darton.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: marquis, discreet, concern, the happy yoke of marriage, acquit, ordain, amiss, graciously, splendor, magnificence, gossiped, brooches, stature, in array, gay attire, amazed, courtiers, marveling, reveled, realm, high in rank and nobility, touched a little by remorse, perverse, torment, pretense, proclaim, wicked design, railing, lamenting, askance, her high estate, royally, fickle, sorely, swooned, the soul crept out of his body.

2. For what did the people find fault with the marquis Walter?

3. Why did they wish him to wed?

4. How did Walter receive the plea of his people? What request did he make of them?

5. Describe the home of Griselda.

6. Describe the preparations for the wedding.

7. Why did Walter keep everybody in ignorance of his choice of a wife?

8. How did Janicola and Griselda look upon Walter's proposal?

9. What promise did Griselda make to Walter?

10. How did the people like Griselda?

11. Why did Walter put the first test upon Griselda's love and patience?

12. Explain her attitude toward the cruel actions of her husband.

13. What was the second test put upon Griselda?

14. What did Walter think of his wife's patience?

15. Explain the final test put upon Griselda. Was it the worst?

16. How did Griselda look upon her banishment to her father's home?

17. Describe the reception given to the young lady who the people thought was the new bride.

18. What part was Griselda forced to play in this reception?

19. How did Griselda finally break down her husband's hardness of heart?

20. What reward did Griselda receive for her patience and fortitude?

21. What things show the strength of Griselda's character?

THE SUMMONER AND THE FIEND

In the days of Chaucer summoners or bailiffs were employed by high church officials to go out among the people and collect church taxes and debts. These summoners were not always honest men, and they often frightened ignorant people into paying much more than they should have paid. Just what happened to one tricky summoner who took up with a strange brother-bailiff is told in the Friar's Tale of "The Summoner and the Fiend."

THE SUMMONER AND THE FIEND

There was once in my country an archdeacon,[1] a man

1. *Archdeacon* (ärch-dē'k'n). A high church official ranking next below a bishop. A bishop's chief assistant.

of high degree and great justice. He was very upright in his dealings, and boldly punished the evil-doers over whom he had authority, excommunicating[1] and fining them without mercy. Indeed, so strict was he, and so many little fines and punishments did he inflict upon his people, that they were in a sorry case,[2] and had a very hard life of it.

The archdeacon had in his service a summoner, who used to collect the debts and force the people of the parish[3] to pay their tithes[4] and other dues. This summoner was as great a rascal as any in England. He had spies in every corner to tell him where he was likely to get money, and he knew more about bribery than I could tell you in a couple of years. He made a great profit out of his tithes and extortions,[5] and was forever seeking someone fresh to plunder. He would summon a sinner on his own authority, without any command from the archdeacon; men were glad to fill his purse with bribes, or give great feasts in his honor, hoping thereby to escape his greedy clutches. He often forgot to tell his master how much he had really collected, and the archdeacon did not get more than half his proper due.

One day, as he was riding through the greenwoods on his way to wring[6] some money out of a poor widow by a threat of some false charge or other, the summoner met

1. *Excommunicating* (ĕks'kŏ-mū'nĭ-kāt'ĭng). Cutting one off from the privileges of the church.

2. *In a sorry case.* In sore straits; in a bad way.

3. *Parish* (păr'ĭsh). The district under the charge of a priest or minister.

4. *Tithes* (tīthz). A tax, usually amounting to a tenth of one's income, paid to the church.

5. *Extortions* (ĕks-tôr'shŭnz). Unfair overcharges; unjust payments collected by force.

6. *Wring.* Get by force or threat.

a yeoman,[1] gayly dressed in a green jacket and a hat with a black fringe, and bearing a bow and arrows.

"Well met, sir!" he said courteously.

"Good-day to you," answered the stranger. "Whither are you going in this forest? Have you far to travel to-day?"

"No," replied the summoner; "I have only to go and get my lord's rent from a tenant who lives close at hand."

"Are you, then, a bailiff?" asked the yeoman.

"Yes," answered the summoner; for it is less disgraceful to be a bailiff than a summoner, and he was ashamed to confess his real trade.

"That is a good thing, dear brother," said the other, "for I, too, am a bailiff, though a stranger to this country. In my own land I have great wealth, and gold and silver in plenty, if ever you should come that way. I am glad to meet you, and I pray you give me your friendship."

The summoner was as spiteful and full of chatter as a shrike,[2] and was glad to meet one of his own trade. He swore undying friendship with the stranger on the spot, and then went on to ask him inquisitive questions, according to his custom.

"Where do you live, brother," he asked, "in case I should one day wish to find you?"

"Far away," answered the other softly and courteously. "I hope I shall see you there one day. Before I leave you I will tell you the way thither so carefully that you cannot miss it."

"Thank you, brother," said the summoner. "Now, as you, too, are a bailiff, perhaps to pass the time you can tell

1. *Yeoman* (yō′măn). A sheriff's assistant; a bailiff.

2. *Shrike.* A bird of the thrush family; the common butcher bird.

me some new tricks to get money out of the people here. Tell me, as a brother-bailiff, how your own trade prospers."

"I will tell you the truth. My profits are small indeed. My master is very hard upon me, and I have to spend much toil to get a living. I must extort every penny I can, and I take all that men will give me. Still, by trickery or force I keep myself from year to year."

"So it is with me," said the summoner. "I do not scruple[1] to take whatever I can get, without making any bones about it; else I could not live. But tell me your name, dear brother."

The yeoman had been smiling a little as the summoner spoke. "Shall I tell you, my friend?" he asked slyly and softly. "I am a fiend, and my dwelling is below the earth. I ride about taking whatever men are willing to give me, just as you do. You win what you can, without caring by what means; even so do I, and I would ride to the world's end to gain my prey."

"What!" cried the summoner in surprise, "you a fiend! I thought you were an ordinary mortal; your figure is as good as a man's. Is not your shape fixed? Need you not keep to one form?"

"No, we can take any shape we like. Sometimes we appear as a man, sometimes as an angel, or sometimes, perhaps, as a monkey; and no one can tell that we are not what we seem to be."

"But why do you not abide by one shape?"

"We take whatever form seems to be the best for catching our prey, as you will see," answered the fiend.

"But why do you take all this trouble over your gains?"

"Never mind now, dear Sir Summoner," the fiend replied. "It is getting late; the days are short, and I have not yet won anything this morning. We fiends are sent

1. *Scruple* (skro͞o'p'l). Hesitate because of conscience.

to the earth for various purposes, which you would not understand even if I made them known to you. You shall hear all about our shapes presently, when you come to a place where you can learn by yourself far more than I could tell you. Now let us ride on quickly; I will not forsake you till you leave me of your own accord."

"That will never be, brother. I am a man well known in these parts, and I have given my word to be your friend; I will keep to it so long as you too are true. Let us go about our business together, you taking whatever men freely give you, and I whatever is bestowed on me. Thus we shall both make a living, and if either of us gains more than the other he can give him some of the profit."

"Very well," said the fiend; and so they rode on to do their business together, the summoner quite content with his new friend.

Presently, as they drew near the place which the summoner wished to visit, they saw a cart, loaded with hay, stuck fast in the mud. The driver was trying in vain to make the horses drag it out.

"Come up, Brock! Come, Scot!" he shouted. "What is the matter with you? May the fiend fly away with you both, cart and all!"

The summoner heard these words, and thought to himself, "Here is a fine chance to trick the carter!"

"See, brother," he whispered to the fiend, "did you not hear what the driver said? Take it all, hay and cart and horses; you heard him give it to you."

"No, no," answered his friend, "I cannot take it, because he did not really mean to give it me. Ask him yourself if he did; or wait a moment, and see what happens."

The carter patted and encouraged his horses. They struggled forward, straining hard, and at length drew the cart out of the mud.

"A good pull, thanks be to Heaven!" said the driver. "The cart is free again!"

"You see, brother? What did I tell you?" said the fiend; "the driver said one thing, and meant another, so that I get nothing out of him. Let us go on."

Soon they came to the poor widow's house. The summoner told his comrade in a whisper what he was going to do.

"There lives here an old woman," he said, "who would rather lose her head than give up a penny to save herself. But whether she likes it or not, she must pay what I ask, or I will hale[1] her before the archdeacon's court. Take a lesson from me in the way to win money, my friend, as you have just failed to get your due from the carter."

With that he knocked at the widow's door. "Come out, old hag!" he cried. "Make haste! Come out to me!"

"Who is that knocking?" said the widow, looking out. "Bless you, sweet sir! What do you want?"

"I have here a writ,"[2] answered the summoner, "which says that to-morrow you must come before the archdeacon to answer certain charges."

"Heaven help me!" said the poor old woman; "I cannot go so far. I have been ill for many a day past, and must not move. Can I not be told the charge, and have someone to defend me before the court?"

"Let me think about the matter," said the summoner, pretending to consider. "Yes; if you pay me twelve pence[3] down, you need not appear. Of course, I shall make but little profit thereby; my master the archdeacon gets all the

1. *Hale.* Haul; take.

2. *Writ* (rĭt). A written document; a court order.

3. *Twelve pence.* Twelve pennies. A penny at that time was worth much more than it is now.

gains. But give it me quickly, and I will see that you do not suffer. I cannot wait much longer."

"Alas, I have not twelve pence in the whole world. You know that I am poor and old. Have pity on me!"

"May the fiend take me if I abate one jot!"[1] answered the summoner. "Give me the money, or, by Saint Anne! I will take away your new pan to pay for that old debt of yours which you owe me for saving you from punishment several years ago."

"It is a lie!" cried the old woman. "I have never before been summoned to the court, and there is no such debt. The fiend take you, and my pan and all!"

When the fiend heard this he said softly to her, "Tell me, old mother, do you mean what you say in earnest?"

"The fiend take him, pan and all, if he will not have mercy on me!" repeated the woman.

"You old hag, it is not my way to show mercy!" said the summoner. "Take care I do not take everything you have."

"Softly, brother," said the fiend; "do not be angry. You see that you and this pan are both mine by right, a free gift from the widow. You shall come with me now, and learn more about us fiends than all the masters of divinity[2] know."

With that he seized the summoner, and carried him off with him to the place of fiends, which is the proper dwelling for summoners.

—F. J. Harvey Darton.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: man of high degree, upright in his dealings, fining, inflict, summoner, bribery, greedy clutches, courteously, whither, tenant, chatter, undying friendship, inquisi-

1. *Abate one jot.* Lower the amount one particle.
2. *Masters of divinity.* Ministers; theologians.

tive questions, making any bones about it, fiend, ordinary mortal, accord, bestowed, carter.

2. What were the duties of a summoner?

3. Tell how the summoner carried out his duties.

4. Whom did the summoner meet in the greenwoods?

5. What pretense did the fiend make?

6. What agreement did the summoner and the fiend make after the latter had made himself known?

7. What advantage did the summoner urge the fiend to take of the carter?

8. Why did the fiend refuse?

9. Tell of the summoner's attempt to extort money from the old woman.

10. By what right did the fiend carry away the summoner?

THE THREE REVELERS AND DEATH

PEOPLE usually are not eager to meet Death. In the story, "The Three Revelers and Death," The Pardoner's Tale from Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, however, we have an account of three riotous young men who set out to meet Death and bring him to account for slaying so many people in a near-by village. Like most people who meet Death, the three revelers failed to recognize him when they saw him. The result of their contest with Death is what might be expected, but the way in which this result is brought about makes this one of the most interesting of Chaucer's stories.

THE THREE REVELERS AND DEATH

THERE was once in Flanders[1] a company of young men who spent much time in drinking and rioting among the taverns,[2] wasting their lives in gambling and dancing day and night.

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1. *Flanders.* A former district in Europe, comprising parts of what is now Netherlands, Belgium, and France.

2. *Taverns* (tăv'ẽrnz). Places where wines and liquors are sold and drunk.

Early one morning three of these revelers were sitting in a tavern drinking, and making a great noise with their horrible oaths. As they talked idly to one another, they heard a bell tolling outside for a dead man who was about to be buried.

"Run quickly," one of them called to his servant-boy, "and ask the name of the man whose body is being carried out to burial. Take care to tell it us aright."

"I need not go, sirs," answered the boy. "I heard two hours before you came here that this man who is now dead was an old comrade of yours, slain last night as he lay in a drunken sleep. There came to him a stealthy old thief named Death, who kills many folk in this country; he pierced your comrade's heart with a spear, and went his way without a word. He has slain a thousand or more in the pestilence[1] here. I think it would be well for you, my masters, to beware of coming into the presence of such a foe, and to be ready to meet him."

"Yes," said the keeper of the tavern, "the boy speaks truly. Death has this year slain men, women, and children, pages and peasants,[2] throughout the whole of a great village a mile from here. I think he dwells in that place. It would be wise to be prepared before he does one any evil."

"Is it so great a danger to meet him, then?" cried one of the revelers with an oath. "I will go myself, and seek him high and low in the streets and lanes. Listen, comrades: there are three of us; let us join together and slay this false traitor Death. We will swear to be true to one another, and before night-time we will slay him who kills so many others."

The other two agreed, and the three swore to be to one

1. *Pestilence* (pĕs'tĭ-lĕns). Any contagious disease that is especially fatal.

2. *Pages and peasants.* People of the lower classes.

another as brothers. Up they started, and went forth towards the village where Death was said by the innkeeper to live.

"Death shall die," they cried, with many a boastful oath, "if we once lay hold of him!"

They had not gone half a mile on their way when they met an old, poor-looking man, who greeted them meekly and bade them God-speed.

"Who are you, you ragged old beggar?" cried the proudest of the rioters to him. "Why are you so well wrapped up, except for your face? Why is an old man like you allowed to live so long?"

The old man looked him in the face, and said: "I must needs keep my old age myself. I can find no man anywhere—no, not even if I walked to India—who would exchange his youth for my age. Death himself refuses to take my life. So I walk restlessly up and down the world, old and weary, tapping the ground with my staff early and late, and begging Mother Earth to take me to her again. 'Look how I am slowly vanishing,' I cry to her; 'I feel myself wasting, flesh and skin and blood and all. Receive me into the dust again, Mother Earth, for my bones are tired.' But the earth will not hear my prayer yet, and I must wander on. I beseech you, therefore, do not harm an old man, good sirs, and may the blessing of Heaven be upon you!"

"Nay, old churl,"[1] said one of the revelers, "you shall not get off so lightly. You spoke just now of the traitor Death, who slays all our friends in this district. Tell us where he is to be seen, or you shall rue it. I believe that you must be one of his friends yourself, and anxious to slay us young folk, since you talk so lovingly of him."

1. *Churl* (chûrl). A rough countryman; a peasant.

"Sirs," answered the old man, "if you are so eager to find Death, turn up this crooked path. In that grove yonder, upon my faith, I left him, under a tree. There he will await you. He will not hide himself from you for all your boasts. Do you see the oak? You shall find Death there. God save you and make you better men!"

Thus spoke the old stranger. They paid no more heed to him, but ran off straightway to search for Death by the oak-tree. There they found, not Death himself, but a great heap of fine golden florins[1] piled up, well-nigh eight bushels of them. No longer had they any thought about Death, but were so glad at the sight of the fair bright florins that they sat down there by the precious heap to think what should be done.

The worst of the three was the first to speak. "Listen to me, brethren. I am no fool, for all that I spend my life in folly. Fortune has given us this great treasure, so that we can live the rest of our lives in mirth and jollity. It has come to us easily, and easily we will spend it. But there is one thing which we must do to make our happiness sure; we must get the gold away from this place to my house, or else to one of yours—for, of course, the treasure is ours. But we cannot do this by day; men would say that we were thieves, and we should be hanged for stealing our own treasure. It must be done by night, as secretly and carefully as we can, and we must wait here all day. Let us therefore draw lots, to see which of us shall go to the town and bring food and drink hither as quickly as he can for the other two. The others must stay by the treasure, for we cannot leave it unguarded. Then, when night comes, we will carry it all away safely."

They agreed to this, and drew lots. The lot fell on the

1. *Florins* (flŏr'ĭnz). Ancient coins of European countries, usually of gold. They varied widely in value.

youngest of them, who left them at once and went towards the town.

As soon as he was gone, one of those who remained with the gold said to the other: "You know that we have sworn to be true to one another like brothers. Hear, then, how we can win profit for ourselves: our comrade is gone, and has left us here with this gold, of which there is great plenty. We are to divide it among the three of us, by our agreement. But if I can contrive that we divide it between us two alone, will not that be doing you a friendly turn?"

"How can it be?" asked the other. "He knows that the gold is with us; what could we say to him?"

"Will you keep a secret?" said his comrade. "If so, I will tell you in a few words what we must do."

"Yes," answered the other; "trust me not to betray you."

"Look you, then, there are two of us, and two are stronger than one. When he comes back and sits down, do you rise and go to him as if for a friendly wrestling bout. I will stab him in the side as you struggle in play: see that you also do the like with your dagger. Thus shall the treasure be divided between us two, dear friend, and we shall live in ease and plenty for the rest of our lives."

The two rogues agreed on this plan for getting rid of their comrade; but he, as he went on his way to the town, could not take his mind away from the bright golden florins.

"If only I could have this treasure all for myself," he thought, "no man on earth would live so merrily as I." And at last the idea of poisoning his comrades came into his head.

When he reached the town, he went without hesitating

any more to an apothecary,[1] and asked him to sell him some poison to kill the rats in his house; and there was a polecat also, he said, which ate his chickens.

"You shall have the poison," answered the apothecary, "the like of which is not to be found on earth. It is so strong that if a man does but taste a little piece of it, the size of a grain of wheat, he shall die at once; before you can walk a mile he will be dead, so strong and violent is this poison."

The man took the poison in a box and went into the next street. There he borrowed three large bottles, and into two he put the poison; the third he kept clean for his own drink, thinking that he would be working hard that night, carrying the gold all by himself to his own house. Then he filled all the bottles up with wine, and went back to his comrades.

Why should I make a long tale of it? When he came back the other two set upon him, and killed him as they had planned.

"Now let us eat and drink," said one to the other. "When we have made merry we will bury him."

With that word, he took one of the bottles; it happened to be one of those containing the poisoned wine. He drank, and gave it to his fellow; and in a little while they both fell dead beside the body of their comrade.

Thus the three revelers met Death, whom they set out to kill.

—F. J. HARVEY DARTON.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: rioting, horrible oaths, aright, comrade, stealthy, God-speed, staff, vanishing, beseech, straightway, folly, jollity, draw lots, contrive, betray, friendly wrestling bout, rogues, made merry.

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1. *Apothecary* (ȧ-pŏth′ē-kā-rĭ). One who prepares and sells drugs or compounds for medical purposes; a druggist.

2. What were the habits of living of the three revelers?
3. What caution concerning Death did the boy give the revelers?
4. What was the vow which the three revelers took?
5. Were they prepared to conquer Death?
6. Tell of their conversation with the ragged old beggar.
7. Describe his appearance. Who do you think he was?
8. What did the revelers plan to do when they saw the bright florins?
9. What was the scheme worked out by the two revelers who guarded the gold?
10. What did the other plan to do?
11. Who else besides the revelers was scheming?
12. Whose scheme worked best?
13. Retell the story to the class.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE

ALICE CARY'S delightful poem, "An Order for a Picture," is nothing less than a most beautiful picture itself. A child grown old is begging the painter to put on canvas a picture that is painted much better in the words of the "order" than any painter could hope to do with his brush. Many pleasant scenes of early childhood and many happy home memories are called to the reader's mind as if by magic. There is only one thing that the poet would wish left out—the expression of "reproachful woe" that came upon the mother's face as she looked deep down to the lies in the hearts of the urchins who had been unkind to a poor mother bird.

This is one of the most loved of the many beautiful poems that Alice Cary has written for the boys and girls of America. It also touches the hearts of older people who have not forgotten that they were once boys and girls.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE

OH, good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning[1] to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay?[2] Well, here is an order for you.

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1. *Cunning.* Skill. 2. *Ay* (I).

Woods and cornfields a little brown—
The picture must not be over bright—
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.

Alway[1] and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,[2]
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing room
Under their tassels—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumac and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around—
Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!

These and the house where I was born,
Low and little and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush;
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding,[3] wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
Oh, if I only could make you see

1. *Alway.* Always.
2. *Sere* (sēr). Dry; withered.
3. *Wilding.* Wild.

The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign[1] sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while!
I need not speak these foolish words;
Yet one word tells you all I would say—
She is my mother; you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir, one like me,
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise.
At ten years old he went to sea—
God knoweth if he be living now—
He sailed in the good ship *Commodore*—[2]
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more,
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck.
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee;
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the field one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade

1. *Sovereign* (sŏv'ĕr-ĭn). Supreme; unequaled.
2. *Commodore* (kŏm'ō-dōr).

Of the high hills, stretching so still and far—
Loitering[1] till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door—
And, over the haystack's pointed top,
All of a tremble, and ready to drop
The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax field grew,
Dead at the top—just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads when we came to play
In its handbreadth of shadow[2] day after day.

Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat.
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace[3]
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest[4] me;

1. *Loitering* (loi'tẽr-ĭng). Lingering.
2. *Handbreadth of shadow.* Scant amount of shadow.
3. *Pray have the grace.* Please be kind enough.
4. *Likest.* Most like.

I think 'twas solely mine, indeed;
But that's no matter,—paint it so.
The eyes of our mother—take good heed—
Looking not on the nest full of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And, oh, with such injured, reproachful[1] surprise,
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as
though
A sharp blade struck through it.
You, sir, know,
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet—
Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree;
The mother, the lads, with their bird, at her knee;
But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

—Alice Cary.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: golden and gracious light, tassels, sumac, sassafras, twittering, ablush, wayside bush, gentle grace, urchins, adventurous eyes, boldest enterprise, great-hearted, shrank, rustling, all of a tremble, handbreadth of shadow, solely, canvas.

2. Describe the setting for the picture that the painter is asked to draw.

3. Describe the house and its contents.

4. Explain, "The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul and the angel's face."

5. Why is a description of the mother unnecessary?

6. What description is given of the urchins?

7. Explain, "That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!"

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1. *Reproachful* (rē-prōch'fo͝ol). Expressing blame or disapproval.

8. Describe "the great yellow star" as the boys were accustomed to see it.

9. Why were the boys afraid to go home?

10. Why does the one ordering the picture ask that the "look of a lie" be put "solely in the face of the urchin that is likest me"?

11. Do you think from the story that the lie was "solely" his?

12. Should the mother's "look of reproachful woe" be left out of the picture?

HOW THOR WENT TO JÖTUNHEIM

THE early inhabitants of northwestern Europe, ancestors of the Germans, Dutch, Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians, like the ancient Greeks, had numerous myths concerning their heroes and their gods. The stories of these gods and heroes were sung in the banquet halls by the minstrels. They were handed down from singer to singer much as the Greek stories were, each story being changed and added to by succeeding minstrels.

The chief of the Norse gods was Odin, the All-Father. Perhaps the one about whom the most stories were told was his son Thor, the Thunderer. Other important gods were Bragi, god of poetry; Balder, god of sunlight, spring, and gladness; and Tyr, god of battles. Loki and his three children, Hela (Death), the wolf Fenrir, and the famous Midgard Serpent, all of whom we shall read about, were responsible for all fraud and mischief.

In the following story Thor and Loki set out on their journey to the Northland to threaten their enemies, the giants in the misty land of Jötunheim. The experiences they have with the giant Skrymir form the basis for the story.

HOW THOR WENT TO JÖTUNHEIM[1]

ONCE on a time Asa Thor[2] and Loki[3] set out on a journey from Asgard[4] to Jötunheim. They travelled in Thor's

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1. *Jötunheim* (yō'tŏŏn-hām). The home of the giants, in the far Northwest.

2. *Asa Thor* (ä'sä thôr). The god Thor, god of thunder, and the most widely worshiped of the Norse gods.

3. *Loki* (lō'kē). One of the Norse gods, a contriver of trouble and mischief.

4. *Asgard* (ăs'gärd). The home of the Norse gods.

chariot, drawn by two milk-white goats. It was a somewhat cumbrous[1] iron chariot, and the wheels made a rumbling noise as it moved, which sometimes startled the ladies of Asgard, and made them tremble; but Thor liked it, thought the noise sweeter than any music, and was never so happy as when he was journeying in it from one place to another.

They travelled all day, and in the evening they came to a countryman's house. It was a poor, lonely place; but Thor descended from his chariot and determined to pass the night there. The countryman, however, had no food in his house to give these travellers; and Thor, who liked to feast himself and make every one feast with him, was obliged to kill his own two goats and serve them up for supper. He invited the countryman and his wife and children to sup with him; but before they began to eat he made one request of them.

"Do not, on any account," he said, "break or throw away any of the bones of the goats you are going to eat for supper."

"I wonder why," said the peasant's son, Thialfi,[2] to his sister Roska.[3] Roska could not think of any reason, and by-and-by Thialfi happened to have a very nice little bone given him with some marrow in it. "Certainly there can be no harm in my breaking just this one," he said to himself; "it would be such a pity to lose the marrow;" and as Asa Thor's head was turned another way, he slyly broke the bone in two, sucked the marrow, and then threw the pieces into the goats' skins, where Thor had desired that all the bones might be placed. I do not know whether

1. *Cumbrous* (kŭm'brŭs). Unwieldy; hard to handle.

2. *Thialfi* (thĭ-äl'fē). An attendant of Thor's, and the swiftest of foot of all men.

3. *Roska* (rŏs'kȧ).

Thialfi was uneasy during the night about what he had done; but in the morning he found out the reason of Asa Thor's command, and received a lesson on "wondering why," which he never forgot all his life after.

As soon as Asa Thor rose in the morning he took his hammer, Miölnir,[1] in his hand, and held it over the goat-skins as they lay on the floor, whispering runes[2] the while. They were dead skins with dry bones on them when he began to speak; but as he said the last word, Thialfi, who was looking curiously on, saw two live goats spring up and walk towards the chariot, as fresh and well as when they brought the chariot up to the door, Thialfi hoped. But no; one of the goats limped a little with his hind leg, and Asa Thor saw it. His brow grew dark as he looked, and for a minute Thialfi thought he would run far, far into the forest, and never come back again; but one look more at Asa Thor's face, angry as it was, made him change his mind. He thought of a better thing to do than running away. He came forward, threw himself at the Asa's feet, and, confessing what he had done, begged pardon for his disobedience. Thor listened, and the displeased look passed away from his face.

"You have done wrong, Thialfi," he said, raising him up; "but as you have confessed your fault so bravely, instead of punishing you, I will take you with me on my journey, and teach you myself the lesson of obedience to the Æsir[3] which is, I see, wanted."

Roska chose to go with her brother, and from that day Thor had two faithful servants, who followed him wherever he went.

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1. *Miölnir* (myûl'nēr).

2. *Runes.* The letters of the Norse alphabet, often employed as magic signs.

3. *Æsir* (ē'sĭr). The chief gods of the Norse people.

The chariot and goats were now left behind; but, with Loki and his two new followers, Thor journeyed on to the end of Manheim,[1] over the sea, and then on, on, on in the strange, barren, misty land of Jötunheim. Sometimes they crossed great mountains; sometimes they had to make their way among torn and rugged rocks, which often, through the mist, appeared to them to wear the forms of men, and once for a whole day they traversed a thick and tangled forest. In the evening of that day, being very much tired, they saw with pleasure that they had come upon a spacious hall, of which the door, as broad as the house itself, stood wide open.

"Here we may very comfortably lodge for the night," said Thor; and they went in and looked about them.

The house appeared to be perfectly empty; there was a wide hall, and five smaller rooms opening into it. They were, however, too tired to examine it carefully, and as no inhabitants made their appearance, they ate their supper in the hall, and lay down to sleep. But they had not rested long before they were disturbed by strange noises, groanings, mutterings, and snortings, louder than any animal that they had ever seen in their lives could make. By-and-by the house began to shake from side to side, and it seemed as if the very earth trembled. Thor sprang up in haste, and ran to the open door; but, though he looked earnestly into the starlit forest, there was no enemy to be seen anywhere. Loki and Thialfi, after groping about for a time, found a sheltered chamber to the right, where they thought they could finish their night's rest in safety; but Thor, with Miölnir in his hand, watched at the door of the house all night. As soon as the day dawned he went out into the forest, and there,

1. *Manheim* (män'hām). The home of men, the place where men dwell.

stretched on the ground close by the house, he saw a strange, uncouth, gigantic shape of a man, out of whose nostrils came a breath which swayed the trees to their very tops. There was no need to wonder any longer what the disturbing noises had been. Thor fearlessly walked up to this strange monster to have a better look at him; but at the sound of his footsteps the giant-shape rose slowly, stood up an immense height, and looked down upon Thor with two great misty eyes, like blue mountain-lakes.

"Who are you?" said Thor, standing on tiptoe, and stretching his neck to look up; "and why do you make such a noise as to prevent your neighbors from sleeping?"

"My name is Skrymir,"[1] said the giant sternly; "I need not ask yours. You are the little Asa Thor of Asgard; but pray, now, what have you done with my glove?"

As he spoke he stooped down, and picked up the hall where Thor and his companions had passed the night, and which, in truth, was nothing more than his glove, the room where Loki and Thialfi had slept being the thumb.

Thor rubbed his eyes, and felt as if he must be dreaming. Rousing himself, however, he raised Miölnir in his hand, and, trying to keep his eyes fixed on the giant's face, which seemed to be always changing, he said, "It is time that you should know, Skrymir, that I am come to Jötunheim to fight and conquer such evil giants as you are, and, little as you think me, I am ready to try my strength against yours."

"Try it, then," said the giant.

And Thor, without another word, threw Miölnir at his head.

"Ah! Ah!" said the giant; "did a leaf touch me?"

Again Thor seized Miölnir, which always returned to

1. *Skrymir* (skrē'mēr). One of the evil giants of the Northland.

his hand, however far he cast it from him, and threw it with all his force.

The giant put up his hand to his forehead. "I think," he said, "that an acorn must have fallen on my head."

A third time Thor struck a blow, the heaviest that ever fell from the hand of an Asa; but this time the giant laughed out loud.

"There is surely a bird on that tree," he said, "who has let a feather fall on my face."

Then, without taking any further notice of Thor, he swung an immense wallet over his shoulder, and, turning his back upon him, struck into a path that led from the forest. When he had gone a little way he looked round, his immense face appearing less like a human countenance than some strange, uncouthly-shaped[1] stone toppling on a mountain precipice.

"Ving-Thor,"[2] he said, "let me give you a piece of good advice before I go. When you get to Utgard[3] don't make much of yourself. You think me a tall man, but you have taller still to see; and you yourself are a very little mannikin.[4] Turn back home whence you came, and be satisfied to have learned something of yourself by your journey to Jötunheim."

"Mannikin or not, *that* will I never do," shouted Asa Thor after the giant. "We will meet again, and something more will we learn, or teach each other."

The giant, however, did not turn back to answer, and Thor and his companions, after looking for some time after him, resumed their journey. Before the sun was

1. *Uncouthly-shaped* (ŭn-kōōth'lĭ). Awkwardly shaped; of ugly form.
2. *Ving-Thor.* Winged-Thor.
3. *Utgard* (ŏŏt'gärd). The chief city of Jötunheim.
4. *Mannikin.* A very small man; a dwarf.

quite high in the heavens they came out of the forest, and at noon they found themselves on a vast barren plain, where stood a great city, whose walls of dark, rough stone were so high that Thor had to bend his head quite far back to see the top of them. When they approached the entrance of this city they found that the gates were closed and barred; but the space between the bars was so large that Thor passed through easily, and his companions followed him. The streets of the city were gloomy and still. They walked on for some time without meeting any one; but at length they came to a very high building, of which the gates stood open.

"Let us go in and see what is going on here," said Thor; and they went.

After crossing the threshold they found themselves in an immense banqueting hall. A table stretched from one end to the other of it; stone thrones stood round the table, and on every throne sat a giant, each one, as Thor glanced round, appearing more grim, and cold, and stony than the rest. One among them sat on a raised seat, and appeared to be the chief; so to him Thor approached and paid his greetings.

The giant chief just glanced at him, and, without rising, said, in a somewhat careless manner, "It is, I think, a foolish custom to tease tired travellers with questions about their journey. I know without asking that you, little fellow, are Asa Thor. Perhaps, however, you may be in reality taller than you appear; and as it is a rule here that no one shall sit down to table till he has performed some wonderful feat, let us hear what you and your followers are famed for, and in what way you choose to prove yourselves worthy to sit down in the company of giants."

At this speech, Loki, who had entered the hall cautiously behind Thor, pushed himself forward.

"The feat for which I am most famed," he said, "is eating, and it is one which I am just now inclined to perform with right good will. Put food before me, and let me see if any of your followers can despatch it as quickly as I can."

"The feat you speak of is one by no means to be despised," said the King, "and there is one here who would be glad to try his powers against yours. Let Logi,"[1] he said to one of his followers, "be summoned to the hall!"

At this, a tall, thin, yellow-faced man approached, and a large trough of meat having been placed in the middle of the hall, Loki sat to work at one end, and Logi at the other, and they began to eat. I hope *I* shall never see any one eat as they ate; but the giants all turned their slow-moving eyes to watch them, and in a few minutes they met in the middle of the trough. It seemed, at first, as if they had both eaten exactly the same quantity; but, when the thing came to be examined into, it was found that Loki had, indeed, eaten up all the meat, but that Logi had also eaten the bones and the trough. Then the giants nodded their huge heads, and determined that Loki was conquered. The King now turned to Thialfi, and asked what he could do.

"I was thought swift of foot among the youth of my own country," answered Thialfi; "and I will, if you please, try to run a race with any one here."

"You have chosen a noble sport, indeed," said the King; "but you must be a good runner if you could beat him with whom I shall match you."

Then he called a slender lad, Hugi[2] by name, and the whole company left the hall, and, going out by an op-

1. *Logi* (lō'gē). The god of fire.
2. *Hugi* (hū'gē). Spirit or thought.

posite gate to that by which Thor had entered, they came out to an open space, which made a noble race-ground. There the goal was fixed, and Thialfi and Hugi started off together.

Thialfi ran fast—fast as the reindeer which hears the wolves howling behind; but Hugi ran so much faster that, passing the goal, he turned round, and met Thialfi half-way in the course.[1]

"Try again, Thialfi," cried the King; and Thialfi, once more taking his place, flew along the course with feet scarcely touching the ground—swiftly as an eagle when, from his mountain-crag, he swoops on his prey in the valley; but with all his running, he was still a good bow-shot from the goal when Hugi reached it.

"You are certainly a good runner," said the King; "but if you mean to win you must do a little better still than this; but perhaps you wish to surprise us all the more this third time."

The third time, however, Thialfi was wearied, and though he did his best, Hugi, having reached the goal, turned and met him not far from the starting-point.

The giants again looked at each other, and declared that there was no need of further trial, for that Thialfi was conquered.

It was now Asa Thor's turn, and all the company looked eagerly at him, while the Utgard King asked by what wonderful feat he chose to distinguish himself.

"I will try a drinking-match with any of you," Thor said, shortly: for, to tell the truth, he cared not to perform anything very worthy in the company in which he found himself.

King Utgard appeared pleased with this choice, and when the giants had resumed their seats in the hall, he

1. *Course.* The race track.

ordered one of his servants to bring in his drinking-cup, called the "cup of penance," which it was his custom to make his guests drain at a draught,[1] if they had broken any of the ancient rules of the society.

"There!" he said, handing it to Thor, "we call it well drunk if a person empties it at a single draught. Some, indeed, take two to it; but the very puniest can manage it in three."

Thor looked into the cup; it appeared to him long, but not so very large after all, and being thirsty he put it to his lips, and thought to make short work of it, and empty it at one good, hearty pull. He drank, and put the cup down again; but, instead of being empty, it was now just so full that it could be moved without danger of spilling.

"Ha! ha! You are keeping all your strength for the second pull I see," said Utgard, looking in. Without answering, Thor lifted the cup again, and drank with all his might till his breath failed; but, when he put down the cup, the liquor had only sunk down a little from the brim.

"If you mean to take three draughts to it," said Utgard, "you are really leaving yourself a very unfair share for the last time. Look to yourself, Ving-Thor; for, if you do not acquit yourself better in other feats, we shall not think so much of you here as they say the Æsir do in Asgard."

At this speech Thor felt angry, and, seizing the cup again, he drank a third time, deeper and longer than he had yet done; but, when he looked into the cup, he saw that a very small part only of its contents had disappeared. Wearied and disappointed he put the cup down, and said he would try no more to empty it.

"It is pretty plain," said the King, looking round on

1. *Draught* (dråft).

the company, "that Asa Thor is by no means the kind of man we always supposed him to be."

"Nay," said Thor, "I am willing to try another feat, and you yourselves shall choose what it shall be."

"Well," said the King, "there is a game at which our children are used to play. A short time ago I dare not have named it to Asa Thor; but now I am curious to see how he will acquit himself in it. It is merely to lift my cat from the ground—a childish amusement truly."

As he spoke a large, grey cat sprang into the hall, and Thor, stooping forward, put his hand under it to lift it up. He tried gently at first; but by degrees he put forth all his strength, tugging and straining as he had never done before; but the utmost he could do was to raise one of the cat's paws a little way from the ground.

"It is just as I thought," said King Utgard, looking round with a smile; "but we all are willing to allow that the cat *is* large, and Thor but a little fellow."

"Little as you think me," cried Thor, "who is there who will dare to wrestle with me in my anger?"

"In truth," said the King, "I don't think there is any one here who would choose to wrestle with you; but, if wrestle you must, I will call in that old crone Elli.[1] She has, in her time, laid low many a better man than Asa Thor has shown himself to be."

The crone came. She was old, withered, and toothless, and Thor shrank from the thought of wrestling with her; but he had no choice. She threw her arms around him, and drew him towards the ground, and the harder he tried to free himself, the tighter grew her grasp. They struggled long. Thor strove bravely, but a strange feeling of weakness and weariness came over him, and at length he tottered and fell down on one knee before her. At this

1. *Elli* (ĕl'ē). A withered old woman who represents old age.

sight all the giants laughed aloud, and Utgard, coming up, desired the old woman to leave the hall, and proclaimed that the trials were over. No one of his followers would now contend with Asa Thor, he said, and night was approaching. He then invited Thor and his companions to sit down at the table, and spend the night with him as his guests. Thor, though feeling somewhat perplexed and mortified, accepted his invitation courteously, and showed, by his agreeable behavior during the evening, that he knew how to bear being conquered with a good grace.

In the morning, when Thor and his companions were leaving the city, the King himself accompanied them without the gates; and Thor, looking steadily at him when he turned to bid him farewell, perceived, for the first time, that he was the very same giant Skrymir with whom he had met in the forest.

"Come, now, Asa Thor," said the giant, with a strange sort of smile on his face, "tell me truly, before you go, how you think your journey has turned out, and whether or not I was right in saying that you would meet with better men than yourself in Jötunheim."

"I confess freely," answered Asa Thor, looking up without any false shame on his face, "that I have acquitted myself but humbly, and it grieves me; for I know that in Jötunheim henceforward it will be said that I am a man of little worth."

"By my troth![1] no," cried the giant, heartily. "Never should you have come into my city if I had known what a mighty man of valor you really are; and now that you are safely out of it, I will, for once, tell the truth to you, Thor. All this time I have been deceiving you by my enchantments. When you met me in the forest, and hurled Miölnir at my head, I should have been crushed by the

1. *By my troth* (trŏth). By my faith; by my word of honor.

weight of your blows had I not skillfully placed a mountain between myself and you, on which the strokes of your hammer fell, and where you cleft[1] three deep ravines, which shall henceforth become verdant valleys. In the same manner I deceived you about the contests in which you engaged last night. When Loki and Logi sat down before the trough, Loki, indeed, ate like hunger itself; but Logi is fire, who, with eager, consuming tongue, licked up both bones and trough. Thialfi is the swiftest of mortal runners; but the slender lad, Hugi, was my thought; and what speed can ever equal his? So it was in your own trials. When you took such deep draughts from the horn, you little knew what a wonderful feat you were performing. The other end of that horn reached the ocean, and when you come to the shore you will see how far its waters have fallen away, and how much the deep sea itself has been diminished by your draught. Hereafter, men watching the going out of the tide will call it the ebb, or draught of Thor. Scarcely less wonderful was the prowess you displayed in the second trial. What appeared to you to be a cat, was, in reality, the Midgard serpent,[2] which encircles the world. When we saw you succeed in moving it we trembled lest the very foundations of earth and sea should be shaken by your strength. Nor need you be ashamed of having been overthrown by the old woman Elli, for she is old age; and there never has, and never will be, one whom she has not the power to lay low. We must now part, and you had better not come here again, or attempt anything further against my city; for I shall

1. *Cleft.* Cut open.

2. *The Midgard serpent.* A monster serpent, the child of Loki. With his tail in his mouth he was supposed to encircle the whole earth, or Midgard.

always defend it by fresh enchantments, and you will never be able to do anything against me."

At these words Thor raised Miölnir, and was about to challenge the giant to a fresh trial of strength; but, before he could speak, Utgard vanished from his sight; and, turning round to look for the city, he found that it, too, had disappeared, and that he was standing alone on a smooth, green, empty plain.

"What a fool I have been," said Asa Thor, aloud, "to allow myself to be deceived by a mountain giant!"

"Ah," answered a voice from above, "I told you you would learn to know yourself better by your journey to Jötunheim. It is the great use of travelling."

Thor turned quickly round again, thinking to see Skrymir behind him; but, after looking on every side, he could perceive nothing, but that a high, cloud-capped mountain, which he had noticed on the horizon, appeared to have advanced to the edge of the plain.

—A. AND E. KEARY.

Reprinted from the Library of Household Classics—Heroes of Asgard; published by Doubleday, Page and Company.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: rumbling, marrow, slyly, traversed, spacious, groping, uncouth, gigantic, tiptoe, immense wallet, toppling, mountain precipice, banqueting hall, tease, despatch, goal, reindeer, mountain-crag, swoops, bow-shot, cup of penance, draught, puniest, acquit yourself, tugging, tottered, proclaimed, perplexed, mortified, courteously, behavior, humbly, heartily, valor, enchantments, ravines, verdant, consuming, prowess, encircles, challenge.

2. Describe the departure of Thor and Loki as they set out on their journey to the home of the giants.

3. What lesson did Thialfi learn about "wondering why"?

4. Explain how Thor got back his two goats after they had been killed and eaten.

5. What made Thor choose Thialfi as a servant?
6. Over what kind of land did Thor journey?
7. Describe the empty house in which they slept.
8. What kind of a fellow was Skrymir?
9. How did he regard Thor?
10. What effect did the blows of Miölnir have upon him?
11. What advice did he give Thor?
12. How did Thor receive his advice?
13. How did Thor and his companions enter the great city which they found in the Northland?
14. What did the giants require of all their guests?
15. Describe the eating contest between Loki and Logi.
16. Tell the story of the races between Thialfi and Hugi.
17. How did Thor get along in the drinking contest?
18. Describe his contests with the cat and the old crone, Elli.
19. How did Thor feel about his adventures in Jötunheim?
20. Give the explanation that the giant made in regard to the contests.
21. What did Thor learn from his experiences on the trip to Jötunheim?

THE SERPENT AND THE KETTLE

THE following tale tells of the exciting adventure which the god Thor had with the Midgard (or Earth) serpent when he went after Mile-deep, the huge drinking vessel which the gods found necessary to the success of their feast. Thor is shown in conflict with forces not so great as those with which he had to struggle in the Northland. He is much more successful, but the cowardice of the giant Hymir robs him of a complete victory.

THE SERPENT AND THE KETTLE

THOR turned away from Giant-land, and on the road homeward he passed through the Sea-King's dominions. There he found that Ægir[1] the Old was giving a banquet

1. *Ægir* (ē′jĭr). A giant who represented the sea, especially the calm sea. His nine daughters represented the waves of the sea and the surf.

to all the Æsir in his wide coral-caves. At a little distance Thor stood still to listen and to look. It was a fair sight: cave within cave stretched out before him decked with choicest shells, whilst far inward lay the banqueting-hall, lighted with shining gold; white and red coral pillars stood at uneven distances; the bright-browed Æsir reclined at the board on soft water couches; Ægir's daughters—the fair-haired waves—murmured sweet music as they waited on their guests; and little baby ripples ran about laughing in all the corners. Thor walked through the caves and entered the hall. As he did so Odin[1] looked up from his place at Ægir's right hand, and said,—

"Good evening, son Thor; how has it fared with you in Jötunheim?"

Thor's face grew a little cloudy at this question, and he only answered,—

"Not as it ought to have done, father." Then he placed himself amongst Ægir's guests.

"In my dominions," said King Ægir, looking all round, "an extraordinary thing has happened."

"And what may that be, brother?" asked Niord.

"From the shores of Jötunheim," answered Ægir, "the sea has run back a quarter of a mile, drawing itself away as if a giant were drinking it in."

"Is that all you have got to say, father?" said a tall Wave, as she swept her hair over the Sea-King's shoulder, and peeped up from behind him; "is that all you know of the wonders which are going on in your deep home? Listen."

Then Ægir bent forward on his seat; the Æsir all ceased speaking, and drew in their breath; the waves

1. *Odin* (ō'dĭn). The supreme Norse god; god of wisdom, poetry, and war.

raised their arched necks, and were still, listening. From a great way off came the sound of a sullen swell.

"Who is that speaking?" asked Odin.

"That is Jörmungand[1] speaking," said Thor.

"And what does he say, Thor?"

"He says that I could not conquer him."

"Pass round the foaming mead,"[2] cried Ægir, who saw that it was time to turn the conversation.

But alas! Ægir's mead-kettle was so small, that before it had gone half down the table it stood empty before Tyr.[3]

"There is a giant called Hymir,"[4] remarked Tyr, "who lives far over the stormy waves to eastward at the end of heaven."

The Æsir all looked up.

"He has a kettle," Tyr went on to say, "which is a mile deep, and which would certainly hold mead enough for all this company."

"If Hymir would lend it to us," said Ægir, "we could finish our supper; but who would go to the end of heaven to borrow a kettle?"

Then Thor rose from the table, and began to tighten round him his belt of power; he put on his iron gloves, and took Miölnir in his hand.

"What! off again to Giant-land, Ving-Thor?" cried Ægir.

"Didn't you say you wanted Mile-deep?" said Thor. "I am going to borrow it of Hymir for you. Will you come with me, Tyr?"

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1. *Jörmungand* (yôr'mo͝on-gȧnd). The Midgard serpent, which lay coiled in the ocean that was supposed to encircle the earth.
2. *Mead.* A drink made of honey, water, malt, and yeast.
3. *Tyr* (tēr). The god of the sky and of war. Tuesday is named after him.
4. *Hymir* (hü'mēr). The giant of the stormy sea.

Tyr sprang up joyfully, and the two brothers started on their journey. When they arrived at Hymir's dwelling, which was a roughly-hewn cavern on the shore of a frozen sea, the first person they met was a wonderful giantess with nine hundred heads, in which glittered fiery eyes, and which grew out from all parts of her body, so that it was impossible to tell whether she was walking upon her head or her heels. As Thor and Tyr were looking at her trying to discover this, a woman came out of the giant's home quite as lovely as the giantess was hideous. She greeted them on the threshold. Her golden hair fell thick upon her shoulders; her mild eyes shone upon them; and with words of welcome she held out her hands and led them into the cavern. There she offered them meat and drink, and bade them rest until her husband, Hymir, should come home. As the darkness came on, however, and the time of his expected return drew near, she became silent and anxious; and at last she said, "I am very much afraid that my husband will be angry if he sees strangers here when he comes in. Take my advice, now, Asa Thor and Asa Tyr, and hide behind one of these pillars in the rock. My lord, I assure you, is surly sometimes, and not nearly so hospitable[1] as I could wish."

"We are not accustomed to hide ourselves," remarked Thor.

"But you shall come forth when I call you," answered the woman.

So the Æsir did as she desired. By-and-by they heard heavy footsteps far off, over the frozen sea, coming nearer and nearer every moment. The distant icebergs resounded, and at last Hymir burst open the door of his cavern, and stalked angrily in. He had been unsuccessful that day

1. *Hospitable* (hŏs'pĭ-tȧ-b'l).

in the chase, his hands were frost-bitten, and a "hard-frozen wood stood upon his cheek."

As soon as the fair-browed woman saw what mood he was in she went gently towards him, placed her hand in his, and told him of the arrival of the guests; then, with a sweet smile and voice, she entreated him to receive the strangers kindly, and entertain them hospitably.

Hymir made no answer; but, at one glance of his eye towards the place where the Æsir were hidden, the pillar burst asunder, and the crossbeam which it supported fell with a crash to the ground. Eight ponderous[1] kettles had been hanging on the beam, and all but one were shivered to atoms.

Thor and Tyr then stepped forth into the middle of the hall, and Hymir received them civilly, after which he turned his attention to supper; and, having cooked three whole oxen, he invited the Æsir to eat with him. Thor fell to work with great relish, and when he had eaten the whole of one ox, prepared to cut a slice out of another.

"You eat a great deal," said Hymir, sulkily, but Thor was still very hungry, and went on with his supper until he had eaten two entire oxen. Then said Hymir, "Another night, Ving-Thor, you must provide your own supper; for I can't undertake to keep so expensive a guest."

Accordingly, early the next morning, Hymir prepared to go out fishing, and offered Thor a place in his boat. On their way to the shore they passed a herd of oxen feeding.

"Have you provided a bait for me?" said Thor to the giant.

"You must get one for yourself," answered Hymir, surlily.

So Thor was obliged to cut off the head of one of the oxen for a bait.

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1. *Ponderous* (pŏn'dĕr-ŭs). Very heavy.

"You'll never be able to carry *that* head," said Hymir; for, in truth, the ox to which it had belonged was an enormous animal, called "Heaven Breaking."

But Thor made nothing of the head, slung it over his shoulder, and carried it down to the boat. As they got under way, Thor and Hymir each took an oar; but Thor pulled so fast, and with such mighty strokes, that the giant was obliged to stop for breath, and beg that they might go no further.

"We have already reached the spot," he said, "where I always catch the finest whales."

"But I want to go further out to sea," said Thor.

"That will be dangerous, Ving-Thor," said Hymir; "for if we row any farther we shall come to the waters under which Jörmungand lies."

Thor laughed, and rowed on. At last he stopped, baited his hook with the ox's head, and cast the line out into the sea, whilst Hymir leaned over the other side of the boat, and caught two whales.

Now, when the great Jörmungand smelt Thor's bait he opened wide his monstrous jaws, and eagerly sucked in both head, and hook, and line; but no sooner did he feel the pain than he struggled so fiercely, and plunged so wildly, that Thor's hands were in an instant dashed against the sides of the boat. Still Thor did not lose his hold, but went on pulling with such wondrous force that his feet burst through the boat, and rested on the slippery rocks beneath. At last the venomous[1] monster's mountain-high head was hauled above the waves, and then, indeed, it was a dreadful sight to see Thor, in all the power of his god-like strength, casting his fiery looks on the serpent, and the serpent glaring upon him, and spitting forth poisoned venom. Even Hymir's sunburnt cheek changed

1. *Venomous* (vĕn'ŭm-ŭs). Poisonous.

color as he beheld beneath his feet the sinking boat, and at his side the deadliest monster of the deep. At last, in the wildness of his fear, he rushed before Thor, and cut his line in sunder.[1] Immediately the serpent's head began to sink; but Thor hurled Miölnir with fearful force after it into the waters.

Then did the rocks burst; it thundered through the caverns; old mother earth all shrank; even the fishes sought the bottom of the ocean; but the serpent sank back, with a long, dull sound, beneath the waves, a deep wound in his head, and smothered vengeance in his heart.

Ill at ease and silent, Hymir then turned to go home, and Thor followed him, carrying boat and oars, and everything else, on his shoulders. Now, every fresh sight of Thor increased the giant's envy and rage; for he could not bear to think that he had shown so little courage before his brave guest, and, besides, losing his boat and getting so desperately wet in his feet by wading home through the sea, did not by any means improve his temper. When they got home, therefore, and were supping together, he began jeering and taunting Thor.

"No doubt, Asa Thor," he said, "you think yourself a good rower and a fine fisher, though you did not catch anything to-day; but can you break that drinking-cup before you, do you think?"

Thor seized the cup, and dashed it against an upright stone. But, lo! the stone was shattered in pieces, and the cup unbroken. Again, with greater strength, he hurled the cup against the pillars in the rock; it was still without a crack.

Now, it happened that the beautiful woman was sitting spinning at her wheel just behind where Thor was standing. From time to time she chanted snatches of old runes

1. *In sunder.* In two.

and sagas[1] in soft tones; and now, when Thor stood astonished that the cup was not broken, the woman's voice fell on his ear, singing low the following words:—

"Hard the pillar, hard the stone,
Harder yet the giant's bone.
Stones shall break and pillars fall;
Hymir's forehead breaks them all."

Then Thor once more took the cup, and hurled it against the giant's forehead. The cup was this time shivered to pieces; but Hymir himself was unhurt, and cried out, "Well done at last, Ving-Thor; but can you carry that mile-deep kettle out of my hall, think you?"

Tyr tried to lift it, and could not even raise the handle.

Then Thor grasped it by the rim, and, as he did so, his feet pressed through the floor. With a mighty effort he lifted it; he placed it on his head, while the rings rang at his feet; and so in triumph he bore off the kettle, and set out again for Ægir's hall.

After journeying a little way he chanced to look round, and then he saw that a host of many-headed giants, with Hymir for their leader, were thronging after him. From every cavern, and iceberg, and jagged peak some hideous monster grinned and leered as a great wild beast waiting for his prey.

"Treachery!" cried Thor, as he raised Miölnir above his head, and hurled it three times among the giants.

In an instant they stood stiff, and cold, and dead, in rugged groups along the shore; one with his arm raised; another with his head stretched out; some upright, some crouching; each in the position he had last assumed. And there still they stand, petrified by ages into giant rocks; and, still pointing their stony fingers at each other, they

1. *Sagas* (sä'gȧz). Stories.

tell the mighty tale of Thor's achievements, and the wondrous story of their fate.

"Pass round the foaming mead," cried King Ægir, as Thor placed "Mile-deep" on the table; and this time it happened that there was enough for every one.

—A. AND E. KEARY.

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EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: dominions, coral-caves, decked, pillars, reclined, extraordinary, roughly-hewn cavern, glittered, fiery, hideous, surly, accustomed, icebergs resounded, stalked, fair-browed, shivered to atoms, civilly, relish, sulkily, accordingly, surlily, obliged, monstrous, mountain-high head, poisoned venom, deadliest monster, smothered vengeance, envy, desperately wet in his feet, jeering and taunting, snatches, grinned and leered, treachery, crouching, assumed, petrified, achievements.

2. Describe the banquet that Ægir the Old was giving in his coral-caves.

3. Why did Thor's face grow cloudy when he was asked how he got along in Jötunheim?

4. What strange thing did Ægir report about the sea?

5. What was the noise that the tall Wave called attention to?

6. Why did Ægir wish to turn the conversation?

7. What did Thor and Tyr find at Hymir's dwelling?

8. What did the beautiful woman explain to them about her husband?

9. What caused the pillar to burst asunder and the kettles to fall to the ground?

10. Tell about Thor's appetite that night for supper.

11. What did Hymir think of him as a guest?

12. Why did Thor choose such a strange bait?

13. How did Hymir feel about going farther out to sea?

14. Describe Thor's contest with the Jörmungand.

15. What was the outcome of the contest?

16. How was Hymir feeling toward Thor by this time?

17. Tell the story of Thor's breaking the drinking cup.

18. What evidence do we have that the mile-deep kettle was very heavy?

19. What happened to the many-headed giants that tried treachery against Thor?

20. Retell the story of Thor's trip after Mile-deep.

THE BINDING OF FENRIR

THE story of the binding of Fenrir introduces us to another interesting thing in the Norse myths—the work of the elves. Here we are told how, when the strongest iron chains that Thor could forge had failed to hold the greedy wolf, Fenrir, the gods were forced to seek the aid of the tiny black people, deep in the caverns of the earth. The trip that Skirnir took to Svartheim was a truly interesting one, well worth reading about.

THE BINDING OF FENRIR[1]

TO TYR, the brave and strong handed, Odin assigned the task of feeding Fenrir, and watching him, lest, in his cruel strength, he should injure any who were unable to defend themselves. And truly it was a grand sight, and one that Asa Odin loved, to see the two together, when, in the evening after the feast was over in Valhalla,[2] Fenrir came prowling to Tyr's feet to receive his food from the one hand strong enough to quell[3] him.

Tyr stood up in his calm strength like a tall, sheltering rock in which the timid sea-birds find a home; and Fenrir

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1. *Fenrir.* The wolf-son of Loki and brother to the Midgard serpent.

2. *Valhalla* (văl-hăl'ȧ). The hall of Odin, the home of the souls of heroes slain in battle.

3. *Quell.* Conquer; control.

roared and howled round him like the bitter, destroying wave that slowly undermines its base.

Time passed on. Tyr had reached the prime of his strength; but Fenrir went on growing, not so rapidly as to awaken fear, as his brother Jörmungand had done, but slowly, surely, continually—a little stronger and a little fiercer every day.

The Æsir and the Asyniur[1] had become accustomed to his presence; the gentlest lady in Asgard no longer turned away from the sight of his fierce mouth and fiery eye; they talked to each other about the smallest things, and every daily event was commented on and wondered about; but no one said anything of Fenrir, or notice how gradually he grew, or how the glad air and the strong food, which gave valor and strength to an Asa, could only develop with greater rapidity fierceness and cruelty in a wolf. And they would have gone on living securely together whilst the monster grew and grew, if it had not been that Asa Odin's one eye,[2] enlightened as it was by the upspringing well of wisdom within, saw more clearly than the eyes of his brothers and children.

One evening, as he stood in the court of Valhalla watching Tyr as he gave Fenrir his evening meal, a sudden cloud of care fell on the placid face of All-Father,[3] and when the wolf, having satisfied his hunger, crouched back to his lair, he called together a council of the heads of the Æsir, and, after pointing out to them the evil which they had allowed to grow up among them unnoticed, he asked their counsel as to the best way of overcoming it before it became too strong to withstand.

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1. *Asyniur* (äs'ĭn-yo͞or). The goddesses of Asgard.

2. *Asa Odin's one eye.* Odin had given one of his eyes to Mimer in exchange for a drink of the wisdom-giving water from the spring which Mimer guarded.

3. *All-Father.* Odin.

Thor, always ready, was the first to answer. "One would think," he said, "to hear the grave way in which you speak, Father Odin, that there was no such thing as a smithy near Asgard, or that I, Asa Thor, had no power to forge mighty weapons, and had never made my name known in Jötunheim as the conqueror and binder of monsters. Set your mind at rest. Before to-morrow evening at this time I will have forged a chain with which you shall bind Fenrir; and, once bound in a chain of my workmanship, there will be nothing further to fear from him."

The assembled Æsir applauded Thor's speech; but the cloud did not pass away from Odin's brow.

"You have done many mighty deeds, Son Thor," he said; "but, if I mistake not, this binding of Fenrir will prove a task too difficult even for you."

Thor made no answer; but he seized Miölnir, and, with sounding steps, strode to the smithy. All night long the mighty blows of Miölnir rang on the anvil, and the roaring bellows breathed a hot blast over all the hill of Asgard. None of the Æsir slept that night; but every now and then one or other of them came to cheer Thor at his work. Sometimes Frey[1] brought his bright face into the dusky smithy; sometimes Tyr entreated permission to strike a stout blow; sometimes Bragi[2] seated himself among the workers, and, with his eyes fixed on the glowing iron, poured forth a hero song, to which the ringing blows kept time.

There was also another guest, who, at intervals, made his presence known. By the light of the fire the evil form of Fenrir was seen prowling round in the darkness, and every now and then a fiendish, mocking laugh filled the pauses of the song, and the wind, and the ringing hammer.

1. *Frey* (frā). A god of love, prosperity, and peace.
2. *Bragi* (brä'gē). A god of poetry.

All that night and the next day Thor labored and Fenrir watched, and, at the time of the evening meal, Thor strode triumphantly into Father Odin's presence, and laid before him Laeding,[1] the strongest chain that had ever yet been forged on earth. The Æsir passed it from one to another, and wondered at its immense length, and at the ponderous moulding of its twisted links.

"It is impossible for Fenrir to break through this," they said; and they were loud in their thanks to Thor and praises of his prowess; only Father Odin kept a grave, sad silence.

When Fenrir came into the court to receive his food from Tyr, it was agreed that Thor and Tyr were to seize and bind him. They held their weapons in readiness, for they expected a fierce struggle; but, to their surprise, Fenrir quietly allowed the chain to be wound round him, and lay down at his ease, while Thor, with two strokes of Miölnir, riveted the last link into one of the strongest stones on which the court rested. Then, when the Æsir were about to congratulate each other on their victory, he slowly raised his ponderous form, which seemed to dilate[2] in the rising, with one bound forward snapped the chain like a silken thread, and walked leisurely to his lair, as if no unusual thing had befallen him.

The Æsir, with downcast faces, stood looking at each other. Once more Thor was the first to speak. "He who breaks through Laeding," he said, "only brings upon himself the still harder bondage of Dromi."[3] And having uttered these words, he again lifted Miölnir from the ground, and, weary as he was, returned to the smithy, and resumed his place at the anvil.

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1. *Laeding* (lēd'ĭng).
2. *Dilate* (dĭ-lāt'). Increase in size.
3. *Dromi* (drō'mē).

For three days and nights Thor worked, and when he once more appeared before Father Odin, he carried in his hand Dromi—the "Strong Binding." This chain exceeded Laeding in strength by one half, and was so heavy that Asa Thor himself staggered under its weight; and yet Fenrir showed no fear of allowing himself to be bound by it, and it cost him very little more effort than on the first evening to free himself from its fetters.

After this second failure Odin again called a council of the Æsir in Gladsheim,[1] and Thor stood among the others, silent and shamefaced.

It was now Frey who ventured first to offer an opinion. "Thor, Tyr, and other brave sons of the Æsir," he said, "have passed their lives valiantly in fighting against giants and monsters, and, doubtless, much wise lore[2] has come to them through these adventures. I, for the most part, have spent my time peacefully in woods and fields, watching how the seasons follow each other, and how the silent, dewy night, ever leads up the brightly-smiling day; and, in this watching, many things have been made plain to me which have not, perhaps, been thought worthy of regard by my brother Lords. One thing that I have learned is, the wondrous strength that lies in little things, and that the labor carried on in darkness and silence ever brings forth the grandest birth. Thor and Miölnir have failed to forge a chain strong enough to bind Fenrir; but, since we cannot be helped by the mighty and renowned, let us turn to the unknown and weak.

"In the caverns and dim places of the earth live a tiny race of people, who are always working with unwearied, noiseless fingers. With Asa Odin's permission, I will send

1. *Gladsheim* (gläts'hām). The dwelling of Odin, home of gladness.

2. *Lore.* Learning.

my messenger, Skirnir,[1] and entreat aid of them; and we shall, perhaps, find that what passes the might of Asgard may be accomplished in the secret places of Svartheim."[2]

The face of Asa Odin brightened as Frey spoke, and, rising immediately from his seat, he broke up the council, and entreated Frey to lose no time in returning to Alfheim[3] and despatching Skirnir on his mission.

In spite of the cloud that hung over Asgard all was fair and peaceful in Alfheim. Gerda,[4] the radiant Alf Queen, made there perpetual sunshine with her bright face. The little elves loved her, and fluttered round her, keeping up a continual merry chatter, which sounded through the land like the sharp ripple of a brook over stony places; and Gerda answered them in low, sweet tones, as the answering wind sounds among the trees.

These must have been pleasant sounds to hear after the ringing of Miölnir and the howling of Fenrir; but Frey hardly gave himself time to greet Gerda and his elves before he summoned Skirnir into his presence, and acquainted him with the danger that hung over Asgard, and the important mission which the Æsir had determined to trust to his sagacity. Skirnir listened, playing with the knot of his wondrous sword, as he was wont to do, in order to make known to every one that he possessed it; for, to confess the truth, it was somewhat too heavy for him to wield.

"This is a far different mission," he said, "from that on which you once sent me—to woo fairest Gerda; but, as the welfare of Asgard requires it, I will depart at once,

1. *Skirnir* (skĭr'nēr).
2. *Svartheim* (swärt'hām). Home of the dark elves.
3. *Alfheim* (älf'hām). The home of Frey and the elves of light.
4. *Gerda* (gĕr'dȧ). The wife of Frey.

though I have little liking for the dark caves and cunning people."

Frey thanked him, and, putting a small key into his hand, which was, indeed, the key to the gate of Svartheim, he bade him farewell, and Skirnir set out on his journey.

The road from Alfheim to Svartheim is not as long as you would be apt to imagine. Indeed, it is possible for a careless person to wander from one region to another without being at once aware of it. Skirnir, having the key in his hand, took the direct way. The entrance-gate stands at the opening of a dim mountain-cave. Skirnir left his horse without, and entered; the air was heavy, moist, and warm, and it required the keenest glances of Skirnir's keen eyes to see his way. Innumerable narrow, winding paths, all leading downwards, opened themselves before him. As he followed the widest, a faint clinking sound of hammers met his ear, and, looking round, he saw groups of little men at work on every side. Some were wheeling small wheelbarrows full of lumps of shining metal along the ledges of the rock; some, with elfin pickaxes and spades, were digging ore from the mountain-side; some, herded together in little caves, were busy kindling fires, or working with tiny hammers on small anvils. As he continued his downward path the last remnant of daylight faded away; but he was not in total darkness, for now he perceived that each worker carried on his head a lantern, in which burned a pale, dancing light. Skirnir knew that each light was a Will-o'-the-wisp, which the dwarf who carried it had caught and imprisoned to light him in his work during the day, and which he must restore to the earth at night.

For many miles Skirnir wandered on lower and lower. On every side of him lay countless heaps of treasure—gold, silver, diamonds, rubies, emeralds—which the cun-

ning workers stowed away silently in their dark hiding-places. At length he came to the very middle of the mountain, where the rocky roof rose to an immense height, and where he found himself in a brilliantly-lighted palace. Here, in truth, were hung all the lights in the world, which, on dark, moonless nights, are carried out by dwarfs to deceive the eyes of men. Corpselights, Will-o'-the-wisps, the sparks from glowworms' tails, the light in fire-flies' wings—these, carefully hung up in tiers round and round the hall, illuminated the palace with a cold blue light, and revealed to Skirnir's eyes the grotesque[1] and hideous shapes of the tiny things around him. Humpbacked, cunning-eyed, open-mouthed, they stood round, laughing, and whispering, and pointing with shriveled fingers. One among them, a little taller than the rest, who sat on a golden seat thickly set with diamonds, appeared to be a kind of chief among them, and to him Skirnir addressed his message.

Cunning and wicked as these dwarfs were, they entertained a wholesome[2] fear of Odin, and, therefore, when they heard from whom Skirnir came, with many uncouth gesticulations they bowed low before him, and declared themselves willing to obey All-Father's commands. They asked for two days and two nights in which to complete their task, and during that time Skirnir remained their guest in Svartheim.

He wandered about, and saw strange sights. He saw the great earth central fire, and the swarthy[3] withered race, whose task it is ceaselessly to feed it with fuel; he saw the diamond-makers, who change the ashes of the great fire into brilliants; and the dwarfs, whose business it is to fill the cracks in the mountain sides with pure

1. *Grotesque* (grō-tĕsk'). Fantastic; extravagant.
2. *Wholesome* (hōl'sŭm). Sound.
3. *Swarthy* (swôr'thĭ). Of dark complexion; tawny.

veins of silver and gold, and lead them up to places where they will one day meet the eyes of men. Nearer the surface he visited the workers in iron and the makers of salt-mines; he drank of their strange-tasting mineral waters, and admired the splendor of their silver-roofed temples and dwellings of solid gold.

At the end of two days Skirnir reëntered the audience-hall, and then the chief of the dwarfs put into his hand a slender chain. You can imagine what size it was when I tell you that the dwarf chief held it lightly balanced on his forefinger; and when it rested on Skirnir's hand it felt to him no heavier than a piece of thistledown.

The Svart King laughed loud when he saw the disappointment on Skirnir's face. "It seems to you a little thing," he said; "and yet I assure you that in making it we have used up all the materials in the whole world fit for the purpose. No such chain can ever be made again, neither will the least atom of the substances of which it is made be found more. It is fashioned out of six things. The noise made by the footfall of cats; the beards of women; the roots of stones; the sinews[1] of bears; the breath of fish; and the spittle[2] of birds. Fear not with this to bind Fenrir; for no stronger chain will ever be made till the end of the world.'

Skirnir now looked with wonder at his chain, and, after having thanked the dwarfs, and promised to bring them a reward from Odin, he set forth on his road home, and, by the time of the evening meal, reached Valhalla, and gladdened the hearts of the Æsir by the tidings of his success.

Far away to the north of Asgard, surrounded by frowning mountains, a dark lake lies, and above the level of its troubled waters burns the island of sweet broom, flaming

1. *Sinews* (sĭn'ūz). Tendons; muscles.
2. *Spittle.* Saliva; spit.

like a jewel on the dark brow of Hela.[1] In this lonely isle the Æsir, with Fenrir in their midst, assembled to try the strength of the dwarfs' chain.

Fenrir prowled round his old master, Tyr, with a look of savage triumph in his cruel eyes, now licking the hand that had so long fed him, and now shaking his great head, and howling defiantly. The Æsir passed the chain from one to another, talking about it, while Fenrir listened. "It was much stronger than it looked," they said; and Thor and Tyr vied with each other in their efforts to break it; while Bragi declared his belief that there was no one among Æsir or giants capable of performing so great a feat, "Unless," he added, "it should be you, Fenrir."

This speech roused the pride of Fenrir; and, after looking long at the slender chain and the faces of the Æsir, he answered, "Loath[2] am I to be bound by this chain; but, lest you should doubt my courage, I will consent that you should bind me, provided one of you put his hand into my mouth as a pledge that no deceit is intended."

There was a moment's silence among the Æsir when they heard this, and they looked at one another. Odin looked at Thor, and Thor looked at Bragi, and Frey fell behind, and put his hand to his side, where the all-conquering sword, which he alone could wield, no longer rested.

At length Tyr stepped forward valiantly, and put his strong right hand, with which he had so often fed him, into the wolf's cruel jaws.

At this signal the other Æsir threw the chain round the monster's neck, bound him securely with one end, and fastened the other to a great rock. When he was bound Fenrir rose, and shook himself, as he had done before; but

1. *Hela* (hē'lă). Queen of the dead.
2. *Loath*. Unwilling; reluctant.

in vain he raised himself up, and bounded forward—the more he struggled the more firmly the slender chain bound him.

At this sight the Æsir set up a loud shout of joy; for they saw their enemy conquered, and the danger that threatened Asgard averted. Only Tyr was silent, for in the struggle he had lost his hand.

Then Thor thrust his sword into the mouth of Fenrir, and a foaming dark flood burst forth, roared down the rock and under the lake, and began its course through the country a turbid[1] river. So it will roll on till Ragnarök[2] be come.

—A. AND E. KEARY.

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EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: assigned, prowling, sheltering, undermines, prime of his strength, fierceness and cruelty, whilst, placid, lair, smithy, strode, dusky, entreated, hero song, intervals, fiendish, mocking laugh, triumphantly, ponderous moulding, prowess, riveted, congratulate, fetters, council, shamefaced, valiantly, mighty and renowned, unwearied, perpetual, elves, continual merry chatter, wield, innumerable, clinking, elfin, remnant, Will-o'-the-wisp, rubies, emeralds, stowed, brilliantly-lighted, corpse-lights, tiers, illuminated, cunning-eyed, shrivelled, uncouth gesticulations, the great earth central fire, ceaselessly, brilliants, thistledown, atom, substances, lonely isle, defiantly, vied, averted.

2. Why did Odin love to see Tyr feeding Fenrir?

3. Why did the gods and goddesses have no fear of Fenrir?

4. How did it happen that Odin could notice his growth when the other gods could not?

5. For what purpose did Odin call a council of the gods?

6. What did Thor propose to do?

---

1. *Turbid* (tûr'bĭd). Muddy and dark.

2. *Ragnarök* (rȧg'nȧ-rûk'). The "Twilight of the Gods"; the final destruction of the world.

7. Why did the cloud not pass away from Odin's brow?
8. Describe the forging of the chain Laeding.
9. What notice did Fenrir take of what was going on?
10. Describe the first attempt at binding Fenrir.
11. What was the result of Thor's second attempt to bind Fenrir?
12. Tell of the speech that Frey made in the second council of the gods.
13. What did he advise them to do?
14. What was the condition of things in Alfheim?
15. Describe Skirnir's journey to Svartheim.
16. How was Svartheim lighted?
17. Describe the appearance of the dwarfs.
18. What attitude did they have toward Odin?
19. Tell of the sights that Skirnir saw in Svartheim.
20. Describe the chain that the chief of the dwarfs put into his hand.
21. What explanation did the Svart King make about the chain?
22. How did Bragi seek to rouse the pride of Fenrir?
23. Upon what condition did Fenrir allow himself to be bound?
24. What effect did the naming of this condition have upon the gods?
25. Who is the real hero of the story of "The Binding of Fenrir"?

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR

"THE Challenge of Thor" is the first of the series of poems comprising the Musician's Tale in the "Tales of the Wayside Inn." The Musician's Tale in full, "The Saga of King Olaf," deals with the conversion of the Northmen to Christianity under King Olaf. The time of the events is probably about 1000 A. D.

In "The Challenge of Thor," Thor, who represents the rule of force and might, is hurling defiance at Christianity, or the rule of love. Christianity makes progress, however, as the other poems recount, and in the last poem of the series Longfellow closes the tale of the conflict with the following verse:

"The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal!"

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR

I AM the God Thor,[1]
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness[2] and fortress,
Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,
Miölner[3] the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers[4]
Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets[5]
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off;
This is my girdle;[6]
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled!

---

1. *The God Thor* (thôr). The god of thunder, in Norway and Iceland the most worshipped of the gods.

2. *Fastness.* Stronghold.

3. *Miölner* (myûl'nĕr). The magic hammer which always returned to Thor's hand, no matter how far he cast it.

4. *Sorcerers* (sôr'sĕr-ĕrz). Workers of magic.

5. *Gauntlets* (gänt'lĕts). Gloves designed and made of material that will protect the hands from wounds. Thor's gauntlets were of iron.

6. *Girdle.* Belt.

The light[1] thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting[2] the nations!

Jove[3] is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder,
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!

Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth
Still is it Thor's-Day!

Thou art a God too,
O Galilean![4]
And thus single-handed
Unto the combat,
Gauntlet or Gospel,[5]
Here I defy thee!

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1. *The light.* The northern lights.

2. *Affrighting* (ă-frīt'ĭng). Terrifying; alarming.

3. *Jove.* The chief of the Roman gods, like Thor a god of war and might.

4. *Galilean* (găl'ĭ-lē'ăn). Christ.

5. *Gauntlet or Gospel.* The Gauntlet represents force; the Gospel represents love and Christianity.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: the War God, the Thunderer, Northland, fortress, reign, amid icebergs, wield, brace, beholdest, chariot, meekness, triumphant, single-handed, combat, defy.

2. Where was the home of Thor?

3. Why could the giants and sorcerers not withstand Thor's hammer?

4. What power lay in his girdle?

5. What is the light that Thor refers to in the fourth stanza?

6. How did Thor explain the lightning, the thunder, and the earthquake?

7. What did Thor think of the power of force as compared with the power of meekness?

8. What is meant by the combat between Gauntlet and Gospel? Which finally won?

JOHN GILPIN'S RIDE

WILLIAM COWPER (kōō'pẽr), the English poet, most noted for his long poem, "The Task," lived a life of almost continuous sadness. His extreme shyness caused him great misery in his early school life, when he spent days and days in agony because of his fear of a certain bully. And throughout his middle life and old age he was subject to fits of melancholy. He was a very religious man, and wrote many of the finest hymns that we find in our hymnals. He also loved to write of the beauty and quiet of country life.

However, with all his sadness and his seriousness, Cowper had a fine sense of humor, and there were occasions when he was bright and happy. One day in the summer of 1781 Lady Austen told him the story of the exciting ride of John Gilpin. Cowper was much amused at it, and that night even found himself unable to sleep from laughing about it. He arose from his bed and put the story into the form of a ballad. The picture of old John Gilpin clinging desperately to the neck of a runaway horse amused the people of England greatly, and from that time both John Gilpin and William Cowper were famous.

JOHN GILPIN'S RIDE

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown;[1]
A trainband captain[2] eke[3] was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse[4] said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair[5]
Unto the Bell at Edmonton[6]
All in a chaise and pair.[7]

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

---

1. *A citizen . . . renown* (rē-noun'). A citizen widely and favorably known.

2. *Trainband captain.* The captain of one of the bands or companies of trained citizen soldiers raised and supported in the counties and in London during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

3. *Eke* (ēk). Likewise; also.

4. *Spouse* (spouz). Wife.

5. *Repair.* Go.

6. *The Bell of Edmonton.* An inn at Edmonton, a suburb of London.

7. *Chaise and pair* (shāz). A pleasure carriage drawn by two horses.

"I am a linen draper[1] bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender[2]
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that[3] wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.[4]

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,[5]
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog[6]
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside[7] were mad.

---

1. *Linen draper.* A dealer in linen cloth.
2. *Calender* (kăl'ĕn-dĕr). One who presses cloth or paper between rolls to make it smooth.
3. *For that.* Because.
4. *Frugal mind.* A mind that thinks about saving.
5. *Stayed.* Stopped.
6. *Agog* (ȧ-gŏg'). Greatly interested; eager.
7. *Cheapside.* A market square in London.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had he
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence,[1] full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'T was long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."[2]

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

1. *Pence.* The plural of penny.
2. *Do exercise.* Take military training.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb[1] and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.[2]

---

1. *Curb.* A strap attached to the upper branches of a bit to restrain the horse by drawing against his lower jaw.

2. *Of running such a rig.* Of engaging in such a frolic.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
"'T is for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'T was wonderful to view
How in a trice[1] the turnpike-men[2]
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,

---

1. *Thrice.* A very short time; an instant.

2. *Turnpike-men.* Men who kept the toll gates on roads where travelers were required to pay for the use of the road.

Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted[1] been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington[2]
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash[3]
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife,
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired;"—
Said Gilpin, "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there!
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.[4]

---

1. *Basted.* Moistened with melted fat or butter as in cooking.
2. *Islington* (ĭz'lĭng-tŭn). A section of London.
3. *Wash.* A portion of ground sometimes covered by water from the sea or a river.
4. *Ware.* A market town in England, near London.

So like an arrow swift he flew
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell:
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise[1] he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come,
And, if I well forebode,[2]
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,[3]

1. *Guise* (gīz). Manner; fashion.
2. *Forebode* (fōr-bōd'). Foretell.
3. *In merry pin.* In merry or jolly mood.

Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'T was for your pleasure you came here;
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless[1] boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,

1. *Bootless.* Unavailing; useless.

And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting[1] down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;[2]

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;[3]
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted[4] steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

---

1. *Posting.* Traveling with speed; hasting.
2. *Half-a-crown.* An English coin worth about sixty cents.
3. *Amain.* With might; with full force.
4. *Frighted.* Frightened.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:[1]

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king!
And Gilpin, long live he!
And when he next doth ride abroad
May I be there to see!

—WILLIAM COWPER.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: citizen, twice ten tedious years, admire, womankind, quoth, furnished, bent, precious, thick and thin, flowing mane, saddletree, grieved him sore, leathern belt, trusty sword, stone bottles, balance, manfully, nimble steed, curb and rein, wig, dreamt, streamer, discern, bawl, twain, piteous, braced, dangling, gambols, trundling, balcony, spied, archer, amazed, trim, accosted, tidings, lumbering, scampering, toll-men, abroad.

2. Who was John Gilpin?

---

1. *Hue and cry.* In olden times when the cry of "Stop thief!" was raised, every citizen was obliged to join the pursuit.

3. How did Gilpin and his wife plan to celebrate their wedding?
4. Describe Mistress Gilpin's departure for the journey.
5. What was the cause of Gilpin's delay?
6. Describe John Gilpin as he looked when he finally started.
7. Describe Gilpin's passage through the town.
8. Explain, "He carries weight."
9. What does the action of the turnpike-men indicate as to Gilpin's speed?
10. Why did Gilpin not stop at the Bell of Edmonton?
11. Where did the horse stop?
12. What reason did Gilpin give the calender for coming?
13. Explain, "My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road."
14. What caused Gilpin's hasty departure from Ware?
15. What was the result of the postboy's attempt to stop Gilpin's steed?
16. Describe Gilpin's return.
17. Retell the story of John Gilpin's ride.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

In all history there is no name that carries with it more of kindness, self-sacrifice, and constant devotion to a high ideal than that of Florence Nightingale. The daughter of a wealthy landowner, pretty, well educated, with high social position, she turned from the ease and attraction of a fashionable life and devoted herself, even from early girlhood, to ministering to the needs of those less fortunate than herself. Perhaps she is best remembered for her magnificent work among the soldiers during the Crimean War, but this is only one of the many things she did to make the miserable of the earth happy and comfortable. She gave to England, and to the world, a new ideal of mercy—a working ideal.

The following story gives a view of the girlhood of Florence Nightingale in her home at Lea Hurst. It is easy to see in the young girl the fine spirit that made possible the noble work of her after life. We find her giving to flowers and to dumb animals the

same kind of merciful treatment with which she afterward blessed the unfortunate of all England.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

The Girl of Lea Hurst: 1820-1910

It was early summer-time in England, just when the hawthorn dons its wonderful veil of pink and white along the roadsides, when the lilac-bushes are bursting into purple blossom, and the soft turf beneath the stately oaks and beeches is thickly carpeted with daffodils. Then the sun has work to do, like any gardener. That spring he had done it well, for the girl who stood on the terrace of the splendid house of Lea Hurst thought she had never seen the hillsides and the valley and the far-circling moors[1] such a deep, rich, warm green before. This was a very beautiful part of English country, and the girl loved it better each time she came back to it from her other home in the south. It was the rolling romantic land of Derbyshire,[2] right in the heart of England. Through the valley below slipped the silver river Derwent,[3] a ribbon winding in and out among the hills. Beyond the nearest valley rose gently-sloping wooded heights and towering above them was the bold promontory called Crich Stand. On the other side were little hamlets nestling here and there in the rolling country, each with its knot of thatch-roofed cottages,[4] and each strung like a bead on the chain of a broad white road.

"Oh, but isn't it lovely, Max!" the girl exclaimed look-

1. *Moors* (mo͝orz). Extensive areas of waste sandy ground, usually marshy.

2. *Romantic land of Derbyshire* (dûr'bĭ-shēr). The shire or county of Derby is noted for its picturesque scenery, which suggests adventure and romance.

3. *Derwent* (dûr'wĕnt).

4. *Thatch-roofed cottages.* Cottages with roofs made of straw, long grass, rushes, reeds or the like.

ing down at an Ayrshire[1] terrier who was rubbing himself against a big earthenware jar that held a cluster of pink and purple fuchsias.[2]

The dog stopped rubbing and looked at the little lady above him. "Come along," she said; "we'll see what the garden's done."

Girl and dog raced around the house to the southern side. The gardens here sloped down in a series of wide terraces joined by stone steps. They lay radiant with colors in the sun. The girl stopped and drew a long breath of delight. Then she ran down the steps and bent above the flowers murmuring fond messages to each.

There were beds of peonies and wall-flowers, rainbow-tinted primulas[3] and pansies, delicate forget-me-nots and slender ladies-lilies, mignonette[4] and heliotropes[5] and irises, and border bushes of candytuft in bloom. They seemed like old friends to the girl; she knelt beside them and touched her face to theirs, and whispered how glad she was to be back with them again.

While she was so busied with the flowers two gentlemen came down the stone stairway that led from the library to the flagged terrace of Lea Hurst. "There's Florence," said one of the men to the other. "Give that little daughter of mine flowers or birds or animals of any sort to care for and she's as happy as the day is long."

The other man, who was the vicar[6] of the country church, smiled. "She ought to love such things. How

1. *Ayrshire* (âr'shĕr).
2. *Fuchsias* (fū'shȧz).
3. *Primulas* (prĭm'ū-lȧz).
4. *Mignonette* (mĭn'yŭn-ĕt').
5. *Heliotrope* (hē'lĭ-o-trōp).
6. *Vicar* (vĭk'ĕr). A clergyman who has charge of a church as the deputy of a bishop.

could a girl with the lovely name of Florence Nightingale do otherwise?"

They walked down the steps of the garden. The girl, hearing their voices, sprang up and ran to meet them. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you again, Mr. Ritchie!" she cried. "We've missed you so much all winter."

"And we have missed you, little lady bountiful," said the vicar. "Mrs. Ritchie will be glad to know you're back in Derbyshire."

"Are you riding home now?" Florence turned impulsively to her father. "Please, sir, may I ride over with him to take tea with Mrs. Ritchie at the vicarage?"[1]

"I'll see her safely home," said the clergyman.

Mr. Nightingale nodded. "Tell Sanders to saddle your pony, and bring him with Mr. Ritchie's horse to the door. I wish I could go too, but I've letters to write."

The girl ran to the stables, and a very little later she and the vicar were picking their way down the sloping drive of Lea Hurst to the valley of the winding Derwent. A short time and they were out upon the downs,[2] riding with loose reins, making the wide circle of a flight, instead of taking the short way. On every side spread the soft yellow-green reaches of the level uplands, flecked here and there with dark purple patches where clouds were floating across the light of the sun. On and on they went, the vicar on his big horse, Florence, her brown hair flying in the wind, near him on her fleet-footed moorland pony.

The downs were dotted with grazing sheep, and finally the riders came to a place where they found a shepherd, an old bent man, trying to collect his scattered herd by hobbling after them and calling in cracked tones to them.

1. *Vicarage* (vĭk'ẽr-âj). The residence of a vicar.

2. *Downs.* Open upland, often rolling and covered with fine grass.

He was working without success, the sheep only scattered farther.

The riders drew up and watched the old man's efforts. The vicar knew him. "Where's your dog, Roger?" he asked.

"The boys hereabouts have been throwing stones at him, sir," answered the shepherd, "and they've broken his leg, poor beast. He'll never be good for anything again and I'm thinking of putting an end to his misery."

"You mean poor old Cap's leg is broken?" asked Florence. "Oh, can't we do something for him, Roger? It's cruel to leave him all alone in his pain. Where is he?"

"You can't do any good, missy," said the old shepherd sorrowfully. "I'll just take a cord to him to-night—that'll be the best way to ease his pain. I left him lying in the shed over yonder."

Florence looked pleadingly at Mr. Ritchie. "Oh, can't we do something for poor Cap?" she begged.

The vicar, seeing the pity in her face, turned his horse towards the distant shed, but Florence, with a word to her pony, dashed past him. She reached the shed first. Dismounting she ran inside. In a corner lay the poor moaning sheep-dog. Florence knelt down on the mud floor, and with the greatest care not to hurt him touched his head with her soft hands and whispered soothing words to him until the dog lifted his big brown eyes and looked gratefully into her face.

The vicar had now come into the shed, and kneeling beside Florence he examined the dog's leg. After a few minutes he said, "The stone only cut it. The bone is not broken. A little careful nursing ought to put him all right again."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Florence. "I love nursing. What should I do first?"

"Well," said the vicar, smiling at the girl's interest, "I should advise a hot compress put on Cap's leg."

"What's a compress?" asked Florence.

"It's a bandage made of cloths wrung out of boiling water and laid on the wound," explained Mr. Ritchie.

Delighted at the thought of helping the poor dog the girl went out of the shed. Very near stood the shepherd's cottage, and lying on the grass in front of it was the shepherd's small boy. She went towards the cottage.

"Is your mother at home?" she asked the boy.

He shook his head.

"She's gone to Derby town," he said.

"Well, I want some boiling water," she explained. "Come help me," and without more ado she went into the cottage kitchen.

The boy helped her light a fire and they soon had the kettle boiling. Florence looked about for cloths for bandages, and saw the old shepherd's clean smock[1] hung up behind the door. "That's the very thing!" she exclaimed. "If I tear it up mamma'll give Roger another." So she took the smock and tore it into strips. Then she told the boy to bring the kettle and a basin, and went back to the shed.

With the help of the vicar Florence soon had the hot bandages placed on Cap's swollen leg. She sat beside him, whispering to him, and calmed him so that he scarcely stirred when she changed the wrappings. At length Mr. Ritchie thought she ought to be going home. "Oh, no," begged Florence. "I want to see him get better. A nurse oughtn't to leave her patient. The boy can take my pony and ride over and tell them where I am."

The boy departed with his message, and the little nurse

1. *Smock.* A coarse frock, or long overdress.

stayed with her charge, perfectly happy to be caring for him.

Shortly after sunset old Roger came sorrowfully to the shed. He had a rope in his hand because he thought his faithful friend would never be able to chase the sheep again. But as soon as he entered the shed Cap greeted him with a whine of pleasure, turned his head towards him, and tried to get on his feet.

The shepherd was very much astonished. "Deary me, missy," said he; "why, you've been doing wonders! I never thought to see the poor dog greet me again."

"Yes, doesn't he look better?" said Florence. "You can throw away that rope now, and help me make compresses."

"That I will, missy," agreed Roger heartily, and kneeling beside the girl and the dog he fell to work with the strips of cloth and the hot water.

The vicar stood up. "Yes, Roger," said he. "Miss Florence is quite right. Your dog will be able to walk again if you give him a little rest and care."

The shepherd was quite overjoyed at the contented look in Cap's eyes and at the thought that he was not to lose him. "I'm sure I can't thank your reverence and the young lady enough," said he, "and you may be sure, sir, I'll carry out the instructions."

"But I shall come again to-morrow, Roger," said Florence. "I know mamma will let me when I tell her about Cap. I want to look after him until he's running about again."

"I hope you will, missy," answered the grateful shepherd. "I hope you will."

Florence gave the dog a final caress and whispered in his ear that she would come again. Then she and the vicar left the shed. The boy had come back with her

pony, and she mounted and was soon flying back across the moors to Lea Hurst.

There were two girls at the manor house,[1] Florence and Frances, and they were so nearly of an age that they studied and played together. They both loved flowers and animals, and each had her own garden and her own particular pets. But Florence's heart was always touched by the poor beast or bird that had been hurt and had no one to care for it, and by the roadside wild flowers which had a hard time to escape cart-wheels and the seedlings which had been blown to bare and rocky soil. Mr. Nightingale soon saw that this daughter was a born gardener. When the day's lessons were over she would pick up her little basket, which held a trowel, gardener's scissors, a water-bottle, and a bundle of sharpened sticks, and hasten out-of-doors. Sometimes he would follow her at a distance, and watch her in the corner of a meadow digging up weeds that grew about the cowslips, or watering a little clump of daffodils that were trying to hold up their heads in the shade of a tree. Often she went far afield, outside the gardens and meadows of Lea Hurst, where the hedges and the flowers were not so well cared for, and here she found plenty of work to do, propping up bruised plants, watering faded ones, and protecting others from the careless cattle. Sometimes she found new flowers, and transplanted some of them to her own garden at home, sometimes she found just the place where she thought lilies or marigolds ought to grow and there she would plant and tend her charges so that another summer should find them blooming. At home in the evenings her father told her much about flowers, and encouraged her to do all she

1. *Manor house* (măn'ẽr). The house of the lord of a manor, or estate having a number of tenants.

could to search for old garden flowers which were growing scarce in Derbyshire and to cultivate them, to plant hardy blooms in waste places, to care for wild flowers and to mend broken hedges. Besides her own formal garden on the terraced slopes of Lea Hurst she soon had a dozen wild gardens scattered through the fields and half a hundred little flower beds which she visited regularly.

She loved the birds and the animals as much as her flowers. "Florence was born a nurse," said Mr. Nightingale to his wife. "I found her yesterday making a nest in a bush for a robin that had broken a wing. I dare say she intends to try to feed it."

So she did; whenever she found a bird that was hurt, a dog that was lame, any creature that was suffering she took the care of it to herself, and invented ways by which it might be cured. The family called her "The Little Sister of Mercy," and her father gave her a place in one of the greenhouses for a hospital where she might look after her invalid birds and dogs.

The Squire, as Mr. Nightingale was called, took a great interest in the village that lay at the foot of the slope that was topped by Lea Hurst. With his wife and two daughters he was continually planning picnics for the children, and throwing open the gates of his beautiful manor to them and to all the neighbors. He loved to have them all share in his delight at the exquisite[1] gardens, the perfect velvet lawns, the thick and well-kept hedges of yew and box,[2] and the stalwart old shade-trees that had been the glory of the place for many decades. The great event of the summer was the children's "feast day," when all the

1. *Exquisite* (ĕks'kwĭ-zĭt). Elegantly arranged.

2. *Hedges of yew and box.* The yew is a large European cone-bearing tree of dark green foliage. The box is a small evergreen shrub. They are both used extensively in hedges and cemeteries.

boys and girls met at the schoolhouse and marched in a procession to Lea Hurst, the girls with big bouquets, or "posies" as they called them, in their hands, and the boys with sticks wound with flowers like small May-poles carried over their shoulders. The Squire always ordered a band, and this headed the merry march which swept out of the village and trudged up the hill to the great gates of the manor. There the children found tables waiting for them on the lawn, and they had only to camp there to be served with strawberries and cream and cakes and tea like real grown-up guests. After this high tea the band played and the children danced over the lawn and on the floor of a great tent Mr. Nightingale had set up in the garden. The Squire's two daughters were continually inventing new games and leading in all the fun, and at the same time keeping a watchful eye for the smaller children who might tire easily. When the long summer twilight began to fade and the rich purple clouds to gather over the still valley of the Derwent the band struck up a triumphal march and the children formed in line again and trooped up to the top terrace of the lawn. Here stood Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale to say good-night, and as each guest went by Florence or Frances gave them a present from a long table on the terrace. Then each girl would bob a curtsey and each boy make a bow, and march on down the hill after the stirring band. So the "feast day" would come to a successful close, and the lord of the manor entertain his neighbors as was the good old English custom.

It did not take long for the people who lived near Lea Hurst in Derbyshire or in the neighborhood of Embley Park in Hampshire,[1] where the Nightingales spent the autumns and winters, to lose their hearts to "Miss Flor-

1. *Hampshire.* A shire or county on the southern coast of England.

ence" as they called her. If any one was sick or in trouble there "Miss Florence" went, carrying flowers or fruit or a present of some sort with her, but always with the greater gifts of her happy smile, soft voice, and gentle loving touch. The old people at the windows waved their hands to her as she drove down with her mother to Cromford Church, and smiled at the sight of the slender girl, dressed in a light summer muslin, with a silk shawl across her breast, her sweet face with the soft brown hair smoothed down each side it beaming from the depths of a yellow Leghorn bonnet wreathed with roses.

The Squire's daughter Florence came to be a very "Lady of Grace" to the poor of the Derwent valley. She would ride her pony over the heath to lonely cottages with a basket at her saddle-bow filled with puddings and jellies, or carrying an armful of primroses and bluebells to some delicate woman or girl who longed for the wild flowers of the fields and hedgerows but could not go to them.

Everything about this girl was sunny. She had been born in the beautiful Italian city of Florence, the city of flowers, and had been named for it, and it seemed as though she had inherited that city's love of blossoms. Her gardens and the opportunity she had to nurse stricken pets were the chief joys of her childhood, and they were joys which grew as she grew up.

There were few good nurses in England in that day, and no schools where they could be taught. Florence Nightingale met a remarkable Quaker woman named Elizabeth Fry, who was trying to help women who were in prison. Together they visited many English hospitals and studied the methods of nursing. These methods were of the poorest, most useless sort.

At Kaiserwerth on the Rhine[1] in Germany a school for nurses had just been started, and there Florence Nightingale went to study. She learned a great deal and returned home to teach others. After a time England went to war with Russia in the Crimea[2] in Eastern Europe, and Miss Nightingale knew that many of the soldiers would lay down their lives there for want of proper nursing in the military hospitals. She felt that this was her call to service and she offered to take a band of women nurses out to the Crimea to serve through the war.

Before the war had ended Florence Nightingale had come to be as beloved by the British soldiers as the little girl of Lea Hurst had been by her father's neighbors. She was a wonderful nurse, because she was always full of courage and cheerfulness, never tiring, never shirking any labor that would ease suffering. Thousands of wounded men watched for her to pass by their beds in the hospitals, and declared they were better just for the sight of her face or the sound of her voice. She often took charge of men whose wounds the doctors had declared beyond curing and brought them back to health by her tireless care and patience.

After a time she fell ill of cholera herself and all England waited for news from her bedside. She recovered and was taken home. She went back to Lea Hurst and rested there while the whole country called her blessed. When the war was over she returned to the London hospitals, and continued the labors which were the great joy of her life.

The story of the work of this woman who tended the

1. *Kaiserwerth on the Rhine* (kī'zĕr-vĕrt). A town in the Rhine Province, Prussia, twenty-seven miles northwest of Cologne.

2. *England . . . in the Crimea* (krĭ-mē'ȧ). The Crimean War (1854-1856) took its name from the Crimea, a peninsula between the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov.

sick and the poor is one of the most beautiful in history. She asked nothing but the chance to serve, and thereby won the love of all the world. To tend her flowers, to nurse the sick, were the dearest wishes of the girl of Lea Hurst Manor and of the woman we know as Florence Nightingale. —RUPERT S. HOLLAND.

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EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: hawthorn, turf, daffodils, terrace, far-circling moors, romantic, promontory, hamlets, fuchsias, primulas, ladies-lilies, flagged, impulsively, vicarage, downs, flecked, fleet-footed, hobbling, hereabouts, compress, heartily, seedlings, cowslips, transplanted, exquisite, stalwart, trudged, triumphal march, bob a curtsey, good old English custom, heath, stricken.
2. Describe the home of Florence Nightingale.
3. How did she treat the flowers that she cared for?
4. Why did the vicar call her "little lady bountiful"?
5. Describe the country through which she and the vicar rode.
6. How did Florence receive the news of the accident to old Cap?
7. Tell how she set about to nurse old Cap.
8. What does Florence's kindness to old Cap show about her character?
9. What did Roger mean by, "I'll just take a cord to him to-night"?
10. Describe Florence's work with garden flowers.
11. How did she earn the title of "The Little Sister of Mercy"?
12. Describe the parties given by Mr. Nightingale.
13. How did Florence treat the poor people of the neighborhood?
14. What caused her to become interested in nursing?
15. Describe her work in the Crimea.
16. What caused Florence Nightingale to be the most beloved of English women?
17. What was the most worthy quality of her character?
18. What happiness did she get out of life?

THE HERITAGE

WHETHER it is luckier to be born rich or poor is a question that is always bothering us. If we are poor—and most of us are—we are constantly thinking about the many advantages of the boy or girl in the home of wealth. And if we are wealthy we are often led to doubt whether our inheritances are real, true blessings.

In the following poem James Russell Lowell shows us how those things that seem to be blessings often turn out to be very poor heritages, and also how those things which we complain of most are true blessings in disguise. He also shows that there are some things worth being rich for and other things worth being poor for. In reading this poem one should be careful not to make up one's mind about the matter too soon.

THE HERITAGE[1]

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce[2] would wish to hold in fee.[3]

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,[4]
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;[5]

1. *Heritage* (hĕr'ĭ-tāj). That which is inherited; the lot or condition into which one is born.

2. *Scarce* (skârs). Hardly.

3. *Hold in fee.* Possess.

4. *Bubble shares.* Shares of stock are likely to vary greatly in value from time to time.

5. *Serve his turn.* Meet his demands or requirements.

A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy[1] heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens soft white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state,[2]
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;[3]

1. *Sinewy* (sĭn'ū-ĭ). Strong; firm.
2. *State.* Condition.
3. *Benign* (bē-nīn'). Kindly; wholesome.

A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

—James Russell Lowell.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: heritage, inherits, hold in fee, hardy frame, fellow-feeling, the outcast, large charity, whitens, weariness, benign.

2. What desirable things does the rich man's son inherit?

3. Explain, "piles of brick, and stone, and gold."

4. What undesirable things does the rich man's son inherit?

5. What desirable things does the poor man's son inherit?

6. Explain, "king of two hands."

7. Explain, "there is a toil, that with all others level stands."

8. What does the author think is "worth being rich to hold in fee"?

9. What does he say is "worth being poor to hold in fee"?

10. What are the advantages of being rich? The advantages of being poor?

11. What does this poem show about riches and poverty?

THE YOUTH OF LINCOLN

Many boys and girls in America worry too much because they do not have the advantages that some other boys and girls have. If they knew more about the youth of Abraham Lincoln they would pay less attention to advantages and put more emphasis on character. Everybody in America needs to know more about Abraham Lincoln's life, especially that part of it that was spent in poverty and struggle.

Every American has a right to rejoice in the fact that the greatest of all Americans came from the most humble home, and that he succeeded because he had noble ideals and a sterling character. We may well be proud of a country that reserves her highest honors for such a man.

THE YOUTH OF LINCOLN

He was long; he was strong; he was wiry. He was never sick, was always good-natured, never a bully, always a friend of the weak, the small and the unprotected. He must have been a funny-looking boy. His skin was sallow, and his hair was black. He wore a linsey-woolsey[1] shirt, buckskin breeches, a coonskin cap, and heavy "clumps" of shoes. He grew so fast that his breeches never came down to the tops of his shoes, and, instead of stockings, you could always see "twelve inches of shinbones," sharp, blue, and narrow. He laughed much, was always ready to give and take jokes and hard knocks, had a squeaky, changing voice, a small head, big ears—and was always what Thackeray[2] called "a gentle-man." Such was Abraham Lincoln at fifteen.

He was never cruel, mean, or unkind. His first composition was on cruelty to animals, written because he had tried to make the other boys stop "teasin' tarrypins"—that is, catching turtles and putting hot coals on their backs just to make them move along lively. He had to work hard at home; for his father would not, and things needed to be attended to if "the place" was to be kept from dropping to pieces.

He became a great reader. He read every book and newspaper he could get hold of, and if he came across anything in his reading that he wished to remember he would copy it on a shingle, because writing paper was scarce, and either learn it by heart or hide the shingle away until he could get some paper to copy it on. His father thought he read too much. "It will spile him for work," he said. "He don't do half enough about the place, as it is, now,

1. *Linsey-woolsey* (lĭn'zĭ-wo͝o'zĭ). A coarse cloth with linen warp and woolen filling.

2. *Thackeray* (thăk'ĕr-ĭ). An English novelist.

and books and papers ain't no good." But Abraham, with all his reading, did more work than his father any day; his stepmother, too, took his side and at last got her husband to let the boy read and study at home. "Abe was a good son to me," she said, many many years after, "and we took particular care when he was reading not to disturb him. We would just let him read on and on till he quit of his own accord."

The boy kept a sort of shingle scrap-book; he kept a paper scrap-book, too. Into these he would put whatever he cared to keep—poetry, history, funny sayings, fine passages. He had a scrap-book for his arithmetic "sums," too, and one of these is still in existence with this boyish rhyme in a boyish scrawl,[1] underneath one of his tables of weights and measures:

Abraham Lincoln
his hand and pen
he will be good but
god knows when.

God did know when; and that boy, all unconsciously,[2] was working toward the day when his hand and pen were to do more for humanity than any other hand or pen of modern times.

Lamps and candles were almost unknown in his home, and Abraham, flat on his stomach, would often do his reading, writing, and ciphering[3] in the firelight, as it flashed and flickered on the big hearth of his log-cabin home. An older cousin, John Hanks, who lived for a while with the Lincolns, says that when "Abe," as he always called the great President, would come home, as a boy, from his work, he would go to the cupboard, take a piece of corn

1. *Scrawl* (skrôl). Awkward, ill-formed writing.

2. *All unconsciously* (ŭn-kŏn'shŭs-lĭ). Without knowing what he was doing.

3. *Ciphering* (sī'fẽr-ĭng). Figuring; arithmetic.

bread for his supper, sit down on a chair, stretch out his long legs until they were higher than his head—and read, and read, and read. "Abe and I," said John Hanks, "worked barefoot; grubbed it,[1] ploughed it, mowed and cradled it; ploughed corn, gathered corn, and shucked corn, and Abe read constantly whenever he could get a chance."

One day Abraham found that a man for whom he sometimes worked owned a copy of Weems's "Life of Washington."[2] This was a famous book in its day. Abraham borrowed it at once. When he was not reading it, he put it away on a shelf—a clapboard resting on wooden pins. There was a big crack between the logs, behind the shelf, and one rainy day the "Life of Washington" fell into the crack and was soaked almost into pulp. Old Mr. Crawford, from whom Abraham borrowed the book, was a cross, cranky, and sour old fellow, and when the boy told him of the accident he said Abraham must "work the book out."

The boy agreed, and the old farmer kept him so strictly to his promise that he made him "pull fodder" for the cattle three days, as payment for the book! And that is the way that Abraham Lincoln bought his first book. For he dried the copy of Weems's "Life of Washington" and put it in his "library." But what boy or girl of to-day would like to buy books at such a price?

This was the boy-life of Abraham Lincoln. It was a life of poverty, privation,[3] hard work, little play, and less money. The boy did not love work. But he worked. His father was rough and often harsh and hard to him,

1. *Grubbed it.* Dug out roots and stumps.

2. *Weems's "Life of Washington."* The "Life of Washington," by Mason Locke Weems (1760-1825), was one time very popular.

3. *Privation* (prī-vā'shŭn). Want; lack of the common necessities of life.

and what Abraham learned was by making the most of his spare time. He was inquisitive, active, and hardy, and, in his comfortless boyhood, he was learning lessons of self-denial, independence, pluck, shrewdness, kindness, and persistence.[1]

In the spring of 1830, there was another "moving time" for the Lincolns. The corn and the cattle, the farm and its hogs were all sold at public "vandoo,"[2] or auction, at low figures; and with all their household goods on a big "ironed" wagon[3] drawn by four oxen, the three related families of Hanks, Hall and Lincoln, thirteen in all, pushed on through the mud and across rivers, high from the spring freshets, out of Indiana, into Illinois.

Abraham held the "gad" and guided the oxen. He carried with him, also, a little stock of pins, needles, thread, and buttons. These he peddled along the way; and, at last, after fifteen days of slow travel, the emigrants came to the spot picked out for a home. This time it was on a small bluff on the north fork of the Sangamon River,[4] ten miles west of the town of Decatur. The usual log house was built; the boys, with the oxen, "broke up," or cleared, fifteen acres of land, and split enough rails to fence it in. Abraham could swing his broad-axe better than any man or boy in the West; at one stroke he could bury the axe-blade to the haft,[5] in a log, and he was already famous as an expert rail-splitter.

By the time his people were settled in their new home, Abraham Lincoln was twenty-one. He was "of age"—

1. *Persistence* (pĕr-sĭs'tĕns). Determination to keep at a task until it is completed.

2. *"Vandoo."* Vendue, a public sale or auction.

3. *"Ironed" wagon.* A wagon with iron tires.

4. *Sangamon River* (săŋ'gȧ-mŏn). A small river in central Illinois.

5. *Haft.* Handle.

he was a man! By the law of the land he was freed from his father's control; he could shift for himself, and he determined to do so. This did not mean that he disliked his father. It simply meant that he had no intention of following his father's example. Thomas Lincoln had demanded all the work and all the wages his son could earn or do, and Abraham felt that he could not have a fair chance to accomplish anything or get ahead in the world if he continued living with this shiftless, never-satisfied, do-nothing man.

So he struck out for himself. In the summer of 1830, Abraham left home and hired out on his own account, wherever he could get a job in the new country into which he had come. In that region of big farms and no fences, these latter were needed, and Abraham Lincoln's stalwart[1] arm and well-swung axe came well into play, cutting up logs for fences. He was what was called in that western country a "rail-splitter." Indeed, one of the first things he did when he struck out for himself was to split four hundred rails for every yard of "blue jeans" necessary to make him a pair of trousers. From which it will be seen that work was easier to get than clothes.

He soon became as much of a favorite in Illinois as he had been in Indiana. Other work came to him, and in 1831, he "hired out" with a man named Offutt to help sail a flat-boat down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Mr. Offutt had heard that "Abe Lincoln" was a good river-hand, strong, steady, honest, reliable, accustomed to boating, and that he had already made one trip down the river. So he engaged young Lincoln at what seemed to the young rail-splitter princely wages—fifty cents a day, and a third

1. *Stalwart* (stôl'wĕrt). Strong of muscle; brawny.

share in the sixty dollars which was to be divided among the three boatmen at the end of the trip.

They built the flat-boat at a saw mill near a place called Sangamon town, "Abe" serving as cook of the camp while the boat was being built. Then, loading the craft with barrel-pork, hogs, and corn, they started on their voyage south. At a place called New Salem the flat-boat ran aground; but Lincoln's ingenuity[1] got it off. He rigged up a queer contrivance of his own invention and lifted the boat off and over the obstruction, while all New Salem stood on the bank, first to criticise and then to applaud.

Just what this invention was I cannot explain. But if you ever go into the patent office at Washington, ask to see Abraham Lincoln's patent for transporting river boats over snags and shoals. The wooden model is there; for, so pleased was Lincoln with the success that he thought seriously of becoming an inventor, and his first design was the patent granted to him in 1849, the idea for which grew out of this successful floating of Offutt's flat-boat over the river snags at New Salem nineteen years before.

Once again he visited New Orleans, returning home, as before, by steamboat. That voyage is remarkable, because it first opened young Lincoln's eyes to the enormity[2] of African slavery. Of course, he had seen slaves before; but the sight of a slave sale in the old market place of New Orleans seems to have aroused his anger and given him an intense hatred of slave-holding. He, himself, declared, years after, that it was that visit to New Orleans, that had set him so strongly against slavery.

There is a story told by one of his companions that Lincoln looked for a while upon the dreadful scenes of the slave market and then, turning away, said excitedly,

1. *Ingenuity* (ĭn'jē-nū'ĭ-tĭ). Skill; inventive power.
2. *Enormity* (ē-nôr'mĭ-tĭ). Wickedness; awfulness.

"Come away, boys! If I ever get a chance, some day, to hit that thing"—and he flung his long arm toward the dreadful auction block—"I'll hit it hard."

Soon after he returned from his flat-boat trip to New Orleans he had an opportunity to show that he could not and would not stand what is termed "foul play." The same Mr. Offutt who had hired Lincoln to be one of his flat-boat "boys," gave him another opportunity for work. Offutt was what is called in the West a "hustler;" he had lots of "great ideas" and plans for making money; and, among his numerous enterprises, was one to open a county store and mill at New Salem—the very same village on the Sangamon where, by his "patent invention," Lincoln had lifted the flat-boat off the snags.

Mr. Offutt had taken a great fancy to Lincoln, and offered him a place as clerk in the New Salem store. The young fellow jumped at the chance. It seemed to him quite an improvement on being a farm-hand, a flat-boat-man, or a rail-splitter. It was, indeed, a step upward; for it gave him better opportunities for self-instruction and more chances for getting ahead.

Offutt's store was a favorite "loafing place" for the New Salem boys and young men. Among these, were some of the roughest fellows in the settlement. They were known as the "Clary Grove Boys," and they were always ready for a fight, in which they would, sometimes, prove themselves to be bullies and tormentors. When, therefore, Offutt began to brag about his new clerk the Clary Grove Boys made fun at him; whereupon the store-keeper cried: "What's that? You can throw him? Well, I reckon not; Abe Lincoln can out-run, out-walk, out-rassle, knock out, and throw down any man in Sangamon County." This was too much for the Clary Grove Boys. They took up Offutt's challenge, and, against "Abe," set

up, as their champion and "best man," one Jack Armstrong.

All this was done without Lincoln's knowledge. He had no desire to get into a row with anyone—least of all with the bullies who made up the Clary Grove Boys.

"I won't do it," he said, when Offutt told him of the proposed wrestling match. "I never tussle and scuffle, and I will not. I don't like this wooling and pulling."

"Don't let them call you a coward, Abe," said Offutt.

Of course, you know what the end would be to such an affair. Nobody likes to be called a coward—especially when he knows he is not one. So, at last, Lincoln consented to "rassle" with Jack Armstrong. They met, with all the boys as spectators. They wrestled, and tugged, and clenched, but without result. Both young fellows were equally matched in strength. "It's no use, Jack," Lincoln at last declared. "Let's quit. You can't throw me, and I can't throw you. That's enough."

With that, all Jack's backers began to cry "coward!" and urged on the champion to another tussle. Jack Armstrong was now determined to win, by fair means or foul. He tried the latter, and, contrary to all rules of wrestling began to kick and trip, while his supporters stood ready to help, if need be, by breaking in with a regular free fight. This "foul play" roused the lion in Lincoln. He hated unfairness, and at once resented it. He suddenly put forth his Samson-like strength, grabbed the champion of the Clary Grove Boys by the throat, and, lifting him from the ground, held him at arm's length and shook him as a dog shakes a rat. Then he flung him to the ground, and, facing the amazed and yelling crowd, he cried: "You cowards! You know I don't want to fight; but if you try any such games, I'll tackle the whole lot of you. I've won the fight."

He had. From that day, no man in all that region dared to "tackle" young Lincoln, or to taunt him with cowardice. And Jack Armstrong was his devoted friend and admirer.

I have told you more, perhaps, of the famous fight than I ought—not because it was a fight, but because it gives you a glimpse of Abraham Lincoln's character. He disliked rows; he was too kind-hearted and good-natured to wish to quarrel with any one; but he hated unfairness, and was enraged at anything like persecution[1] or bullying. If you will look up Shakespeare's play of "Hamlet" you will see that Lincoln was ready to act upon the advice that old Polonius[2] gave to his son Laertes:[3]

> "Beware
> Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
> Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee."

He became quite a man in that little community. As a clerk he was obliging and strictly honest. He was the judge and the settler of all disputes, and none thought of combating his decisions. He was the village peacemaker. He hated profanity, drunkenness, and unkindness to women. He was feared and respected by all, and even the Clary Grove Boys declared, at last, that he was "the cleverest feller that ever broke into the settlement."

All the time, too, he was trying to improve himself. He liked to sit around and talk and tell stories, just the same as ever; but he saw this was not the way to get on in the world. He worked, whenever he had the chance, outside of his store duties; and once, when trade was dull and hands were short in the clearing, he "turned to" and

1. *Persecution* (pûr'sē-kū'shŭn). Continued tormenting.
2. *Polonius* (pō-lō'nĭ-ŭs).
3. *Laertes* (lā-ûr'tēz).

split enough logs into rails to make a pen for a thousand hogs.

When he was not at work he devoted himself to his books. He could "read, write, and cipher"—this was more education than most men about him possessed; but he hoped, some day, to go before the public; to do this, he knew he must speak and write correctly. He talked to the village schoolmaster, who advised him to study English grammar.

"Well, if I had a grammar," said Lincoln, "I'd begin now. Have you got one?"

The schoolmaster had no grammar; but he told "Abe" of a man, six miles off, who owned one. Thereupon, Lincoln started upon the run to borrow that grammar. He brought it back so quickly that the schoolmaster was astonished. Then he set to work to learn the "rules and exceptions." He studied that grammar, stretched full length on the store-counter, or under a tree outside the store, or at night before a blazing fire of shavings in the cooper's shop. And soon, he had mastered it. He borrowed every book in New Salem; he made the schoolmaster give him lessons in the store; he button-holed[1] every stranger that came into the place "who looked as though he knew anything;" until, at last, every one in New Salem was ready to echo Offutt's boast that "Abe Lincoln" knew more than any man "in these United States." One day, in the bottom of an old barrel of trash, he made a splendid "find." It was two old law books. He read and re-read them, got all the sense and argument out of their dry pages, blossomed into a debater, began to dream of being a lawyer, and became so skilled in seeing through and settling knotty questions that, once again, New Salem wondered at this clerk of Offutt's, who was

1. *Button-holed.* Interviewed; talked to privately.

as long of head as of arms and legs, and declared that "Abe Lincoln could out-argue any ten men in the settlement."

In all the history of America there has been no man who started lower and climbed higher than Abraham Lincoln, the backwoods boy. He never "slipped back." He always kept going ahead. He broadened his mind, enlarged his outlook, and led his companions rather than let them lead him. He was jolly company, good-natured, kind-hearted, fond of jokes and stories and a good time generally; but he was the champion of the weak, the friend of the friendless, as true a knight and as full of chivalry[1] as any one of the heroes in armor of whom you read in "Ivanhoe" or "The Talisman." He never cheated, never lied, never took an unfair advantage of anyone; but he was ambitious, strong-willed, a bold fighter and a tough adversary[2]—a fellow who would never "say die;" and who, therefore, succeeded.

—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

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EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: wiry, good-natured, buckskin breeches, squeaky, lively, accord, scrap-book, flickered, pulp, inquisitive, self-denial, spring freshets, emigrants, broad-axe, shiftless, blue jeans, princely wages, rigged up a queer contrivance, slave-holding, excitedly, self-instruction, wooling and pulling, unfairness, tackle, obliging, village schoolmaster, find, blossomed, strong-willed.

2. Describe Abraham Lincoln as he was at fifteen.

3. What were his most prominent habits?

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1. *Chivalry* (shĭv'ăl-rĭ). The spirit of knighthood; honor and respect for religion, womankind, and truth.

2. *Adversary* (ăd'vĕr-sā-rĭ). Opponent; foe.

4. Tell the story of Lincoln and the "Life of Washington."
5. Describe the trip from Indiana to Illinois.
6. Tell of Lincoln's experiences as a boatman.
7. What effect has his trip down the river had upon the history of his country?
8. Describe Lincoln's encounter with the Clary Grove Boys.
9. What did this fight show about Lincoln's character?
10. Why was he so well liked by the people of his community?
11. Why did he become a popular settler of disputes?
12. What made Lincoln so eager to learn grammar?
13. How did he happen to turn to the study of law?
14. What qualities in Lincoln's character caused him to become great?

I HAVE A RIGHT

WE are greatly interested in our rights—much more than we should be, no doubt. It is more pleasant and convenient to think about the things that should come our way than it is to consider the things that we should do for others. However, if we may believe a story told by Miss Jean Ingelow, the famous English poet, there was once a man who was greatly interested in some very peculiar rights that he insisted upon. It will doubtless do all of us good to read the story, "I Have a Right," just to see whether we have any rights similar to those that Bryce insisted he had.

I HAVE A RIGHT

Now, it being an acknowledged thing, my dear friends, that we have rights, and that we like to have these facts well known to all whom it may concern—how glad you will be if I can point out to you certain rights which some of you have scarcely considered at all. I have met with numbers of worshipful[1] old gentlemen, industrious young workmen, and women of all degrees, who knew well how to use our favorite phrase in its common vulgar[2] sense;

1. *Worshipful.* Honored; worthy of worship.
2. *Vulgar.* Unrefined; lacking in culture.

but I knew a worshipful old baker, in an old country town, who used it oftener than any of them. To hear him hold forth about his rights did one's heart good, and made one proud of one's country. Everybody else's rights appeared flat and tame compared with his, and the best of it was, that no one was ever heard to dispute them.

Dear old man, he is dead now, but some of his rights survive him.

Bryce was working for a baker in the village near which my grandfather lived. His master died suddenly, leaving a widow and nine children. Bryce was an enterprising young man, and had been thinking of setting up for himself. My grandfather, however, heard that after his master's death he gave up this wish, and continued to work at his former wages, trying to keep the business together for the widow. Happening to meet him, he asked him if this report were true.

"Why, yes, sir," said Bryce; "you see nobody else would manage everything for her without a share of the profits; and nine children—what a tug[1] they are! so as I have nobody belonging to me—nobody that has any claim on me—"

"But I thought you wanted to set up for yourself?"

"And so I did, sir; and if I'd a wife and family, I'd make a push to get on for their sakes,—but I've none; and so, as I can live on what I get, and hurt nobody by it, *'I have a right'* to help her, poor soul, as I've a mind to."

Soon after this the widow took to dressmaking, and did so well that she wanted no help from Bryce, who now set up for himself, and borrowed a sum of money from my grandfather to begin with. At first he was so poor, and the weekly profits were so small, that he requested my grandfather to receive the trifle of interest monthly, and

1. *Tug.* Load; burden.

for the first two months he said it "completely cleared him out" to pay it. My grandfather was, therefore, rather surprised one Saturday evening, as he sauntered[1] down the village street, to see four decrepit[2] old people hobbling down the steps of his shop, each carrying a good-sized loaf, and loudly praising the generosity of Mr. Bryce. The sun was just setting, and cast a ruddy[3] glow on the young baker's face as he stood leaning against the post of his door, but he started with some confusion when he saw my grandfather, and hastily asked him to enter his shop. "I reckon you are surprised, sir," he said, "to see me giving away bread before I've paid my debt; but just look round, sir. Those four loaves were all I had left, except what I can eat myself, and they were stale; so think what they'd have been by Monday morning!"

"I don't wish to interfere with your charities," said my grandfather.

"But, sir," said Bryce, "I want you to see that I'm as eager to pay off that money as I can be; but people won't buy stale bread—they won't, indeed; and so I thought *I had a right* to give away those four loaves, being they were left upon my hands."

"I think so too," said my grandfather, who was then quite a young man, "and I shall think so next Saturday and the Saturday after."

"Thank you, sir, I'm sure," said the baker.

In course of time the debt was paid, though almost every Saturday those old people hobbled from the door. And now Mr. Bryce's rights were found to increase with his business and enlarge with his family.

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1. *Sauntered* (sän'tẽrd).
2. *Decrepit* (dẽ-krĕp'ĭt). Broken down with age.
3. *Ruddy* (rŭd'ĭ).

First he had only *a right* to give away the stale loaves, "being he was in debt." Then *he had a right* to give away all that was left, "being he was out of debt." While he was single, *he had a right* to bake dinners for nothing, "being he had no family to save for." When he was married, *he had a right* to consider the poor, "being, as he was, so prosperous as to have enough for his own, and something over." When he had ten children, business still increasing, he found out that *he had a right* to adopt his wife's little niece, "For, bless you sir," he observed, "I've such a lot of my own, that a pudding that serves for ten shares serves for eleven just as well. And, as for schooling, I wouldn't think of it, if my boys and girls were not as good scholars as I'd wish to see; for I spare nothing for their learning—but being they are, and money still in the till, why, *I've a right* to let this little one share. In fact, when a man has earned a jolly hot dinner for his family every day, and seen 'em say their grace over it, *he has a right* to give what they leave on't[1] to the needy, especially if his wife's agreeable."

And so Mr. Bryce, the baker, went on prospering and finding out new rights to keep pace with his prosperity. In due time his many sons and daughters grew up; the latter married, and the former were placed out in life. Finally, after a long and happy life, Mr. Bryce, the baker, died, and in his will, after leaving £500[2] apiece to all his sons and daughters, he concluded his bequests with this characteristic sentence:—

"And, my dear children, by the blessing of God, having put you out well in life, and left you all handsome,[3] I feel

1. *On't.* On it.

2. *£500.* Five hundred pounds, about twenty-five hundred dollars.

3. *Handsome.* Well provided for.

(especially as I have the hearty consent of you all) that I have a right to leave the rest of my property, namely £700, for the use of those that want it. First, the village of D———— being very much in want of good water, I leave £400, the estimated cost, for digging a well, and making a pump over it, the same to be free to all; and the interest of the remainder I leave to be spent in blankets every winter, and given away to the most destitute widows and orphans in the parish."

So the well was dug, and the pump was made; and as long as the village lasts, opposite his own shop door, the sparkling water will gush out; the village mothers will gossip as they fill their buckets there; the village fathers will cool their sunburnt foreheads there, and the village children will put their ears to it and listen to its purling down below; a witness to the rights, and a proof of how his rights were used by Bryce the baker.

—JEAN INGELOW.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: acknowledged, concern, scarcely, industrious, all degrees, flat and tame, dispute, survive, enterprising, setting up for himself, trifle, hobbling, generosity, confusion, stale, interfere, charities, consider, prosperous, observed, say their grace, agreeable, concluded his bequests, characteristic, estimated, destitute, sparkling, gush, gossip, purling.
2. Why do people like to boast of their rights?
3. What was the first right Bryce claimed for himself?
4. Why was he confused when the four decrepit old people were discovered leaving his shop with loaves of bread?
5. How did he defend his right to give to these old people?
6. What additional right did he claim when his debts were paid?
7. How did his rights grow as he became wealthier?
8. What caused his rights to increase in number?
9. What disposition did Bryce make of his property at death?
10. How did he explain his right in this case?
11. Have you any rights that you have been overlooking?

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MEN

ROBIN HOOD, the most famous of English outlaws, was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, England, in 1160. He was supposed to have come from a noble family and was often referred to as the Earl of Huntingdon. Being outlawed early in his life for lawlessness and debt, he took refuge in forests and gathered about him a band of men who obeyed him as chief or leader.

Robin Hood's chief resorts were Barnsdale, in Yorkshire, and Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire. For many years he and his men practiced a system of highway robbery, being especially fond of humiliating officers of the law and rich and proud churchmen. He had high ideals of honor and duty, and protected the poor and the weak against the oppression of those in authority.

Below are a few stories selected from the many that have been told about Robin Hood and his band.

LITTLE JOHN

THE lieutenant[1] of Robin Hood's band was named Little John, not so much from his smallness in stature (for he was seven feet high and more), as for a reason which I shall tell later. And the manner in which Robin Hood, to whom he was very dear, met him was this.

Robin Hood on one occasion being hunting with his men and finding the sport to be poor, said: "We have had no sport now for some time. So I go abroad alone. And if I should fall into any peril whence I cannot escape I will blow my horn that ye may know of it and bear me aid." And with that he bade them adieu[2] and departed alone, having with him his bow and the arrows in his quiver. And passing shortly over a brook by a long bridge he met at the middle a stranger. And neither of the two would give way to the other. And Robin Hood being

1. *Lieutenant* (lū-tĕn′ănt). A subordinate officer.
2. *Adieu* (ȧ-dū′). Good-by; farewell.

angry fitted an arrow to his bow and made ready to fire. "Truly," said the stranger at this, "thou art a fine fellow that you must draw your long bow on me who have but a staff[1] by me." "That is just, truly," said Robin; "and so I will lay by my bow and get me a staff to try if your deeds be as good as your words." And with that he went into a thicket and chose him a small ground oak[2] for a staff and returned to the stranger.

"Now," said he, "I am a match for you, so let us play[3] upon this bridge, and if one should fall in the stream the other will have the victory." "With all my heart," said the stranger; "I shall not be the first to give out." And with that they began to make great play with their staves. And Robin Hood first struck the stranger such a blow as warmed all his blood and from that they rattled their sticks as though they had been threshing corn.[4] And finally the stranger gave Robin such a crack on his crown that he broke his head and the blood flowed. But this only urged him the more, so that he attacked the stranger with such vigor that he had like to have made an end of him. But he growing into a fury finally fetched him such a blow that he tumbled him from the bridge into the brook. Whereat the stranger laughed loudly and long, and cried out to him, "Where art thou now, I prythee,[5] my good fellow?" And Robin replied, "Thou art truly a brave soul, and I will have no more to do with thee to-day; so our battle is at an end, and I must allow that thou hast won the day." And then wading to the bank he pulled out his horn and blew a blast on it so that the echoes flew

1. *Staff.* A cudgel or club.
2. *Ground oak.* A dwarf oak.
3. *Play.* Fight.
4. *Threshing corn.* Beating out grain with the flail.
5. *I prythee* (prĭth'ē). I pray thee.

throughout the valley. And at that came fifty bold bowmen out of the wood, all clad in green, and they made for Robin Hood, and said William Stukely, "What is the matter, my master? You are wet to the skin!" "Truly, nothing is the matter," said Robin, "but that the lad on the bridge has tumbled me into the stream." And on that the archers would have seized the stranger to duck him as well, but Robin Hood forbade them. "No one shall harm thee, friend," said he. "These are all my bowmen, threescore and nine, and if you will be one of us you shall straightway have my livery[1] and accoutrements,[2] fit for a man. What say you?" "With all my heart," said the stranger; "here is my hand on it. My name is John Little, and I will be a good man and true to you." "His name shall be changed," said William Stukely on this. "We will call him Little John, and I will be his godfather." So they fetched a pair of fat does and some humming strong ale, and there they christened[3] their babe Little John, for he was seven feet high and an ell[4] round at his waist.

FRIAR TUCK

Now Robin Hood had instituted[5] a day of mirth for himself and all his companions, and wagers were laid amongst them who should exceed at this exercise and who at that; some did contend who should jump farthest, some who should throw the bar, some who should be swiftest afoot in a race five miles in length; others there were with which Little John was most delighted, who did

1. *My livery.* The uniform worn by my men.
2. *Accoutrements* (ă-kōō'tĕr-mĕnts). Equipment, such as belt and weapons.
3. *Christened* (krĭs"nd). Named.
4. *Ell.* The English ell is equal to forty-five inches.
5. *Instituted* (ĭn'stĭ-tūt'ĕd). Established; set apart.

strive which of them should draw the strongest bow, and be the best marksman. "Let me see," said Little John, "which of you can kill a buck, and who can kill a doe, and who is he can kill a hart,[1] being distant from it by the space of five hundred feet." With that, Robin Hood going before them, they went directly to the forest, where they found good store of game feeding before them. William Scarlock, that drew the strongest bow of them all, did kill a buck, and Little John made choice of a barren fat doe, and the well-directed arrow did enter in the very heart of it; and Midge, the miller's son, did kill a hart above five hundred feet distant from him. The hart falling, Robin Hood stroked him gently on the shoulder, and said unto him, "God's blessing on thy heart, I will ride five hundred miles to find a match for thee." William Scarlock, hearing him speak these words, smiled and said unto him, "Master, what needs that? Here is a Curtal Friar[2] not far off, that for a hundred pound will shoot at what distance yourself will propound,[3] either with Midge or with yourself. An experienced man he is, and will draw a bow with great strength; he will shoot with yourself, and with all the men you have, one after another."

"Sayest thou so, Scarlock?" replied Robin Hood. "By the grace of God I will neither eat nor drink till I see this Friar thou dost speak of." And having prepared himself for his journey, he took Little John and fifty of his best archers with him, whom he bestowed in a convenient place, as he himself thought fitting. This being done, he ran down into the dale, where he found the Curtal Friar walking by the water side. He no sooner espied him, but

1. *Hart.* The male of the red deer, especially one over five years old.

2. *Curtal Friar.* A friar with a short frock or gown.

3. *Propound.* Propose.

presently he took unto him his broadsword and buckler,[1] and put on his head a steel bonnet. The Friar, not knowing who he was, or for what intent he came, did presently arm himself to encounter with him. Robin Hood, coming near unto him, alighted from his horse, which he tied to a thorn[2] that grew hard by, and looking wistfully on the Friar, said unto him, "Carry me over the water, thou Curtal Friar, or else thy life lies at the stake." The Friar made no more ado, but took up Robin Hood and carried him on his back; deep water he did stride; he spake not so much as one word to him, but having carried him over, he gently laid him down on the side of the bank; which being done, the Friar said to Robin Hood, "It is now thy turn; therefore carry me over the water, thou bold fellow, or sure I shall make thee repent it." Robin Hood, to requite[3] the courtesy, took the Friar on his back, and not speaking the least word to him, carried him over the water, and laid him gently down on the side of the bank; and turning to him, he spake unto him as at first, and bade him carry him over the water once more, or he should answer it with the forfeit of his life. The Friar in a smiling manner took him up, and spake not a word till he came in the midst of the stream, when, being up to the middle and higher, he did shake him from off his shoulders, and said unto him, "Now choose thee, bold fellow, whether thou wilt sink or swim."

Robin Hood, being soundly washed, got him up on his feet, and prostrating himself,[4] did swim to a bush of broom on the other side of the bank; and the Friar swam to a

1. *Buckler.* A small, round shield held at arm's length to ward off blows.

2. *Thorn.* Thorn tree.

3. *Requite.* Repay.

4. *Prostrating himself* (prŏs'trāt-ĭng). Throwing himself in position to swim.

willow tree which was not far from it. Then Robin Hood, taking his bow in his hand, and one of his best arrows, did shoot at the Friar, which the Friar received in his buckler of steel, and said unto him, "Shoot on, thou bold fellow; if thou shootest at me a whole summer's day I will stand your mark still." "That will I," said Robin Hood, and shot arrow after arrow at him, until he had not an arrow left in his quiver. He then laid down his bow, and drew out his sword, which but two days before had been the death of three men. Now hand to hand they went with sword and buckler; the steel buckler defends whatsoever blow is given; sometimes they make at the head, sometimes at the foot, sometimes at the side; sometimes they strike directly down, sometimes they falsify their blows, and come in foot and arm, with a free thrust at the body; and being ashamed that so long they exercise their unprofitable valor and cannot hurt one another, they multiply their blows, they hack, they hew, they slash, they foam. At last Robin Hood desired the Friar to hold his hand,[1] and to give him leave to blow his horn.

"Thou wantest breath to sound it," said the Friar; "take thee a little respite, for we have been five hours at it by the Fountain Abbey clock." Robin Hood took his horn from his side, and having sounded it three times, behold where fifty lusty men, with their bended bows, came to his assistance. The Friar, wondering at it, "Whose men," said he, "be these?" "They are mine," said Robin Hood; "what is that to thee?" "False loon," said the Friar; and making a little pause, he desired Robin Hood to show him the same courtesy which he gave him. "What is that?" said Robin Hood. "Thou soundest thy horn three times," said the Friar; "let me now but whistle three times." "Ay, with all my heart," said Robin Hood;

1. *To hold his hand.* To stop fighting.

"I were to blame if I should deny thee that courtesy." With that the Friar set his fist to his mouth, and whistled three times so shrilly that the place echoed again with it; and behold three and fifty fair ban-dogs[1] (their hairs rising on their back, betokening their rage), were almost on the backs of Robin Hood and his companions. "Here is for every one of thy men a dog," said the Friar, "and two for thee." "That is foul play," said Robin Hood. He had scarce spoken that word but two dogs came upon him at once, one before, another behind him, who, although they could not touch his flesh (his sword had made so swift a despatch of them), yet they tore his coat into two pieces. By this time the men had so laid about them that the dogs began to fly back, and their fury to languish[2] into barking. Little John did so bestir himself, that the Curtal Friar, admiring at his courage and his nimbleness, did ask him who he was. He made him answer, "I will tell the truth, and not lie. I am he who is called Little John, and do belong to Robin Hood, who hath fought with thee this day, five hours together; and if thou wilt not submit unto him, this arrow shall make thee." The Friar, perceiving how much he was overpowered, and that it was impossible for him to deal with so many at once, did come to composition[3] with Robin Hood. And the articles of agreement were these: That the Friar should abandon Fountain Dale and Fountain Abbey, and should live with Robin Hood, at his place not far from Nottingham,[4] where for saying of mass, he should receive a noble[5] for every Sunday throughout the year, and for saying mass

1. *Ban-dogs.* Large, fierce watch-dogs, usually mastiffs.
2. *Languish* (lăŋ'gwĭsh). Lessen; lose force.
3. *Composition.* Terms.
4. *Nottingham.* A town in central England, famous in the Robin Hood stories.
5. *Noble.* An English coin of the time, worth about six dollars.

on every holy day, a new change of garment. The Friar, contented with these conditions, did seal the agreement. And thus by the courage of Robin Hood and his yeomen, he was enforced at the last to submit, having for seven long years kept Fountain Dale, not all the power thereabouts being able to bring him on his knees.

ROBIN HOOD AND QUEEN KATHERINE

ROBIN HOOD on one occasion sent a present to Queen Katherine with which she was so pleased that she swore she would be a friend to the noble outlaw as long as she might live. So one day the queen went to her chamber and called to her a page[1] of her company and bade him make haste and prepare to ride to Nottinghamshire[2] to find Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest; for the queen had made a match with the king, her archers against his archers, and the queen proposed to have Robin Hood and his band to shoot on her side against the king's archers.

Now as for the page, he started for Nottingham and posted[3] all the way, and inquired on the road for Robin Hood, where he might be, but he could not find any one who could let him know exactly. So he took up his quarters at an inn at Nottingham. And in the room of the inn he sat him down and called for a bottle of Rhenish wine,[4] and he drank the queen's health out of it. Now at his side was sitting a yeoman of the country, clad in Lincoln green,[5] with a long bow in his hand. And he turned to the

1. *Page.* A serving boy.

2. *Nottinghamshire* (nŏt'ĭng-ăm-shēr). A county in central England.

3. *Posted.* Hastened.

4. *Rhenish wine* (rĕn'ĭsh). Wine manufactured in the region about the Rhine River.

5. *Lincoln green.* A cloth formerly made in Lincoln, England, and much worn by hunters and outlaws.

page and asked him, "What is thy business, my sweet boy, so far in the north country, for methinks you must come from London?" So then the page told him that it was his business to find Robin Hood the outlaw, and for that he asked every yeoman that he met. And he asked his friend if he knew anything which might help him. "Truly," said the yeoman, "that I do. And if you will get to horse early to-morrow morning I will show you Robin Hood and all his gay yeomen."

So the next morning they got them to horse and rode out into the forest, and the yeoman brought the page to where were Robin Hood and his yeomen. And the page fell down on his knee and said to Robin Hood, "Queen Katherine greets you well by me, and hath sent you this ring as a token.[1] She bids you post up to London town, for that there shall be some sport there in which she has a mind you shall have a hand." And at this Robin took off his mantle[2] of Lincoln green from his back and sent it by the page to Queen Katherine with a promise that he and his band would follow him as soon as they might.

So Robin Hood clothed all his men in Lincoln green and himself in scarlet, and each man wore a black hat with a white feather stuck therein. And thus Robin Hood and his band came up to London. And Robin fell down on his knees before the queen, and she bade him welcome with all his band. For the match between the queen's archers and the king's was to come off the next day in Finsbury fields.[3]

Here first came the king's archers marching with bold bearing, and then came Robin Hood and his archers for

1. *Token.* A sign or pledge of good faith.
2. *Mantle.* Cloak.
3. *Finsbury fields* (fĭnz'bĕr-ĭ). A section of London.

the queen. And they laid out the marks[1] there. And the king laid a wager with the queen on the shooting. Now the wager was three hundred tun[2] of Rhenish, and three hundred tun of good English beer, and three hundred fat harts. So then the queen asked if there were any knights with the king who would take her side. But they were unwilling, for said they, "How shall we bet on these men whom we have never seen, when we know Clifton and the rest of the king's archers, and have seen them shoot?" Now this Clifton was one of the king's archers and a great boaster. And when he had reached the shooting field he had cried out, "Measure no marks for us, my lord the king, for we will shoot at the sun and moon." But for all that Robin Hood beat him at the shooting. And the queen asked the Bishop of Herefordshire[3] to back her archers. But he swore by his mitre[4] that he would not bet a single penny on the queen's archers for he knew them not. "What will you bet against them," asked Robin Hood at this, "since you think our shooting is the worse?" "Truly," said the bishop, "I will bet all the money that may be in my purse," and he pulled it up from where it hung at his side. "What is in your purse?" asked Robin Hood. And the bishop tossed it down on the ground, saying, "Fifteen rose-nobles, and that's an hundred pound." So Robin Hood tossed out a bag beside the bishop's purse on the green.

And with that they began shooting, and shot three bouts[5] and they came out even; the king's and the queen's. "The next three shots," said the king, "shall pay for all."

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1. *Marks.* Targets.
2. *Tun.* A large cask.
3. *Herefordshire* (hĕr'ē-fērd-shēr). A county in the southwestern part of England.
4. *Mitre* (mī'tēr). The official headdress of a bishop.
5. *Bouts.* Contests.

And so the king's archers shot, and then Robin Hood, and Little John and Midge the miller's son shot for the queen, and came every man of them nearer the prick in the willow wand[1] than did any of the king's men. So the queen's archers having beaten, Queen Katherine asked a boon[2] of the king, and he granted it. "Give me, I pray you," said the queen, "safe conduct[3] for the archers of my party to come and to go home and to stay in London here some time to enjoy themselves." "I grant it," said the king. "Then you are welcome, Robin Hood," said the queen, "and so is Little John and Midge the miller's son and every one of you." "Is this Robin Hood?" asked the king, "for I had heard that he was killed in a quarrel to the north country." And the bishop too asked, "Is this Robin Hood? If I had known that I would not have bet a penny with him. He took me one Saturday evening and bound me fast to a tree, and there he made me sing a mass for him and his yeomanry about." "Well, if I did," said Robin Hood, "surely I needed all the masses that I might get for my soul." And with that he and his yeomanry departed, and when their safe conduct was expired they journeyed north again to Sherwood Forest.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR

BUT Robin Hood, once having supplied himself with good store of money, which he had gotten of the sheriff of Nottingham, bought him a stout horse, and riding on him one day towards Nottingham, it was his fortune to meet with a poor beggar. Robin Hood was of a frolic

1. *The prick in the willow wand.* The marked place on the willow stick set up as a mark or target.

2. *Boon.* Favor.

3. *Safe conduct.* Protection furnished to persons in an enemy's country. Robin Hood and his men, being outlaws, were liable to arrest and punishment.

spirit, and no accepter of persons;[1] but observing the beggar to have several sorts of bags, which were fastened to his patched coat, he did ride up to him, and giving him the time of day, he demanded of him what countryman he was. "A Yorkshireman,"[2] said the beggar; "and I would desire of you to give me something." "Give thee!" said Robin Hood; "why, I have nothing to give thee. I am a poor ranger in the forest, and thou seemest to be a lusty knave; shall I give thee a good bastinado[3] over thy shoulders?" "Content, content," said the beggar; "I durst lay all my bags[4] to a threaden joust, thou wilt repent it." With that Robin Hood alighted, and the beggar, with his long quarterstaff,[5] so well defended himself, that, let Robin Hood do what he could, he could not come within the beggar, to flash him to a remembrance of his overboldness; and nothing vexed him more than to find that the beggar's staff was as hard and as obdurate[6] as iron itself; but not so Robin Hood's head, for the beggar with all his force did let his staff descend with such a side blow, that Robin Hood, for all his skill, could not defend it, but the blood came trickling down his face, which, turning Robin Hood's courage into revenge and fury, he let fly at him with his trusty sword, and doubled blow upon blow; but perceiving that the beggar did hold him so hard to it that one of his blows was but the forerunner of another, and every blow to be almost the Postilion[7] of

1. *Accepter of persons.* One who treats certain persons with partiality.

2. *Yorkshireman* (yôrk'shĕr-măn). A man from Yorkshire, a county in the northeastern part of England.

3. *Bastinado* (băs'tĭ-nā'dō). A beating with a stick or cudgel.

4. *Lay all my bags.* Wager all my bags.

5. *Quarterstaff.* A long, stout stick, held with one hand in the middle and the other between the middle and the end.

6. *Obdurate* (ŏb'dū-rāt). Unyielding; stubborn.

7. *Postilion* (pŏs-tĭl'yŭn). A forerunner.

Death, he cried out to him to hold his hand. "That will I not do," said the beggar, "unless thou wilt resign unto me thy horse, and thy sword, and thy clothes, with all the money thou hast in thy pockets." "The change is uneven," said Robin Hood, "but for once I am content."

So, putting on the beggar's clothes, the beggar was the gentleman, and Robin Hood was the beggar, who, entering into Nottingham town with his patched coat and several wallets,[1] understood that three brethren were that day to suffer at the gallows, being condemned for killing the king's deer, he made no more ado, but went directly to the sheriff's house, where a young gentleman, seeing him to stand at the door, demanded of him what he would have. Robin Hood returned answer that he came to crave neither meat nor drink, but the lives of those three brothers who were condemned to die. "That cannot be," said the young gentleman, "for they are all this day to suffer according to law, for stealing of the king's deer, and they are already conveyed out of the town to the place of execution." "I will be with them presently," said Robin Hood, and coming to the gallows he found many making great lamentation for them. Robin Hood did comfort them, and assured them they should not die; and blowing his horn, behold on a sudden a hundred brave archers came unto him, by whose help, having released the prisoners, and killed the hangman, and hurt many of the sheriff's officers, they took those who were condemned to die for killing the king's deer along with them, who, being very thankful for the preservation of their lives, became afterwards of the yeomanry of Robin Hood.

ROBIN HOOD AND KING RICHARD

Now King Richard, hearing of the deeds of Robin

1. *Wallets* (wŏl'ĕts). Bags.

Hood and his men, wondered much at them, and desired greatly himself to see him, and his men as well. So he with a dozen of his lords rode to Nottingham town and there took up his abode. And being at Nottingham, the king one day with his lords put on friars' gowns every one, and rode forth from Fountain Abbey down to Barnsdale. And as they were riding there they saw Robin Hood and all his band standing ready to assail them. The king, being taller than the rest, was thought by Robin to be the abbot. So he made up to him, and seized his horse by the head, and bade him stand. "For," said he, "it is against such knaves as you that I am bound to make war." "But," said the king himself, "we are messengers from the king, who is but a little away, waiting to speak with you." "God save the king," said Robin Hood, "and all his well-wishers. And accursed be every one who may deny his sovereignty."[1] "You are cursing yourself," said the king, "for you are a traitor." "Now," said Robin Hood, "if you were not the king's messenger, I would make you rue that word of yours. I am as true a man to the king as lives. And I never yet injured any honest man and true, but only those who make their living by stealing from others. I have never in my life harmed either husbandman or huntsman. But my chief spite lies against the clergy,[2] who have in these days great power. But I am right glad to have met you here. Come with me, and you shall taste our greenwood cheer."[3] But the king and his lords marvelled, wondering what kind of cheer Robin might provide for them. And Robin took the king's horse

1. *Sovereignty* (sŏv'ĕr-ĭn-tĭ). Kingly authority.

2. *Clergy* (klûr'jĭ). Churchmen; the priests and ministers of the church.

3. *Taste our greenwood cheer.* Share our forest hospitality.

by the head, and led him towards his tent. "It is because thou comest from the king," said he, "that I use you in this wise; and hadst thou as much gold as ever I had, it should be all of it safe for good King Richard's sake." And with that he took out his horn, and blew on it a loud blast. And thereat came marching forth from the wood five score and ten of Robin's followers, and each one bent the knee before Robin Hood. "Surely," thought the king, "it is a goodly sight to see; for they are more humble to their master than my servants are to me. Here may the court learn something from the greenwood." And here they laid a dinner for the king and his lords, and the king swore that he had never feasted better. Then Robin Hood, taking a can of ale, said, "Let us now begin, each man with his can. Here's a health to the king." And they all drank the health to the king, the king himself, as well as another.

And after the dinner they all took their bows, and showed the king such archery that the king said he had never seen such men as they in any foreign land. And then said the king to Robin Hood, "If I could get thee a pardon from King Richard, wouldst thou serve the king well in everything?" "Yes, with all my heart," said Robin. And so said all his men.

And with that the king declared himself to them, and said, "I am the king, your sovereign, that is now before you." And at this Robin and all his men fell down on their knees; and the king raised them up, saying to them that he pardoned each one of them, and that they should every one of them be in his service. So the king returned to Nottingham, and with him returned Robin Hood and his men, to the great joy of the townspeople, whom they had for a long time sorely vexed.

"And they are gone to London court,
Robin Hood and all his train;
He once was there a noble peer,
And now he's there again."

THE DEATH OF ROBIN HOOD

BUT Robin Hood returned to Sherwood Forest,[1] and there met his death. For one day, being wounded in a fight, he fled out of the battle with Little John. And being at some distance, Robin Hood said to his lieutenant, "Now truly I cannot shoot even one shot more, for the arrows will not fly. For I am sore wounded. So I will go to my cousin,[2] the abbess,[3] who dwelleth near here in Kirkley Hall, and she shall bleed me, that I may be well again." So Robin Hood left Little John, and he went his way to Kirkley; and reaching the Hall, his strength nearly left him, yet he knocked heavily at the door. And his cousin came down first to let him in. And when she saw him she knew that it was her cousin Robin Hood, and she received him with a joyful face. Then said Robin, "You see me, my cousin, how weak I am. Therefore I pray you to bleed me, that I may be whole again." And his cousin took him on a bed, and she bled him. But the treacherous woman tied not up the vein again, but left him so that his life began to flow from him. And he, finding his strength leaving him, thought to escape; but he could not, for the door was locked, and the casement window[4] was so high that he might not leap down from it. Then, knowing that he must die, he reached forth his hand to his bugle horn, which lay by him on the bed. And setting the horn to his

1. *Sherwood Forest.* A king's forest in Nottinghamshire, the home of Robin Hood and his men.
2. *Cousin.* Any kinsman.
3. *Abbess.* The governess of a convent of nuns.
4. *Casement window.* A window opening on hinges.

mouth, he blew weakly, though with all his strength, three blasts upon it. And Little John, as he sat under the tree in the greenwood, heard his blowing, and he said, "Now must Robin be near death, for his blast is very weak."

And he got up and ran to Kirkley Hall as fast as he might. And coming to the door, he found it locked; but he broke it down, and so came to Robin Hood. And coming to the bed, he fell upon his knees, and said, "Master, I beg a boon of thee,—that thou lettest me burn down Kirkley Hall and all the nunnery." "Nay," quoth Robin Hood; "nay, I cannot grant you your boon; for never in my life did I hurt woman, or man in woman's company, nor shall it be done when I die. But for me, give me my long bow, and I will let fly an arrow, and where you shall find the arrow, there bury me. And make my grave long and broad, that I may rest easily; and place my head upon a green sod, and place my bow at my side." And these words Little John readily promised him, so that Robin Hood was pleased. And they buried him as he had asked, an arrow-shot from Kirkley Hall.

—Thomas Bulfinch.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: smallness in stature, occasion, sport, go abroad, a fine fellow, staves, fetched him such a blow, duck him, straightway, godfather, humming strong ale, day of mirth, draw the strongest bow, good store of game, above five hundred feet distant, dale, espied, broadsword, steel bonnet, encounter with, wistfully, no more ado, stride, forfeit, bush of broom, falsify their blows, unprofitable valor, respite, lusty men, false loon, shrilly, betokening, foul play, despatch, bestir himself, nimbleness, perceiving, articles of agreement, seal the agreement, yeomen, thereabouts, noble outlaw, had made a match, quarters, drank the queen's health, north country, London town, bold bearing, laid a wager, rose-nobles, an hundred pound, sing a mass, yeomanry, frolic spirit, giving him the time of day, ranger, knave, threaden,

alighted, flash him, trickling, conveyed, lamentation, hangman, assail, well-wishers, accursed, husbandman, chief spite, thereat, sovereign, townspeople, sorely vexed, sore wounded, dwelleth, treacherous, bugle horn, beg a boon, lettest, nunnery, arrow-shot.

2. What provision did Robin Hood make for calling aid if he should get in danger?

3. What is the first evidence we have of Robin Hood's high sense of honor?

4. Describe the fight on the bridge.

5. Why did Robin Hood's men wish to duck the stranger?

6. Why would Robin Hood not allow this?

7. Describe Little John.

8. What were the contests in which Robin Hood's men engaged?

9. What report did William Scarlock give of the Curtal Friar?

10. Why did Robin Hood put his fifty archers in a convenient place when he went to find the Curtal Friar?

11. Tell how Robin Hood and the Friar crossed the stream.

12. How did the Friar trick Robin Hood?

13. Describe the fight.

14. Tell what happened when the two fighters called for aid.

15. Tell of the fight between the men and the dogs.

16. Upon what conditions did the Friar become one of Robin Hood's men?

17. Why did Queen Katherine send for Robin Hood and his band?

18. How did the page find Robin Hood?

19. Why did the queen send a ring to Robin Hood?

20. What wager was made between the king and queen?

21. Why would not anyone take the side of the queen?

22. What was the result of the contest between Clifton and Robin Hood?

23. Describe the contest between Robin Hood's men and the king's archers.

24. What favor did the queen secure for Robin Hood and his men?

25. Describe the beggar whom Robin Hood met.

26. Tell of the fight between Robin Hood and the beggar.

27. On what terms did the beggar agree to cease fighting?

28. What did Robin Hood learn when he entered Nottingham town?

29. How did he save the lives of the yeomen?

30. What was King Richard's plan to learn about Robin Hood and his band?

31. What was Robin Hood's attitude toward the king?

32. Why did he have a spite against the clergy?

33. Explain, "Here may the court learn something from the greenwood."

34. Why was the king willing to pardon Robin Hood and his men?

35. What was Robin Hood's plan for recovering from his wound?

36. Why did the abbess receive him with a joyful face?

37. How did Little John wish to avenge the treachery of the abbess?

38. What was his master's reply to this proposal?

THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD AND ROBIN HOOD

THE stories of Robin Hood's activities were first told in ballad form. The following poem is a good example of one of the early ballads. It shows Robin Hood at one of his chief delights, tricking and stealing from a purse-proud bishop, who would show no mercy himself.

THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD[1] AND ROBIN HOOD

SOME they will talk of bold Robin Hood,
And some of barons bold;
But I'll tell you how he served the Bishop of Hereford,
When he robbed him of his gold.

---

1. *Bishop of Hereford* (hĕr'ē-fērd). A high church officer with headquarters at Hereford.

As it befell in merry Barnsdale,
All under the greenwood tree,
The Bishop of Hereford was to come by,
With all his company.

"Come, kill me a venison,"[1] said bold Robin Hood,
"And dress it by the highway side,
And we will watch the bishop narrowly,[2]
Lest some other way he should ride."

Robin Hood dressed himself in shepherd's attire,
With six of his men also;
And, when the Bishop of Hereford came by,
They about the fire did go.

"O, what is the matter?" then said the bishop,
"Or for whom do you make this ado?
Or why do you kill the king's ven'son,
When your company is so few?"

"We are shepherds," said bold Robin Hood,
"And we keep sheep all the year;
And we are disposed to be merry this day,
And to kill of the king's fat deer."

"You are brave fellows," said the bishop,
"And the king of your doings shall know;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go."

"O pardon, O pardon," said bold Robin Hood,
"O pardon, I thee pray;
For it becomes not your lordship's coat
To take so many lives away."[3]

---

1. *A venison* (vĕn'ĭ-z'n). A deer.
2. *Narrowly.* Closely.
3. *It becomes not . . . away.* Robin Hood reminds the bishop that a churchman should not be responsible for the taking of life.

"No pardon, no pardon," said the bishop,
"No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go."

Then Robin he set his back against a tree,
And his foot against a thorn,
And from underneath his shepherd's coat
He pulled out a bugle horn.

He put the little end to his mouth,
And a loud blast did he blow,
Till threescore and ten of bold Robin's men
Came running all in a row:

All making obeisance[1] to bold Robin Hood;
'Twas a comely sight to see.
"What is the matter, master," said Little John,
"That you blow so lustily?"

"O here is the Bishop of Hereford,
And no pardon we shall have."
"Cut off his head, master," said Little John,
"And throw him into his grave."

"O pardon, O pardon," said the bishop,
"O pardon, I thee pray;
For if I had known it had been you,
I'd have gone some other way."

"No pardon, no pardon," said bold Robin Hood,
"No pardon, I thee owe;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For to merry Barnsdale you shall go."

1. *Obeisance* (ō-bā'săns). A bow in token of respect or submission.

Then Robin he took the bishop by the hand,
And led him to merry Barnsdale;
He made him stay and sup with him that night,
And to drink wine, beer, and ale.

"Call in a reckoning,"[1] said the bishop,
"For methinks it grows wondrous high."
"Send me your purse, master," said Little John,
"And I'll tell you bye and bye."

Then Little John took the bishop's cloak,
And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the bishop's portmantua[2]
He told[3] three hundred pound.

"Here's money enough, master," said Little John,
"And a comely sight 'tis to see;
It makes me in charity with the bishop,
Though he heartily loveth not me."

Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
And he caused the music to play;
And he made the old bishop to dance in his boots,
And glad to get so away.

—Old English Ballad.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: barons bold, befell, shepherd's attire, ven'son, disposed, becomes not, threescore and ten, sup, methinks, wondrous high, three hundred pound, a comely sight, in charity with, heartily loveth not, dance in his boots.

---

1. *Call in a reckoning.* Make an account of the cost. The bishop knew that it was the custom of Robin Hood to compel his victims to pay for the feasts given in their honor.

2. *Portmantua.* A case or bag for carrying clothing or other necessaries when traveling.

3. *Told.* Counted.

2. What preparation did Robin Hood make for the coming of the bishop?

3. Why did he tell the bishop that he and his men were shepherds?

4. What would have happened if Robin Hood and his band had been taken before the king?

5. How did Robin Hood turn the odds against the bishop?

6. Explain the lines:

"For if I had known it had been you,
I'd have gone some other way."

7. Describe the feast that was given for the bishop.

8. How was it paid for?

A VISIT AT ABBOTSFORD

WASHINGTON IRVING took great delight in visiting places of historic interest. The thing about America that he most regretted was that she had no famous old castles, abbeys, or battle fields. In consequence, he spent many years of his life in Europe, particularly in England and Spain, visiting the scenes of great events and writing about them.

In the following selection we have the record of Irving's visit to Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, the great English novelist. The tastes of these two literary men were in many respects the same, and they spent several days tramping around over the scenes that Scott had made famous in his stories, poems, and novels. Irving's fine picture of Sir Walter Scott and his family and home is one of the best that has ever been given to us. It affords us an excellent opportunity to see the great English writer just as one of our greatest American writers saw him.

A VISIT AT ABBOTSFORD

THE noise of the chaise[1] had disturbed the quiet of the establishment. Out sallied the warder[2] of the castle, a black greyhound, and, leaping on one of the blocks of stone, began a furious barking. This alarm brought out the

1. *Chaise* (shāz). A light carriage or pleasure cart.
2. *Warder* (wôr'dĕr). Guardian; watchman.

whole garrison of dogs, all open-mouthed and vociferous.[1] In a little while the lord of the castle himself made his appearance. I knew him at once by the likeness that had been published of him. He came limping up the gravel walk, aiding himself by a stout walking-staff, but moving rapidly and with vigor. By his side jogged along a large iron-gray staghound of most grave demeanor,[2] who took no part in the clamor of the canine rabble,[3] but seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous reception.

Before Scott had reached the gate he called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford. Arrived at the door of the chaise, he grasped me warmly by the hand: "Come, drive down, drive down to the house," said he; "ye're just in time for breakfast, and afterwards ye shall see all the wonders of the Abbey."[4]

I would have excused myself on the plea of having already made my breakfast. "Hout, man," cried he, "a ride in the morning in the keen air of the Scotch hills is warrant enough for a second breakfast."

I was accordingly whirled to the portal[5] of the cottage, and in a few moments found myself seated at the breakfast-table. There was no one present but the family, which consisted of Mrs. Scott; her eldest daughter, Sophia, then a fine girl about seventeen; Miss Ann Scott, two or three years younger; Walter, a well-grown stripling;[6] and Charles, a lively boy, eleven or twelve years of age.

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1. *Vociferous* (vō-sĭf'ĕr-ŭs). Noisy; clamorous.

2. *Grave demeanor* (dē-mēn'ẽr). Quiet, serious manner or deportment.

3. *Canine rabble* (kā-nīn'). The noisy pack of dogs.

4. *The Abbey.* Melrose Abbey, a noted church and monastery, near Scott's home at Abbotsford.

5. *Portal.* A door or entrance.

6. *Stripling* (strĭp'lĭng). A young man.

I soon felt myself quite at home, and my heart in a glow with the cordial welcome I experienced. I had thought to make a mere morning visit, but found I was not to be let off so lightly. "You must not think our neighborhood is to be read in a morning like a newspaper," said Scott. "It takes several days of study for an observant traveler that has a relish for auld world trumpery.[1] After breakfast you shall make your visit to Melrose Abbey; I shall not be able to accompany you, as I have some household affairs[2] to attend to; but I will put you in charge of my son Charles, who is very learned in all things touching the old ruin and the neighborhood it stands in; and he and my friend Johnnie Bower will tell you the whole truth about it, with a great deal more that you are not called upon to believe, unless you be a true and nothing-doubting antiquary.[3] When you come back, I'll take you out on a ramble about the neighborhood. To-morrow we will take a look at the Yarrow,[4] and the next day we will drive over to Dryburgh Abbey,[5] which is a fine old ruin well worth your seeing."—In a word, before Scott had got through with his plan, I found myself committed[6] for a visit of several days, and it seemed as if a little realm of romance was suddenly open before me.

After breakfast I accordingly set off for the Abbey with

1. *Auld world trumpery.* Old world rubbish. Scott is here referring to Irving's special delight in relics and places of historic interest.

2. *Some household affairs.* It is said that Scott wrote a chapter of "Rob Roy" while Irving was seeing the Abbey.

3. *Nothing-doubting antiquary* (ăn'tĭ-kwā-rĭ). A student of old times who doubts nothing that he is told.

4. *Yarrow* (yăr'ō). A small river in Selkirk county, Scotland, made famous by Wordsworth.

5. *Dryburgh Abbey.* In Berwickshire, Scotland, on the Tweed; Walter Scott's tomb.

6. *Committed.* Promised; pledged.

my little friend Charles, whom I found a most sprightly and entertaining companion. He had an ample stock of anecdote about the neighborhood, which he had learned from his father, and many quaint remarks and sly jokes, evidently derived from the same source, all which were uttered with a Scottish accent and a mixture of Scottish phraseology, that gave them additional favor.

After my return from Melrose Abbey, Scott proposed a ramble to show me something of the surrounding country. As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old staghound, Maida, a noble animal; and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a wild thoughtless youngster, not yet arrived at the years of discretion; and Finette, a beautiful setter, with soft silken hair, long pendant ears, and a mild eye; the parlor favorite. When in front of the house, we were joined by a superannuated[1] greyhound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail; and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade.

In our walks, Scott would frequently pause in conversation to notice his dogs and speak to them as if rational[2] companions; and indeed there appears to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived from their close intimacy with him. Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great degree of dignity and decorum[3] in our society. As he jogged along a little distance ahead of us, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavor to tease him into a frolic. The old dog

1. *Superannuated* (sū′pĕr-ăn′ū-āt′ĕd). Old; useless because of age.
2. *Rational* (răsh′ŭn-ăl). Capable of reasoning.
3. *Decorum* (dē-kō′rŭm). Proper manner of conduct.

would keep on for a long time with imperturbable solemnity,[1] now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness[2] of his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them, and tumble him in the dust; then giving a glance at us, as much as to say, "You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving way to this nonsense," would resume his gravity and jog on as before.

Scott amused himself with these peculiarities. "I make no doubt," said he, "when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say, 'Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters; what will the laird[3] and that other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery?' "

Scott also amused himself with the peculiarities of another of his dogs, a little shamefaced terrier, with large glassy eyes, one of the most sensitive little bodies to insult and indignity in the world. If ever he whipped him, he said, the little fellow would sneak off and hide himself from the light of day in a lumber garret, whence there was no drawing him forth but by the sound of the chopping-knife, as if chopping up his victuals, when he would steal forth with humiliated and downcast look, but would skulk away again if anyone regarded him.

Our ramble took us on the hills commanding an extensive prospect. "Now," said Scott, "I have brought you, like the pilgrim in the Pilgrim's Progress, to the top of the Delectable Mountains, that I may show you all the goodly regions hereabouts."

I gazed about me for a time with mute surprise, I may

1. *Imperturbable solemnity* (ĭm'pĕr-tûr'bȧ-b'l). A dignified manner that cannot be disturbed.

2. *Wantonness* (wŏn'tŭn-nĕs). Recklessness; playfulness.

3. *Laird* (lârd). Lord. The reference is to Scott himself.

almost say, with disappointment. I beheld a mere succession of gray waving hills, line beyond line, as far as my eye could reach; monotonous in their aspect,[1] and so destitute of trees that one could almost see a stout fly walking along their profile;[2] and the far-famed Tweed appeared a naked stream, flowing between bare hills, without a tree or thicket on its banks; and yet such had been the magic web of poetry and romance thrown over the whole, that it had a greater charm for me than the richest scenery I had beheld in England.

I could not help giving utterance to my thoughts. Scott hummed for a moment to himself, and looked grave. "It may be partiality," said he, at length; "but to my eye, these gray hills and all this wild border country have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very nakedness of the land; it has something bold, and stern, and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamented garden land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest gray hills; and if I did not see the heather[3] at least once a year, I think I should die!"

The last words were said with an honest warmth, accompanied with a thump on the ground with his staff, by way of emphasis, that showed his heart was in his speech. He vindicated[4] the Tweed, too, as a beautiful stream in itself, and observed that he did not dislike it for being bare of trees, probably from having been much of an angler in his time; and an angler does not like to have a

1. *Monotonous in their aspect* (mŏ-nŏt'ō-nŭs). Having a sameness in their appearance.

2. *Profile* (prō'fīl). An outline; a side view.

3. *Heather* (hĕth'ẽr). A tract of land covered with a Scotch plant called heather.

4. *Vindicated* (vĭn'dĭ-kāt'ĕd). Defended; argued in favor of.

stream overhung by trees, which embarrass him in the exercise of his rod and line.

I took occasion to plead, in like manner, the associations of early life, for my disappointment in respect to the surrounding scenery. I had been so accustomed to hills crowned with forests, and streams breaking their way through a wilderness of trees, that all my ideas of romantic landscape were apt to be well wooded.

"Aye, and that's the great charm of your country," cried Scott. "You love the forest as I do the heather; but I would not have you think I do not feel the glory of a great woodland prospect.[1] There is nothing I should like more than to be in the midst of one of your grand, wild, original forests, with the idea of hundreds of miles of untrodden forest around me. I once saw at Leith[2] an immense stick of timber, just landed from America. It must have been an enormous tree when it stood on its native soil, at its full height, and with all its branches. I gazed at it with admiration; it seemed like one of the gigantic obelisks[3] which are now and then brought from Egypt to shame the pigmy[4] monuments of Europe; and, in fact, these vast aboriginal[5] trees, that have sheltered the Indians before the intrusion of the white men, are the monuments and antiquities of your country."

We had not walked much farther before we saw the two Miss Scotts advancing along the hillside to meet us. The morning's studies being over, they had set off to take a ramble on the hills, and gather heather blossoms with

1. *Prospect.* View.

2. *Leith* (lēth). A commercial and manufacturing city in the eastern part of Scotland on the Firth of Forth.

3. *Obelisks* (ŏb'ē-lĭsks). Four-sided pillars or monuments, tapering as they rise and ending in a pyramid.

4. *Pigmy* (pĭg'mĭ). Dwarf-like; small.

5. *Aboriginal* (ăb'ō-rĭj'ĭ-năl). Original; native.

which to decorate their hair for dinner. As they came bounding lightly like young fawns, and their dresses fluttering in the pure summer breeze, I was reminded of Scott's own description of his children in his introduction to one of the cantos of Marmion:[1]—

> "My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,
> As best befits the mountain child,
> Their summer gambols tell and mourn,
> And anxious ask will spring return,
> And birds and lambs again be gay,
> And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?"

As they approached, the dogs all sprang forward and gamboled around them. They joined us with countenances full of health and glee. Sophia, the eldest, was the most lively and joyous, having much of her father's varied spirit in conversation, and seeming to catch excitement from his words and looks. Ann was of quieter mood, rather silent, owing, in some measure, no doubt, to her being some years younger.

One of my pleasant rambles with Scott about the neighborhood of Abbotsford was taken in company with Mr. William Laidlaw, the steward of his estate. This was a gentleman for whom Scott entertained a particular value. He had been born to a competency,[2] had been well educated, his mind was richly stored with varied information, and he was a man of sterling moral worth. Having been reduced by misfortune, Scott had got him to take charge of his estate. He lived at a small farm on the hillside above Abbotsford, and was treated by Scott as a cherished and confidential friend, rather than a dependent.

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1. *Cantos of Marmion* (kăn'tōz). Scott's long poem, Marmion, is divided into six parts, called cantos.

2. *Born to a competency* (kŏm'pē-tĕn-sĭ). Born in a home of wealth.

That day at dinner we had Mr. Laidlaw and his wife, and a female friend who accompanied them. The latter was a very intelligent, respectable person, about the middle age, and was treated with particular attention and courtesy by Scott. Our dinner was a most agreeable one, for the guests were evidently cherished visitors to the house, and felt that they were appreciated.

When they were gone, Scott spoke of them in the most cordial manner. "I wished to show you," said he, "some of our really excellent, plain Scotch people; not fine gentlemen and ladies, for such you can meet everywhere, and they are everywhere the same. The character of a nation is not to be learnt from its fine folks."

He then went on with a particular eulogium[1] on the lady who had accompanied the Laidlaws. She was the daughter, he said, of a poor country clergyman, who had died in debt, and left her an orphan and destitute. Having had a good plain education, she immediately set up a child's school, and had soon a numerous flock under her care, by which she earned a decent maintenance. That, however, was not her main object. Her first care was to pay off her father's debts, that no ill word or ill will might rest upon his memory. This, by dint of Scotch economy, backed by filial reverence[2] and pride, she accomplished, though in the effort she subjected herself to every privation. Not content with this, she in certain instances refused to take pay for the tuition of the children of some of her neighbors, who had befriended her father in his need, and had since fallen into poverty. "In a word," added Scott, "she's a fine old Scotch girl, and I delight

1. *Eulogium* (ū-lō'jĭ-ŭm). An expression of praise.

2. *Filial reverence* (fĭl'yăl). The reverence due from a child to a parent.

in her more than in many a fine lady I have known, and I have known many of the finest."

Several days were passed by me, in the way I have attempted to describe, in almost constant, familiar, and joyous conversation with Scott; it was, as if I were admitted to a social communion with Shakespeare, for it was with one of a kindred, if not equal genius. Every night I retired with my mind filled with delightful recollections of the day, and every morning I rose with the certainty of new enjoyment. The days thus spent, I shall ever look back to, as among the very happiest of my life; for I was conscious at the time of being happy.

The only sad moment that I experienced at Abbotsford, was that of my departure; but it was cheered with the prospect of soon returning; for I had promised, after making a tour in the Highlands, to come and pass a few more days on the banks of the Tweed, when Scott intended to invite Hogg, the poet,[1] to meet me. I took a kind farewell of the family, with each of whom I had been highly pleased; if I have refrained from dwelling particularly on their several characters, and giving anecdotes of them individually, it is because I consider them shielded by the sanctity of domestic life:[2] Scott, on the contrary, belongs to history. As he accompanied me on foot, however, to a small gate on the confines of his premises, I could not refrain from expressing the enjoyment I had experienced in his domestic circle, and passing some warm eulogiums on the young folks from whom I had just parted. I shall never forget his reply. "They have kind hearts," said he, "and that is the main point as to human happiness. They love one another, poor things, which is everything

1. *Hogg, the poet* (hŏg). James Hogg, a Scottish poet (1770-1835).

2. *Sanctity of domestic life* (săŋk'tĭ-tĭ). The sacredness of their home life.

in domestic life. The best wish I can make you, my friend," added he, laying his hand upon my shoulder, "is, that when you return to your own country, you may get married, and have a family of young bairns about you. If you are happy, there they are to share your happiness —and if you are otherwise—there they are to comfort you."

By this time we had reached the gate, when he halted, and took my hand. "I will not say farewell," said he, "for it is always a painful word, but I will say, come again. When you have made your tour to the Highlands, come here and give me a few more days—but come when you please, you will always find Abbotsford open to you, and a hearty welcome."

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: establishment, sallied, garrison of dogs, likeness, walking-staff, dignity of the house, courteous reception, hearty tone, warrant, cordial welcome, relish, sprightly, sly jokes, Scottish phraseology, pendant, rationality, faithful attendants on man, intimacy, gravity becoming his age, gambol, sensitive, humiliated, mere succession, destitute, naked stream, associations, romantic landscape, intrusion, antiquities, steward, decent maintenance, privation, tuition, social communion, premises, bairns.

2. How was Irving greeted when he arrived at the home of Sir Walter Scott?

3. Describe the welcome Scott gave him.

4. What plans did Scott make for Irving's entertainment?

5. Describe some of Scott's dogs.

6. Describe the country about Scott's home.

7. Why was Irving disappointed when he first saw this region?

8. What reasons did he give for his disappointment?

9. Why did Scott love the scenery of his own country?

10. Describe Scott's daughters.

11. To what type of his countrymen did Scott introduce Irving at his dinner party?

12. How did Irving look upon the time he spent at Abbotsford?

13. Why did he find so much enjoyment in his visit?

THE STORY OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

SIR WALTER SCOTT was proud of his native country and gave much time and attention to collecting the facts and traditions that had to do with the deeds and exploits of her early heroes. He told many of these in the "Tales of a Grandfather," for his grandson, John Hugh Lockhart, whom he called Mr. Hugh Littlejohn. One of the most interesting of these stories is that of Sir William Wallace, the Scotch hero and patriot, who aroused his people to resistance against the claims of Edward the First to the throne of Scotland. In this story many incidents of the struggle of the Scotch people for their independence are told; and Sir William Wallace, though bloody and cruel, is shown to be a true hero.

THE STORY OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

I TOLD you, my dear Hugh, that Edward the First of England had reduced Scotland almost entirely to the condition of a conquered country, although he had obtained possession of the kingdom less by his bravery, than by cunningly taking advantage of the disputes and divisions that followed amongst the Scots themselves after the death of Alexander the Third.[1]

The English, however, had in point of fact obtained possession of the country, and governed it with much rigor.[2] The Lord High Justice Ormesby called all men to account, who would not take the oath of allegiance[3] to

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1. *Alexander the Third.* Alexander the Third, King of Scotland, reigned from 1249 until his death in 1285.

2. *Rigor* (rĭg'ẽr). Sternness; severity.

3. *Oath of allegiance* (ă-lē'jăns). An oath binding subjects to a king or to a country.

King Edward. Many of the Scots refused this, as what the English King had no right to demand from them. Such persons were called into the courts of justice, fined, deprived of their estates, and otherwise severely punished. Then Hugh Cressingham, the English Treasurer, tormented the Scottish nation, by collecting money from them under various pretexts. The Scots were always a poor people, and their native kings had treated them with much kindness, and seldom required them to pay any taxes. They were, therefore, extremely enraged at finding themselves obliged to pay to the English Treasurer much larger sums of money than their own good kings had ever demanded from them; and they became exceedingly dissatisfied.

Besides these modes of oppression, the English soldiers, who, I told you, had been placed in garrison[1] in the different castles of Scotland, thought themselves masters of the country, treated the Scots with great contempt, took from them by main force whatever they had a fancy to, and if the owners offered to resist, abused them, beat and wounded, and sometimes killed them; for which acts of violence the English officers did not check or punish their soldiers. Scotland was, therefore, in great distress, and the inhabitants, exceedingly enraged, only wanted some leader to command them, to rise up in a body against the English, or *Southern* men, as they called them, and recover the liberty and independence of their country, which had been destroyed by Edward the First.

Such a leader arose in the person of William Wallace, whose name is still so often mentioned in Scotland. It is a great pity we do not know exactly the history of this brave man; for at the time when he lived, every one was so busy fighting, that there was no person to write down

1. *In garrison.* Doing duty as soldiers in a fort.

the history of what took place; and afterwards, when there was more leisure for composition,[1] the truths that were collected were greatly mingled with falsehood. What I shall tell you of him, is generally believed to be true.

William Wallace was none of the high nobles of Scotland, but the son of a private gentleman, called Wallace of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire,[2] near Paisley.[3] He was very tall and handsome, and one of the strongest and bravest men that ever lived. He had a very fine countenance, with a quantity of fair hair, and was particularly dexterous[4] in the use of all weapons which were then employed in battle. Wallace, like all Scotsmen of high spirit, had looked with great indignation upon the usurpation[5] of the crown by Edward, and upon the insolences[6] which the English soldiers committed on his countrymen. It is said, that when he was very young, he went a-fishing for sport in the river of Irvine, near Ayr.[7] He had caught a good many trouts, which were carried by a boy, who attended him with a fishing-basket, as is usual with anglers. Two or three English soldiers, who belonged to the garrison of Ayr, came up to Wallace, and insisted, with their usual insolence, on taking the fish from the boy. Wallace was contented to allow them a part of the trouts, but he refused to part with the whole basketful. The soldiers insisted, and from words came to blows. Wallace had no

1. *Leisure for composition.* Time for writing.

2. *Renfrewshire* (rĕn'frōō-shēr). A shire or county on the west coast of Scotland, south of the river Clyde.

3. *Paisley* (pāz'lĭ). A city in Renfrewshire, near Glasgow.

4. *Dexterous* (dĕks'tĕr-ŭs). Skillful; expert.

5. *Usurpation* (ū'zŭr-pā'shŭn). The act of taking by force without legal right.

6. *Insolences* (ĭn'sō-lĕn-sĕz). Overbearing, insulting, or impudent acts.

7. *Ayr* (âr). A city in Ayrshire, Scotland, at the mouth of the Ayr River.

better weapon than the butt end of his fishing-rod; but he struck the foremost of the Englishmen so hard under the ear with it that he killed him on the spot; and getting possession of the slain man's sword, he fought with so much fury that he put the others to flight, and brought home his fish safe and sound. The English governor of Ayr sought for him, to punish him with death for this action; but Wallace lay concealed among the hills and great woods till the matter was forgotten, and then appeared in another part of the country. He is said to have had other adventures of the same kind, in which he gallantly defended himself, sometimes when alone, sometimes with very few companions, against superior numbers of the English, until at last his name became generally known as a terror to them.

But the action which occasioned[1] his finally rising in arms, is believed to have happened in the town of Lanark.[2] Wallace was at this time married to a lady of that place, and residing there with his wife. It chanced, as he walked in the market-place, dressed in a green garment, with a rich dagger by his side, that an Englishman came up, and insulted him on account of his finery, saying a Scotsman had no business to wear so gay a dress, or carry so handsome a weapon. It soon came to a quarrel, as on many former occasions; and Wallace, having killed the Englishman, fled to his own house, which was speedily assaulted[3] by all the English soldiers. While they were endeavoring to force their way in at the front of the house, Wallace escaped by a back door, and got in safety to a rugged and rocky glen, near Lanark, called the Cartland crags, all

1. *Occasioned* (ŏ-kā′zhŭnd). Prompted; brought about.

2. *Lanark* (lăn′ärk). A small city in Lanarkshire in the southern part of Scotland.

3. *Assaulted* (ȧ-sôlt′ĕd). Attacked.

covered with bushes and trees, and full of high precipices,[1] where he knew he should be safe from the pursuit of the English soldiers. In the mean time, the governor of Lanark, whose name was Hazelrigg, burned Wallace's house, and put his wife and servants to death; and by committing this cruelty, increased to the highest pitch, as you may well believe, the hatred which the champion[2] had always borne against the English usurper.[3] Hazelrigg also proclaimed Wallace an outlaw, and offered a reward to anyone who should bring him to an English garrison, alive or dead.

On the other hand, Wallace soon collected a body of men, outlawed like himself, or willing to become so, rather than any longer endure the oppression of the English. One of his earliest expeditions was directed against Hazelrigg, whom he killed, and thus avenged the death of his wife. He fought skirmishes[4] with the soldiers who were sent against him, and often defeated them; and in time became so well known and so formidable,[5] that multitudes began to resort to his standard,[6] until at length he was at the head of a considerable army, with which he proposed to restore his country to independence.

About this time is said to have taken place a memorable event, which the Scottish people called the *Barns of Ayr*. It is alleged that the English governor of Ayr had invited

1. *Precipices* (pres'ĭ-pĭs-ĕs). Steep, perpendicular, or overhanging places, such as the faces of cliffs.

2. *The champion* (chăm'pĭ-ŭn). Sir William Wallace.

3. *The English usurper* (ū-zûr'pẽr). Edward the First, who claimed to be the overlord of Scotland.

4. *Skirmishes* (skûr'mĭsh-ĕz). Battles between detached and small bodies of troops.

5. *Formidable* (fôr'mĭ-dȧ-b'l). Dangerous; exciting fear or dread.

6. *Resort to his standard.* Enlist under him.

the greater part of the Scottish nobility[1] and gentry[2] in the western parts, to meet him at some large buildings called the barns of Ayr, for the purpose of friendly conference upon the affairs of the nation. But the English earl[3] entertained the treacherous purpose of putting the Scottish gentlemen to death. The English soldiers had halters with running nooses ready prepared, and hung upon the beams which supported the roof; and as the Scottish gentlemen were admitted by two and two at a time, the nooses were thrown over their heads, and they were pulled up by the neck, and thus hanged or strangled to death. Among those who were slain in this base and treacherous manner, was, it is said, Sir Reginald Crawford, Sheriff of the county of Ayr, and uncle to William Wallace.

When Wallace heard what had befallen, he was dreadfully enraged, and collecting his men in a wood near the town of Ayr, he resolved to be revenged on the authors of this great crime. The English in the meanwhile made much feasting, and when they had eaten and drunk plentifully, they lay down to sleep in the same large barns in which they had murdered the Scottish gentlemen. But Wallace, learning that they kept no guard or watch, not suspecting there were any enemies so near them, directed a woman who knew the place, to mark with chalk the doors of the lodgings where the Englishmen lay. Then he sent a party of men, who, with strong ropes, made all the doors so fast on the outside, that those within could not open them. On the outside the Scots had prepared heaps of straw, to which they set fire, and the barns of Ayr, being themselves made of wood, were soon burning in a bright

1. *Scottish nobility.* The body of nobles or titled persons of Scotland.

2. *Gentry* (jĕn'trĭ). The middle class of people.

3. *The English earl.* The governor of Ayr.

flame. Then the English were awakened, and endeavored to get out to save their lives. But the doors, as I told you, were secured on the outside, and bound fast with ropes; and, besides, the blazing houses were surrounded by the Scots, who forced those who got out to run back into the fire, or else put them to death on the spot; and thus great numbers perished miserably. Many of the English were lodged in a convent,[1] but they had no better fortune than the others; for the Prior[2] of the convent caused all the friars to arm themselves, and, attacking the English guests, they put most of them to the sword. This was called the "Friar of Ayr's Blessing." We cannot tell if this story of the *Barns of Ayr* be exactly true; but it is probable there is some foundation for it, as it is universally believed in that country.

Thus Wallace's party grew daily stronger and stronger, and many of the Scottish nobles joined with him. Among these was Sir William Douglas, the Lord of Douglasdale, and the head of a great family often mentioned in Scottish history. There was also Sir John the Grahame,[3] who became Wallace's bosom friend and greatest confidant. Many of these great noblemen, however, deserted the cause of the country on the approach of John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, the English governor, at the head of a numerous and well-appointed[4] army. They thought that Wallace would be unable to withstand the attack of so many disciplined[5] soldiers and hastened to submit themselves to the English, for fear of losing their estates.

1. *Convent* (kŏn'vĕnt). A house or group of buildings occupied by friars or monks.
2. *Prior* (prī'ĕr). The ruler of the convent.
3. *Grahame* (grā'ăm).
4. *Well-appointed.* Well-equipped.
5. *Disciplined* (dĭs'ĭ-plĭnd). Drilled; trained.

Wallace, however, remained undismayed, and at the head of a considerable army. He had taken up his camp upon the northern side of the river Forth, near the town of Stirling.[1] The river was there crossed by a long wooden bridge, about a mile above the spot where the present bridge is situated.

The English general approached the banks of the river on the southern side. He sent two clergymen to offer a pardon to Wallace and his followers, on condition that they should lay down their arms. But such was not the purpose of the high-minded champion of Scotland.

"Go back to Warenne," said Wallace, "and tell him we value not the pardon of the King of England. We are not here for the purpose of treating of peace, but of abiding[2] battle, and restoring freedom to our country. Let the English come on;—we defy them to their very beards!"[3]

The English, upon hearing this haughty answer, called loudly to be led to the attack. Their leader, Sir Richard Lundin, a Scottish knight, who had gone over to the enemy at Irvine, hesitated, for he was a skillful soldier, and he saw that to approach the Scottish army, his troops must pass over the long, narrow wooden bridge; so that those who should get over first might be attacked by Wallace with all his forces, before those who remained behind could possibly come to their assistance. He therefore inclined to delay the battle. But Cressingham, the Treasurer, who was ignorant and presumptuous,[4] insisted that it was their duty to fight, and put an end to the war

1. *Stirling* (stûr'lĭng). A city in Stirlingshire, Scotland, on the south bank of the river Forth.
2. *Abiding.* Awaiting.
3. *To their very beards.* Openly and to their faces.
4. *Presumptuous* (prē-zŭmp'tū-ŭs). Overconfident; rash.

at once; and Lundin gave way to his opinion, although Cressingham, being a churchman, could not be so good a judge of what was fitting as he himself, an experienced officer.

The English army began to cross the bridge, Cressingham leading the van, or foremost division of the army; for, in those military days, even clergymen wore armor and fought in battle. That took place which Sir Richard Lundin had foreseen. Wallace suffered a considerable part of the English army to pass the bridge, without offering any opposition; but when about one half were over, and the bridge was crowded with those who were following, he charged those who had crossed with his whole strength, slew a very great number, and drove the rest into the river Forth, where the greater part were drowned. The remainder of the English army, who were left on the southern bank of the river, fled in great confusion, having first set fire to the wooden bridge, that the Scots might not pursue them. Cressingham was killed in the very beginning of the battle; and the Scots detested him so much, that they flayed[1] the skin from his dead body, and kept pieces of it, in memory of the revenge they had taken upon the English Treasurer. Some say they made saddle-girths of this same skin, a purpose for which I do not think it could be very fit. It must be owned to have been a dishonorable thing of the Scots to insult thus the dead body of their enemy, and shows that they must have been then a ferocious and barbarous[2] people.

The remains of Surrey's great army fled out of Scotland after this defeat; and the Scots, taking arms on all sides, attacked the castles in which the English soldiers continued to shelter themselves, and took most of them

1. *Flayed* (flād). Stripped off.
2. *Barbarous* (bär'bȧ-rŭs). Cruel; inhuman; savage.

by force or stratagem.[1] Many wonderful stories are told of Wallace's exploits on these occasions, some of which are no doubt true, while others are either invented or very much exaggerated. It seems certain, however, that he defeated the English in several combats, chased them almost entirely out of Scotland, regained the towns and castles of which they had possessed themselves, and recovered for a time the complete freedom of the country. He even marched into England and laid Cumberland and Northumberland[2] waste, where the Scottish soldiers, in revenge for the mischief which the English had done in their country, committed great cruelties. Wallace did not approve of their killing the people who were not in arms, and he endeavored to protect the clergymen and others who were not able to defend themselves. "Remain with me," he said to the priests of Hexham, a large town in Northumberland, "for I cannot protect you from my soldiers when you are out of my presence." The troops who followed Wallace received no pay, because he had no money to give them; and that was one great reason why he could not keep them under restraint, or prevent their doing much harm to the defenceless country people. He remained in England more than three weeks, and did a great deal of mischief to the country.

Indeed, it appears that, though Wallace disapproved of slaying priests, women, and children, he partook of the ferocity of the times so much, as to put to death without quarter all whom he found in arms. In the north of Scotland the English had placed a garrison in the strong castle of Dunnottar, which, built on a large and precipitous rock, overhangs the raging sea. Though the place

1. *Stratagem* (străt'ā-jĕm). Trickery.

2. *Cumberland and Northumberland.* The two counties in England lying on the Scottish border.

is almost inaccessible,[1] Wallace and his followers found their way into the castle, while the garrison in great terror fled into the church or chapel, which was built on the very verge[2] of the precipice. This did not save them, for Wallace caused the church to be set on fire. The terrified garrison, involved in the flames, ran some of them upon the points of the Scottish swords, while others threw themselves from the precipice into the sea, and swam along to the cliffs, where they hung like sea-fowl, screaming in vain for mercy and assistance.

The followers of Wallace were frightened at this dreadful scene, and falling on their knees before the priests who chanced to be in the army, they asked forgiveness for having committed so much slaughter within the limits of a church dedicated to the service of God. But Wallace had so deep a sense of the injuries which the English had done to his country that he only laughed at the contrition[3] of his soldiers.—"I will absolve[4] you all myself," he said. "Are you Scottish soldiers, and do you repent for a trifle like this, which is not half what the invaders deserved at our hands!" So deep-seated was Wallace's feeling of national resentment that it seems to have overcome, in such instances, the scruples of a temper which was naturally humane.

Edward the First was in Flanders[5] when all these events took place. You may suppose he was very angry when he learned that Scotland, which he thought completely subdued, had risen into a great insurrection against

1. *Inaccessible* (ĭn'ăk-sĕs'ĭ-b'l). Not to be reached.
2. *Verge* (vûrj). Edge; brink.
3. *Contrition* (kŏn-trĭsh'ŭn). Deep sorrow and repentance for sin.
4. *Absolve* (ăb-sŏlv'). Set free from the penalty of sin.
5. *Flanders* (flăn'dĕrz). A former district of Europe, now portions of Netherlands, Belgium, and France.

him, defeated his armies, killed his Treasurer, chased his soldiers out of their country, and invaded England with a great force. He came back from Flanders in a mighty rage, and determined not to leave that rebellious country until it was finally conquered, for which purpose he assembled a very fine army, and marched into Scotland.

In the mean time the Scots prepared to defend themselves, and chose Wallace to be Governor, or Protector of the kingdom, because they had no King at the time. He was now titled Sir William Wallace, Protector, or Governor, of the Scottish nation. But although Wallace, as we have seen, was the best soldier and bravest man in Scotland, and therefore the most fit to be placed in command at this critical period, when the King of England was coming against them with such great forces, yet the nobles of Scotland envied him this important situation, because he was not a man born in high rank, or enjoying a large estate. So great was their jealousy of Sir William Wallace, that many of these great barons did not seem very willing to bring forward their forces, or fight against the English, because they would not have a man of inferior condition[1] to be general. This was base and mean conduct, and it was attended with great disasters to Scotland. Yet, notwithstanding this unwillingness of the great nobility to support him, Wallace assembled a large army; for the middling, but especially the lower classes, were very much attached to him. He marched boldly against the King of England, and met him near the town of Falkirk.[2] Most of the Scottish army were on foot, because, as I already told you, in those days only the nobility and great men of Scotland fought on horseback. The English King, on the

1. *Of inferior condition.* Of low birth.

2. *Falkirk* (fôl'kûrk). A city in the county of Stirling in Scotland, not far from the river Forth.

contrary, had a very large body of the finest cavalry in the world, Normans and English, all clothed in complete armor. He had also the celebrated archers[1] of England, each of whom was said to carry twelve Scotsmen's lives under his girdle; because every archer had twelve arrows stuck in his belt, and was expected to kill a man with every arrow.

The Scots had some good archers from the Forest of Ettrick,[2] who fought under command of Sir John Stewart of Bonkill; but they were not nearly equal in number to the English. The greater part of the Scottish army were on foot, armed with long spears; they were placed thick and close together, and laid all their spears so close, point over point, that it seemed as difficult to break through them, as through the wall of a strong castle. When the two armies were drawn up facing each other, Wallace said to his soldiers, "I have brought you to the ring, let me see how you can dance;" meaning, I have brought you to the decisive field of battle, let me see how bravely you can fight.

The English made the attack. King Edward, though he saw the close ranks, and undaunted appearance, of the Scottish infantry, resolved nevertheless to try whether he could not ride them down with his fine cavalry. He therefore gave his horsemen orders to advance. They charged accordingly, at full gallop. It must have been a terrible thing to have seen these fine horses riding as hard as they could against the long lances, which were held out by the Scots to keep them back; and a dreadful cry arose when they came against each other.

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1. *Archers* (är'chĕrz). Troops skilled in the use of the bow and arrow.

2. *Forest of Ettrick.* A tract of forest and pasture land in Selkirk county in the southern part of Scotland.

The first line of cavalry was commanded by the Earl Marshal of England, whose progress was checked by a morass. The second line of English horse was commanded by Antony Beck, the Bishop of Durham, who, nevertheless, wore armor, and fought like a lay baron.[1] He wheeled round the morass; but when he saw the deep and firm order of the Scots, his heart failed, and he proposed to Sir Ralph Basset of Drayton, who commanded under him, to halt till Edward himself brought up the reserve. "Go say your mass,[2] bishop," answered Basset, contemptuously, and advanced at full gallop with the second line. However, the Scots stood their ground with their long spears; many of the foremost of the English horses were thrown down, and the riders were killed as they lay rolling, unable to rise, owing to the weight of their heavy armor. But the Scottish horse did not come to the assistance of their infantry, but, on the contrary, fled away from the battle. It is supposed that this was owing to the treachery or ill-will of the nobility, who were jealous of Wallace. But it must be considered that the Scottish cavalry were few in number; and that they had much worse arms, and weaker horses, than their enemies. The English cavalry attempted again and again to disperse the deep and solid ranks in which Wallace had stationed his foot soldiers. But they were repeatedly beaten off with loss, nor could they make their way through that wood of spears, as it is called by one of the English historians. King Edward then commanded his archers to advance; and these approaching within arrow-shot of the Scottish ranks, poured on them such close and dreadful volleys of arrows, that it was impossible to sustain the

1. *A lay baron.* A baron who was not a clergyman.
2. *Mass* (màs). A sacred church service.

discharge.[1] It happened at the same time, that Sir John Stewart was killed by a fall from his horse; and the archers of Ettrick Forest, whom he was bringing forward to oppose those of King Edward, were slain in great numbers around him. Their bodies were afterwards distinguished[2] among the slain, as being the tallest and handsomest men of the army.

The Scottish spearmen being thus thrown into some degree of confusion, by the loss of those who were slain by the arrows of the English, the heavy cavalry of Edward again charged with more success than formerly, and broke through the ranks, which were already disordered. Sir John Grahame, Wallace's great friend and companion, was slain, with many other brave soldiers; and the Scots, having lost a very great number of men, were at length obliged to take flight.

This fatal battle was fought July 22, 1298. Sir John the Grahame lies buried in the churchyard of Falkirk. A tombstone was laid over him, which has been three times renewed since his death. The inscription bears, "That Sir John the Grahame, equally remarkable for wisdom and courage, and the faithful friend of Wallace, being slain in battle by the English, lies buried in this place." A large oak-tree in the adjoining forest was long shown as marking the spot where Wallace slept before the battle, or, as others said, in which he hid himself after the defeat. Nearly forty years ago Grandpapa saw some of its roots; but the body of the tree was even then entirely decayed, and there is not now, and has not been for many years, the least vestige[3] of it to be seen.

1. *Sustain the discharge.* Maintain their positions in face of the volleys of arrows.

2. *Distinguished* (dĭs-tĭŋ'gwĭsht). Recognized; identified.

3. *Vestige* (vĕs'tĭj). Sign.

After this fatal defeat of Falkirk, Sir William Wallace seems to have resigned his office of Governor of Scotland. Several nobles were named guardians in his place, and continued to make resistance to the English armies; and they gained some advantages, particularly near Roslin, where a body of Scots, commanded by John Comyn of Badenoch, who was one of the guardians of the kingdom, and another distinguished commander, called Simon Fraser, defeated three armies, or detachments, of English in one day.

Nevertheless, the King of England possessed so much wealth, and so many means of raising soldiers, that he sent army after army into the poor, oppressed country of Scotland, and obliged all its nobles and great men, one after another, to submit themselves once more to his yoke. Sir William Wallace, alone, or with a very small band of followers, refused either to acknowledge the usurper Edward, or to lay down his arms. He continued to maintain himself among the woods and mountains of his native country for no less than seven years after his defeat at Falkirk, and for more than one year after all the other defenders of Scottish liberty had laid down their arms. Many proclamations were sent out against him by the English, and a great reward was set upon his head; for Edward did not think he could have any secure possession of his usurped kingdom of Scotland while Wallace lived. At length he was taken prisoner; and, shame it is to say, a Scotsman, called Sir John Menteith, was the person by whom he was seized and delivered to the English. It is generally said that he was made prisoner at Robroyston, near Glasgow; and the tradition[1] of the country bears,

1. *Tradition* (trȧ-dĭsh′ŭn). Unwritten history handed down from one generation to another.

that the signal made for rushing upon him and taking him at unawares, was, when one of his pretended friends, who betrayed him, should turn a loaf, which was placed on the table, with its bottom or flat side uppermost. And in after times it was reckoned ill-breeding to turn a loaf in that manner, if there was a person named Menteith in company; since it was as much as to remind him, that his namesake had betrayed Sir William Wallace, the Champion of Scotland.

Whether Sir John Menteith was actually the person by whom Wallace was betrayed, is not perfectly certain. He was, however, the individual by whom the patriot was made prisoner and delivered up to the English, for which his name and his memory have been long loaded with disgrace.

Edward, having thus obtained possession of the person whom he considered as the greatest obstacle to his complete conquest of Scotland, resolved to make Wallace an example to all Scottish patriots who should in future venture to oppose his ambitious projects. He caused this gallant defender of his country to be brought to trial in Westminster Hall, before the English judges, and produced him there, crowned in mockery, with a green garland, because they said he had been king of outlaws and robbers among the Scottish woods. Wallace was accused of having been a traitor to the English crown; to which he answered, "I could not be a traitor to Edward, for I was never his subject." He was then charged with having taken and burnt towns and castles, with having killed many men and done much violence. He replied, with the same calm resolution, that it was true he had killed very many Englishmen, but it was because they had come to subdue and oppress his native country of Scotland; and far from repenting what he had done, he declared he was

only sorry that he had not put to death many more of them.

Notwithstanding that Wallace's defence was a good one, both in law and in common sense, (for surely every one has not only a right to fight in defence of his native country, but is bound in duty to do so) the English judges condemned him to be executed. So this brave patriot was dragged upon a sledge to the place of execution, where his head was struck off, and his body divided into four quarters, which, according to the cruel custom of the time, were exposed upon spikes of iron on London Bridge, and were termed the limbs of a traitor.

No doubt King Edward thought that by exercising this great severity towards so distinguished a patriot as Sir William Wallace, he should terrify all the Scots into obedience, and so be able in future to reign over their country without resistance. But though Edward was a powerful, a brave, and a wise king, and though he took the most cautious, as well as the most strict measures, to preserve the obedience of Scotland, yet his claim, being founded in injustice and usurpation, was not permitted by Providence to be established in security or peace. Sir William Wallace, that immortal supporter of the independence of his country, was no sooner deprived of his life, in the cruel and unjust manner I have told you, than other patriots arose to assert the cause of Scottish liberty.

—Sir Walter Scott.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: reduced, cunningly, called all men to account, deprived, estates, tormented, various pretexts, modes of oppression, acts of violence, high nobles, indignation, a-fishing, trouts, endeavoring, outlawed, memorable event, friendly conference, treacherous purpose, halters, hung, hanged, revenged on, perished miserably, lodged, friars, universally believed, confidant,

well-appointed, high-minded champion, haughty answer, inclined, churchman, saddle-girths, dishonorable thing, exaggerated, restraint, ferocity, precipitous, involved in the flames, subdued, insurrection, critical period, middling, decisive field of battle, undaunted appearance, contemptuously, beaten off, arrow-shot, churchyard, inscription, detachments, maintain, reckoned ill-breeding, namesake, loaded with disgrace, obstacle, gallant defender, crowned in mockery, calm resolution, place of execution, spikes, Providence.

2. What had Edward the First done to get possession of Scotland?

3. How had the English oppressed the people of Scotland?

4. How does it happen that our knowledge of Sir William Wallace is incomplete?

5. From what rank did Wallace come? Describe his personal appearance.

6. Tell the story of Wallace and the basket of trouts.

7. What incident caused him to take up arms against the English?

8. Tell the story of the "Barns of Ayr."

9. Tell the story of the "Friar of Ayr's Blessing."

10. Why did many of the nobles desert Wallace on the approach of the Earl of Surrey?

11. What did Wallace tell the messengers sent by Warenne?

12. Why did the leader of the English hesitate to make the attack?

13. Describe the battle.

14. Tell of Wallace's expedition into England.

15. Explain Wallace's inability to control his troops in England.

16. Tell the story of the massacre at the castle of Dunnottar.

17. What did Edward the First determine to do when he returned from Flanders?

18. What preparations did the Scots make to defend themselves?

19. Why did not the nobles join heartily in these plans of defense?

20. What advantage did the failure of the nobles to support Wallace give the English?

21. In what other ways did the English have the advantage in the contest?
22. How did the Scots arrange their forces?
23. Describe the battle of Falkirk.
24. How did Edward the First succeed in capturing Wallace?
25. Describe the trial of Wallace.
26. What defense did he make?
27. What happened in Scotland after the execution of Wallace?
28. What characteristics of the Scotch people are shown in this story?
29. Which of these characteristics stand out most prominently in Sir William Wallace?

ALICE BRAND

At the time Sir Walter Scott began work on his historical novels he was already famous as a poet. In his poems he recounted many of the incidents and legends of the border between England and Scotland. In "Alice Brand," which is found in "The Lady of the Lake," he tells of how a maiden, by her fearlessness and courageous action, restored her brother, who had been slain by her lover in a quarrel, from the form of an ugly dwarf back to that of a knight.

ALICE BRAND

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis[1] and merle[2] are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold[3] by wood and wold,[4]
As outlaws wont to do.

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1. *Mavis* (mā'vĭs). The song thrush.
2. *Merle* (mûrl). The blackbird.
3. *Hold.* Stay.
4. *Wold* (wōld). Open grazing country.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight,
Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech
The hand that held the glaive,[1]
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall,[2] thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
To keep the cold away."—

"O Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,[3]
And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair[4] no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,
As gay the forest green.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand."

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1. *Glaive* (glāv). A spear or lance.
2. *Pall* (pôl). Rich cloth from which cloaks were made.
3. *Darkling was the battle tried.* The fight in which Richard slew Alice's brother occurred in the dark.
4. *Vair* (vâr). A kind of rich fur much worn in the middle ages.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,[1]
Who woned[2] within the hill,—
Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies' fatal green?

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christened[3] man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For muttered word or ban."[4]

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
Though the birds have stilled their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots[5] bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,

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1. *Elfin King.* The king of the fairies.
2. *Woned* (wŭnd). Dwelt; lived.
3. *Christened* (krĭs"nd). Baptized; named at baptism.
4. *Ban.* Curse.
5. *Fagots* (făg'ŭts). Bundles of sticks, twigs, or small branches of trees used for fuel.

And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly[1] elf,
"That is made with bloody hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of[2] fear,—
"And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer."—

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves[3] unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly[4] blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign,—
"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

"And I conjure[5] thee, demon elf,
By Him whom demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here?"

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing:

"And gayly shines the Fairy-land—
But all is glistening show,

1. *Grisly* (grĭs'lĭ). Horrible; grim and ghastly.
2. *Void of*. Without.
3. *Cleaves*. Clings.
4. *Kindly*. Kindred.
5. *Conjure* (kŭn-jo͝or'). To charge or call on in a sacred name.

Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

"And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

"It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away
To the joyless Elfin bower.

"But wist I[1] of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,[2]
I might regain my mortal mold,[3]
As fair a form as thine."

She crossed him once—she crossed him twice—
That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold;
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mold,[4]
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,

1. *Wist I.* If I knew.
2. *Durst sign.* Dared to make the sign of the cross.
3. *Mortal mold.* Human form.
4. *Mold.* Land.

But merrier were they in Dunfermline[1] gray,
When all the bells were ringing.

—Sir Walter Scott.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: greenwood, in cry, locks, luckless flight, hew the beech, shear, slaughtered deer, fatal chance, russet gray, blithe, beech's pride, moody, ghostly shrill, fatal green, mortal, hie, wert, cross or sign, wilt, stilled their singing, hideous, void of fear, demon elf, glistening show, gleam, dart, inconstant shape, fray, joyless elfin bower, fouler, goblin hue.

2. Who is speaking to Alice Brand? What does he mean by, "my native land is lost for love of you"?

3. Why were Richard and Alice compelled to wander as outlaws?

4. What changes in their habits of living did their new conditions bring?

5. How does Alice excuse the killing of her brother?

6. Why did Richard and Alice not complain of their hard lot?

7. How did the fairies look upon the coming of Richard and Alice into their haunts?

8. Why was Urgan sent to Richard and Alice?

9. Explain, "I fear not sign that is made with bloody hands."

10. Who is meant by, "Him whom demons fear"?

11. Explain, "When the court doth ride by their monarch's side."

12. How does Urgan explain his presence among the fairies?

13. What does he say will restore him to human form?

14. Whom did Urgan prove to be when he was restored?

15. What things did Alice Brand accomplish through her fearlessness?

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1. *Dunfermline* (dŭn-fĕrm'lĭn). An abbey near Edinburgh.

ROLAND AND HIS HORN

Of the many poems of war and romance sung by the early French minstrels, none is more famous than the "Chanson de Roland." It is a series of stories dealing with the wars of Charles the Great and recounting the adventures of his many brave lords and counts.

Roland was the most famous of all these fighters. The struggle that he made against fearful odds in the narrow valley of Roncesvalles has been made the basis for more poems and stories than has any other similar battle in the history of the world. The battle, as it actually took place, was not of a great deal of importance, but the French romancers have made it one of the grandest and noblest of all time.

The following selection gives us an excellent account of the heroic struggle of Roland and his rear guard. The magnificent heroism of Roland, his marvelous fighting power, and his scorn of anything which might be taken for cowardice are portrayed in a most interesting way. His refusal to summon aid and his eagerness to enter into a hopeless struggle for the glory of his nation and his God, have given the world a chance to see that a high ideal of honor and bravery will live longer and will do the world more good than a glorious victory will.

ROLAND AND HIS HORN

Charles the Great,[1] king of the Franks,[2] had fought seven years in Spain, until he had conquered all the land down to the sea, and there remained not a castle whose walls he had not broken down, save only Saragossa,[3] a fortress on a rugged mountain top, so steep and strong

1. *Charles the Great.* Charlemagne (shär'lē-mān) (742-814), Emperor of France, Germany, and Italy, one of the most noted characters in history.

2. *The Franks.* The Germanic tribe of people who became the founders of the French nation.

3. *Saragossa* (sä'rȧ-gŏs'ȧ).

that he could not take it. There dwelt the pagan King Marsilius,[1] who feared not God, but served Mohammed.[2]

King Marsilius sat on his throne in his garden, beneath an olive tree, and summoned his lords and nobles to council. When twenty thousand of his warriors were gathered around him, he spoke to his dukes and counts, saying: "What shall we do? Lo! these seven years the great Charles has been winning all our lands, till only Saragossa remains to us. We are too few to give him battle, and man for man we are no match for his warriors. What shall we do to save our lands?"

Then up spake Blancandrin,[3] a wily counselor: "It is plain we must be rid of this proud Charles; Spain must be rid of him; and since he is too strong to drive out with the sword, let us see what promises will do. Send envoys[4] to him and say that we will give him great treasure in gold and cattle. Say that we will be his vassals,[5] and do him service at his call. Say that we will forsake our God and call upon his God. Say anything, so long as it will persuade him to ride away with his army and quit our land." And all the pagans said, "It is well spoken."

Charles the Emperor held festival before Cordova,[6] and rejoiced, he and his host, because they had taken the city, had overthrown its walls, and had gotten much booty, both of gold and silver and rich raiment. The Emperor sat among his knights in a green meadow. Round about

1. *The pagan King Marsilius* (mär-sĭl'ĭ-ŭs). One of the unchristian kings with whom Charles the Great fought in Spain.

2. *Mohammed* (mō-hăm'ĕd). An Arabian prophet, founder of the Mohammedan religion.

3. *Blancandrin* (blăn-căn'drin).

4. *Envoys* (ĕn'voiz). Persons sent to represent one ruler or government in its dealings with other rulers or governments.

5. *Vassals* (văs'ălz). Subjects; dependents.

6. *Cordova* (kôr'dō-vä). An important city in Spain, which had been the western capital of the Mohammedans.

him were Roland, his nephew, the captain of his host, and other princes, as well as fifteen thousand of the noblest-born of France. The Emperor sat upon a chair of gold, beneath a pine tree; white and long was his beard, and he was huge of limb and noble of countenance. When the messengers of King Marsilius came into his presence, they knew him straightway, and alighted quickly from their mules, and came meekly bending at his feet.

Then said Blancandrin, "God save the king, the glorious king, whom all men ought to worship. My master King Marsilius sends greetings to the great Charles, whose power no man can withstand, and he prays thee make peace with him. Marsilius offers gifts of bears and lions and hounds, seven hundred camels, a thousand falcons, of gold and silver as much as four hundred mules harnessed to fifty chariots can draw, with all his treasure of jewels. Only make peace with us and retire with thy army to Aachen,[1] and my master will meet thee there at the feast of St. Michael.[2] He will be baptized in thy faith, and will hold Spain as thy vassal. Thou shalt be his lord, and thy God shall be his God."

The emperor bowed his head while he thought upon the message; for he never spake a hasty word, and never went back from a word once spoken. Having mused awhile, he raised his head and answered: "The King Marsilius is greatly my enemy. In what manner shall I be assured that he will keep his covenant?"[3] The messengers said: "Great king, we offer hostages of good faith, the children of our noblest. Take ten or twenty, as it seemeth good to thee; but treat them tenderly, for verily[4]

1. *Aachen* (ä'kĕn). The capital of Charlemagne's empire.
2. *Feast of St. Michael* (mī'kĕl). Michaelmas, or the feast of the archangel Michael, a church festival held on the 29th of September.
3. *Covenant* (kŭv'ĕ-nănt). Agreement; promise.
4. *Verily.* Truly.

at the feast of St. Michael our king will redeem his pledge, and come to Aachen to be baptized and pay his homage[1] and his tribute."[2]

Then the king commanded a pavilion[3] to be spread, wherein to lodge them for the night. And on the morrow, after they had taken their journey home, and the king had heard mass, he called his barons to him. There came all the chiefs of his army and with them many thousand noble warriors. Then the king showed them after what manner the messengers had spoken, and asked their advice. With one voice the Franks answered, "Beware of King Marsilius."

Then spake Roland and said: "Trust him not. Remember how he slew the messengers whom we sent to him before. Seven years have we been in Spain, and now only Saragossa holds out against us. Be not-slack[4] to finish what is now well-nigh done. Gather the host. Lay siege to Saragossa with all thy might. Conquer the last stronghold of the pagans, and end this long and weary war."

But Ganelon[5] drew near to the king and spake: "Heed not the counsel of any babbler, unless it be to thine own profit. What has Marsilius promised? Will he not give up his God, himself, his service, and his treasure?" And all the Franks answered, "The counsel of Ganelon is good."

So Charles said, "Who will go up to Saragossa to King Marsilius and make terms of peace with him?"

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1. *Homage* (hŏm ăj). The public ceremony by which a man acknowledges that he is the vassal, or underling, of a lord.

2. *Tribute* (trĭb′ūt). A sum of money or other valuable thing paid as an acknowledgment of submission.

3. *Pavilion* (pȧ-vĭl′yŭn). A tent.

4. *Be not slack.* Do not delay.

5. *Ganelon* (gȧ′n′-lôn). One of Charles' under officers. For his treachery he was finally torn to pieces by wild horses. His name has become a synonym for treachery.

Roland answered, "Send Ganelon," and the Franks said, "Ganelon is the man, for there is none more cunning of speech than he." So King Charles sent Ganelon as his envoy. But Ganelon was a traitor and gave evil counsel to King Marsilius, saying: "Send back the hostages to Charles with me. Then will Charles gather his host together, and depart out of Spain, and go to Aachen, there to await the fulfilment of thy promise. But he will leave his rear guard of twenty thousand, together with Roland and Oliver, and his twelve noblest knights, to follow after him. Fall on these with all thy warriors; let not one escape. So shall the pride of Charles be broken; for the strength of his army is not in his host, but in these, and in Roland his right arm. Destroy them, and thou mayest choose thy terms of peace, for Charles will fight no more. The rear guard will take their journey along the narrow Valley of Roncesvalles.[1] Surround the valley with thy host, and lie in wait for them. They will fight hard, but in vain."

When Ganelon came before Charles, he told him King Marsilius would perform the oath which he swore, and was even now setting out upon his journey, to pay the price of peace and be baptized. Then Charles lifted up his hands toward heaven, and thanked God for the prosperous ending of the war in Spain.

On the morrow the king arose and gathered to him his host to go away to keep the feast of St. Michael at Aachen, and to meet Marsilius there. And Olger the Dane he made captain of the vanguard[2] of his army which should go with him. Then said the king to Ganelon, "Whom shall I make captain of the rear guard which I leave behind?"

1. *Valley of Roncesvalles* (rōn'thĕs-väl'yās). A valley in the province of Navarre in the Pyrenees mountains.

2. *Vanguard* (văn'gärd). The troops who march in the front of the army.

Ganelon answered, "Roland; for there is none like him in all the host." So Charles made Roland captain of the rear guard. With Roland there remained behind Oliver, and the twelve knights, and Turpin the Archbishop, who for love of Roland went with him, and twenty thousand well-proved[1] warriors. Then said the king to his nephew, "Good Roland, behold, the half of my army have I given thee in charge. See thou keep them safely." Roland answered: "Fear nothing. I shall render good account of them."

So they took leave of one another, and the king and his host marched forward, till they reached the borders of Spain. They had to travel along steep and dangerous mountain ways, and down through silent valleys made gloomy by overhanging crags. And when the king thought upon his nephew whom he left behind, his heart grew heavy with the thought of ill. So they came into France and saw their own lands again. But Charles would not be comforted, and would sit with his face wrapped in his mantle;[2] and he often said that he feared that Ganelon had wrought some treason.

Now Marsilius had sent in haste to all his barons to assemble a mighty army, and in three days he gathered four hundred thousand men at Roncesvalles, in the Western Pyrenees, and there lay in wait for the rear guard of King Charles. And a great number of the most valiant pagan kings banded themselves together to attack Roland in a body, and to fight with none other till he was slain.

Now when the rear guard had toiled up the rocky pass and climbed the mountain ridge, they looked down on Roncesvalles, whither their journey lay. And behold!

1. *Well-proved.* Thoroughly tested.

2. *Mantle.* A loose, sleeveless garment worn over other garments.

all the valley bristled with spears, and the valley sides were overspread with them, for the multitude was like blades of grass upon a pasture; and the murmur of the pagan host rose to them on the mountain as the murmur of a sea.

Then when they saw that Ganelon had played them false Oliver spake to Roland: "What shall we now do because of this treason? For this is a greater multitude of pagans than has ever been gathered together in the world before. And they will certainly give us battle." Roland answered: "God grant it; for sweet it is to do our duty for our king. This will we do: when we have rested we will go forward." Then said Oliver: "We are but a handful. These are in number as the sands of the sea. Be wise; take now your horn, good comrade, and sound it; perhaps Charles may hear, and come back with his host to rescue us." But Roland answered: "The greater the number, the more glory. God forbid I should sound my horn and bring Charles back with his barons, and lose my good name, and bring disgrace upon us all. Fear not the numbers of the host; I promise you they shall repent of coming here; they are as good as dead already in my mind."

Three times Oliver urged him to sound his horn, but Roland would not, for he said, "God and His angels are on our side; through Him we shall do great wonders, and He will not see us put to shame before His enemies." Yet again Oliver pleaded, for he had mounted up into a pine tree and seen more of the multitude that came against them; far as the eye could see they reached; and he prayed Roland to come and see also. But he would not. "Time enough," he said, "to know their numbers, when we come to count the slain. We will make ready for battle."

Roland ranged his trusty warriors and went to and fro among them, riding upon his battle horse, by his side his

good sword Durendal.[1] There was not a man but loved him unto death and cheerfully would follow where he led. He looked upon the pagan host, and his countenance waxed[2] fierce and terrible; he looked upon his band, and his face was mild and gentle. He said: "Good comrades, lords, and barons, let no man grudge his life[3] to-day; but only see that he sells it dear. A score of pagans is a poor price for one of us. I have promised to render good account of you. I have no fear. God knows the result of the fight, but we know that much glory and worship await us upon earth and crowns in Paradise." Then he gave the word, "Forward!" and with his golden spurs pricked his steed. So, foremost, he led the rear guard down the mountain side, down into the Valley of Death, called Roncesvalles. Close following came Oliver, Archbishop Turpin, and the valiant Twelve, the guard pressing forward with shouts and bearing the snow-white banner of their king aloft.

Marvelous and fierce was the battle. Roland's spear was good, for it crashed through fifteen pagan bodies, through brass and hide and bone, before the trusty ash broke in his hand and he drew Durendal from its sheath. The Twelve did wondrously; nay, every man of the twenty thousand fought with lionlike courage; and no man counted his life dear to him. Archbishop Turpin, resting for a moment to get fresh breath, cried out, "Thank God to see the rear guard fight to-day!" and then spurred in again among them. Roland saw Oliver still fighting with the butt of his spear and said, "Comrade, draw thy sword;" but he answered: "Not while a handful of the stump remains. Weapons are precious to-day."

1. *Durendal* (dū'rĕn-däl'). According to the story, Roland had received the sword Durendal from Charlemagne upon the command of God that it be given to some brave count.

2. *Waxed.* Grew; became.

3. *Grudge his life.* Give up his life unwillingly.

For hours they fought, and not a Frank gave way. Wheresoever a man planted his foot, he kept the ground or died. The guard hewed down the pagans by crowds, till the earth was heaped with full two hundred thousand heathen dead. Of those kings who had banded together by oath to fight him, Roland gave good account, for he laid them all dead about him in a ring, and Durendal to its hilt dripped with blood. But many thousands of the Franks were slain, and of the Twelve there now remained but two.

Marsilius looked upon his shattered host and saw them fall back in panic, for they were dismayed because of the Franks. But Marsilius heard the sound of trumpets from the mountain top, and a glad man was he, for twenty strong battalions[1] of Mohammedans were come to his help, and these poured down the valley side. Seeing this, the rest of the pagans took heart again, and they pressed about the remnant of the guard, and shut them in on every hand. Nevertheless Roland and his fast-lessening band were not dismayed. So marvelously they fought, so many thousand pagans they hurled down, making grim jests the while as though they played at war for sport, that their enemies were in mortal fear and doubted greatly if numbers would suffice to[2] overwhelm these men, for it seemed as if God's angels were come down to the battle. But the brave rear guard dwindled away, and Roland scarce dared turn his eyes to see the handful that remained. Dead were the Twelve, with all the flower of the guard.

Then Roland spake to Oliver, "Comrade, I will sound my horn; perhaps Charles may hear and come to us."

1. *Battalions* (bă-tăl'yŭnz). Large bodies of troops organized to act as units.

2. *Would suffice to.* Would be sufficient to.

But Oliver was angry, and answered: "It is now too late. Hadst thou but heeded me in time, much weeping might have been spared the women of France, Charles would not have lost his guard, nor France her valiant Roland." "Talk not of what might have been," said Archbishop Turpin, "but blow thy horn. Charles cannot come in time to save our lives, but he will certainly come and avenge them."

Then Roland put the horn to his mouth, and blew a great blast. Far up the valley went the sound and smote against the mountain tops; these echoed it on from ridge to ridge for thirty leagues. Charles heard it in his hall and said: "Listen! what is that? Surely our men do fight to-day." But Ganelon answered the king: "What folly is this! It is only the sighing of the wind among the trees."

Weary with battle, Roland took the horn again, and blew it with all his strength. So long and mighty was the blast, the veins stood out upon his forehead in great cords. Charles heard it in his palace and cried: "Hark! I hear Roland's horn. He is in battle or he would not sound it." Ganelon answered: "Too proud is he to sound it in battle. My lord the king groweth old and childish in his fears. What if it be Roland's horn? He hunteth perchance[1] in the woods. Forsooth,[2] a merry jest it would be for him were the king to make ready for war and gather his thousands, and find Roland at his sport, hunting a little hare."

The blood ran fast down Roland's face, and in sore pain and heaviness he lifted the horn to his mouth and feebly blew it again. Charles heard it in his palace and started from his seat; the salt tears gathered in his eyes and

1. *Perchance.* Perhaps.
2. *Forsooth.* In truth; indeed.

dropped upon his snowy beard; and he said: "O Roland, my brave captain, too long have I delayed! Thou art in evil need. I know it by the wailing of the horn! Quick, now to arms! Make ready, every man! For straightway we will go and help him." Then he thrust Ganelon away, and said to his servants, "Take this man, and bind him fast with chains; keep him under guard till I return in peace and know if he has wrought us treason." So they bound Ganelon and flung him into a dungeon; and Charles the Great and his host set out with all speed to come to Roland.

Fierce with the cruel throbbing of his wounds, and well-nigh blinded with the blood that trickled down his face, Roland fought on, and with his good sword Durendal slew the pagan prince, Faldrun, and three and twenty mighty champions. The little company that was left of the brave rear guard cut down great masses of the pagans, and reaped among them as the reapers reap at harvest time, but one by one the reapers fell ere yet the harvest could be gathered in. Yet where each Frank lay, beside him there lay his pile of slain, so any man might see how dear he had sold his life. But a pagan king espied where Oliver was fighting seven abreast, and spurred his horse and rode and smote him through the back a mortal wound. Yet even when the pains of death took hold on Oliver, so that his eyes grew dim and he knew no man, he never ceased striking out on every side with his sword; and then Roland hastened to his help, and, cutting the pagans down for a wide space about, came to his horse. But Oliver struck him a blow that brake the helm[1] to shivers on his throbbing head. Nevertheless, Roland for all his pain took him tenderly down, and spake with much gentle-

1. *Brake the helm.* Broke the helmet.

ness, saying, "Dear comrade, I fear that thou art grievously wounded." Oliver said, "thy voice is like Roland's voice; but I cannot see thee." Roland answered, "It is I, thy comrade." Then he said: "Forgive me if I smote thee. It is so dark that I cannot see thy face; give me thy hand; God bless thee, Roland; God bless Charles and France!" So saying, he fell upon his face and died.

A heavy-hearted man was Roland; little cared he for his life since Oliver, his good comrade, was parted from him. Then he turned and looked for the famous rear guard of King Charles the Great. Only two men were left besides himself.

Turpin the Archbishop, Count Walter, and Roland set themselves together to sell their lives as dearly as they might; and when the pagans ran upon them in a multitude with shouts and cries, Roland slew twenty, Count Walter six, and Turpin five. Then the pagans drew back and gathered together all the remnant of their army, forty thousand horsemen and a thousand footmen with spears, and charged upon the three. Count Walter fell at the first shock. The Archbishop's horse was killed, and he, being brought to earth, lay there dying, with four wounds in his breast.

Then Roland took the horn and sought to wind it yet again. Very feeble was the sound, yet Charles heard it away beyond the mountains, where he marched fast to help his guard. And the king said: "Good barons, great is Roland's distress; I know it by the sighing of the horn. Spare neither spur nor steed for Roland's sake." Then he commanded to sound all the trumpets long and loud; and the mountains tossed the sound from peak to peak, so that it was plainly heard down in the Valley of Roncesvalles.

The pagans heard the trumpets ringing behind the

mountains, and they said: "These are the trumpets of Charles the Great. Behold Charles cometh upon us with his host, and we shall have to fight the battle again if we remain. Let us rise up and depart quickly. There is but one man more to slay." Then four hundred of the bravest rode at Roland; and he, spurring his weary horse against them, strove still to shout his battle cry, but could not, for voice failed him. And when he was come within spearcast, every pagan flung a spear at him, for they feared to go nigh him, and said, "There is none born of woman that can slay this man." Stricken with twenty spears, his faithful steed dropped dead. Roland fell under him, his armor pierced everywhere with spearpoints. Stunned with the fall, he lay there in a swoon. The pagans came and looked on him, and gave him up for dead. Then they left him and made all speed to flee before Charles should come. They hastened up the mountain sides, and left the gloomy valley piled with dead, and fled away towards Spain.

Roland lifted his eyes and beheld the pagans fleeing up the mountain passes; and he was left alone among the dead. Then in great pain he drew his limbs from underneath his horse, and got upon his feet, but scarce could stand. He dragged himself about the valley, and looked upon his dead friends and comrades. Round about each one there lay a full score of pagan corpses, and Roland said, "Charles will see that the guard has done its duty." He came to where Oliver lay, and he lifted the body tenderly in his arms, saying, "Dear Comrade, thou wast ever a good and gentle friend to me; better warrior never broke a spear, nor wielded sword; wise wert thou of counsel, and I repent me that once only I hearkened not to thy voice. God rest thy soul. A sweeter friend and truer comrade no

man ever had than thou." And in the Valley of Death, Roland wept for the last of his friends.

When he found death coming on him Roland took his sword Durendal in one hand, and his horn in the other, and crawled away about a bow-shot to a green hillock, whereupon four marble steps were built beneath the trees. There he lay down in his agony. A certain pagan was plundering there among the dead, and watched till Roland ceased to moan in his pain; then, thinking there was no more breath in him, the thief stole slowly up, and seeing the glitter of the hilt of Durendal, put forth his hand and drew it from its sheath. Roland lifted his eyes and saw the thief bend over him with the sword in his hand. He seized the horn from beside him, and dealt the man a blow upon the crown that broke his skull.

Then he took Durendal into his hands, and prayed that it might not fall into the power of his enemies. He said: "O Durendal, how keen of edge, how bright of blade thou art! God sent thee by his angel to King Charles, to be his captain's sword. Charles girt thee at my side. How many countries thou hast conquered for him in my hands! O Durendal, though it grieves me sore,[1] I had rather break thee than that pagan hands should wield thee against France." Then he prayed that God would now give him strength to break his sword; and lifting it in his hands, he smote mightily upon the topmost marble step. The gray stone chipped and splintered, but the good blade broke not, neither was its edge turned. He smote the second step; the blade bit it, and leaped back, but blunted not, nor broke. The third step he smote with all his might; it powdered where he struck, but the sword broke not, nor lost its edge. And when he could no more

1. *Grieves me sore.* Grieves me greatly.

lift the sword, his heart smote him that he had tried to break the holy blade; and he said, "O Durendal, the angels will keep thee safe for Charles and France!"

Then Roland, when he felt death creep upon him, lay down and set his face toward Spain and toward his enemies, that men should plainly see he fell a conqueror. Beneath him he put the sword and horn. Then lifted he his weary hands to heaven and closed his eyes; and whilst he mused God sent his swift archangels, Gabriel and Michael, to bear his soul to Paradise.

Gloom fell; the mists went up, and there was only death and silence in the valley. The low red sun was setting in the west.

Charles and his host rode hard, and drew not rein until they reached the mountain top, and looked down on the Valley of Roncesvalles. They blew the trumpets, but there was no sound and there was no answer but the echoes on the mountain sides. Then down through the gloom and mist they rode, and saw the field; saw Roland dead, and Oliver; saw the Archbishop and the twelve valiant peers, and every man of the twenty thousand chosen guard; saw how fiercely they had fought, how hard they died.

There was not one in all the king's host but lifted up his voice and wept for pity at the sight they saw. But Charles the king fell on his face on Roland's body, with a great and exceeding bitter cry. No word he spake, but only lay and moaned upon the dead that was so dear to him. Then the king left four good knights in Roncesvalles to guard the dead from birds and beasts of prey, and set out in chase of the pagans.

In a vale the Franks overtook them, hard by a broad and swift river. There being hemmed in, the river in front and the fierce Franks behind, the pagans were cut

to pieces; not one escaped, save Marsilius and a little band who had taken another way and got safe to Saragossa. Thence Marsilius sent letters to the king of Babylon, who ruled forty kingdoms, praying him to come over and help him. And he gathered a mighty army and put off to sea to come to Marsilius.

Now after this Marsilius and the king of Babylon came out to battle with King Charles before the walls of Saragossa. But Charles utterly destroyed the pagans there and slew the two kings, and broke down the gates of Saragossa and took the city. So he conquered Spain and avenged himself for Roland and his guard.

—G. W. Cox.

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EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: summoned, council, dukes and counts, wily counselor, quit our land, gotten much booty, noblest-born, huge of limb, alighted, harnessed, chariots, assured, hostages of good faith, seemeth, tenderly, redeem his pledge, baptized, lodge them, heard mass, stronghold, fulfilment, rear guard, lie in wait, render good account, overhanging crags, wrought some treason, valiant, bristled, as the sands of the sea, pleaded, his countenance waxed fierce and terrible, score, crowns in Paradise, golden spurs, lionlike courage, precious, hewed, heathen dead, hilt, shattered host, panic, remnant, fast-lessening, mortal fear, dwindled away, flower of the guard, thirty leagues, childish, hunteth, merry jest, sore pain, heaviness, mortal wound, hillock, whilst.

2. In what condition did King Marsilius and the Mohammedans find themselves in Spain?

3. What plan did Blancandrin suggest to rid them of King Charles and the Franks?

4. Describe the festival Charles held at Cordova.

5. What proposition did Blancandrin make to Charles the Great?

6. What counsel did Roland offer the Emperor?

7. What was Ganelon's advice? Why did the Emperor accept it?

8. Why was Ganelon sent to treat with King Marsilius?

9. What treacherous agreement did Ganelon make with King Marsilius?

10. Describe the arrangements made by Charles for the return of his forces to France.

11. What trusted companions did Sir Roland have with him?

12. What preparations did King Marsilius make for the destruction of Roland and the rear guard?

13. Does the fact that Oliver urged Roland to sound his horn indicate that Oliver was cowardly?

14. Why did Roland not heed his friend's advice?

15. Why did Roland have no fear when the odds were so heavy against him and defeat was almost certain?

16. Describe the fight.

17. What saved the forces of King Marsilius from destruction?

18. Why did Roland consent at last to blow his horn?

19. Why did not Charles start to the aid of Roland when he first heard the horn?

20. Describe the death of Oliver.

21. Why did not Marsilius stay and fight against heavy odds, as Roland had done?

22. Why did Roland try to break Durendal?

23. Tell the story of the death of Roland.

24. Describe what Charles saw when he came into the valley.

25. How was Charles avenged for Roland and his guard?

26. Was Roland right or wrong in not summoning the aid of Charles at first?

RED FOX

MANY tales have been written and told of fox hunts, and every boy who lives in a country in which foxes bother chicken-roosts knows something of the wonderful excitement of a fox chase. However, few of us have ever stopped to consider such sport from the standpoint of the fox, who, indeed, has no little right to be considered.

This story is taken from the final chapters of a book entitled "Red Fox," written by Charles G. D. Roberts. Red Fox was born in the backwoods districts of Eastern Canada. There he learned the many lessons of the wild and developed into an animal of wonderful strength, endurance, and cunning. Later he established a home for himself in the mountainous districts of Ringwaak. Finally, one night he became too bold and ventured into a chicken house that had a trap door. He was made captive by a boy, who admired him greatly, and was sold sometime later to a man who pretended that he wished to place Red Fox in a zoo, but who really wanted him for hunting purposes and placed him in a range used by a fashionable hunting club.

The story of how Red Fox matched wits with the expert hunters and their carefully trained hounds and of how the first chase of the big fox ended suddenly and mysteriously, is told in the following selection.

RED FOX

THE new land in which Red Fox now found himself established was greatly to his taste, and his blood ran wildly in the sweetness of recovered freedom. He had little time to pine for his grimmer[1] north and the vast woods of Ringwaak. Here were dense coverts,[2] patches of swamp, long, though narrow, stretches of woodland wherein a kind of stiff, primly upright cedar took the place of his well-loved spruce and fir,[3] bright green

1. *Grimmer* (grĭm'ẽr). More barren; wilder.
2. *Coverts* (kŭv'ẽrts). Thickets affording hiding places for game.
3. *His well-loved spruce and fir.* The evergreens of his former home, Ringwaak.

meadows enclosed with stone walls, and rocky, neglected pastures with snake fences[1] that reminded him of home. Here and there a steep, rocky knoll, set thick with trees which were many of them unfamiliar to him, arose out of the levels; and here and there a much-meandering[2] brook, narrow but deepish, spread out into a pond which suggested to him a plenitude[3] of wild ducks. From a rock on the crest of the highest knoll he saw that this pleasant new range of his was almost completely surrounded by settlements and smoky villages; but beyond these, to the north and west, ran a purple barrier of mountains, as wild-looking as his own Ringwaak. He had half a mind to set out for these mountains at once, not quite liking the girdle of civilization[4] which he saw drawn about him. But that was only a passing whim. He had no other fault to find with his present domain.[5] Game was abundant, and the more he explored these diversified[6] coverts the more content with them he became. Before he had been three days in possession he knew them thoroughly. There seemed to be no active enemies about, and the men whom he saw lounging on the club-house porches, on the outskirts of his domain, appeared unlikely to give him any annoyance.

On the morning of the fourth day, however, he was surprised to note a great bustle and stir before the club-house. From the top of his knoll he wondered at the scarlet-coated riders who were gathering quickly, with here and

1. *Snake fences.* Zigzag fences of rails crossed at their ends.
2. *Much-meandering* (mē-ăn′dĕr-ĭng). Very irregular and winding.
3. *Plenitude* (plĕn′ĭ-tūd). Abundance; plentifulness.
4. *Girdle of civilization.* Belt of settlements and villages.
5. *Domain* (dō-mān′). Lands; the territory over which he could hunt.
6. *Diversified* (dĭ-vûr′sĭ-fīd). Varied; differing in character.

there among them a slenderer, dark figure, which seemed to stick mysteriously upon one side of her horse. His interest, however, turned speedily to apprehension[1] when he saw a pack of dogs, perhaps ten or twelve in number (he did not know how to count), coming up over a rise beyond the club-house. These dogs looked very much like the tan-colored half-breed at the settlement, whom he had so often outwitted and outrun. He understood now certain ominous,[2] baying voices, which he had heard several times in the distance; and he realized in a second that now was an old game about to be played in a new way. He himself it was, and none other, that all this fuss was about. There was so much of it; and the color looked so impressive. For a moment his heart sank, and his brush[3] dropped. Then confidence returned. He sat up with sprightly[4] cocked ears and head to one side as was his ancient custom, and eyed with shrewd semi-disdain[5] the elaborate preparations which were being made against him. Then he slipped down from his watchtower and betook himself to the centre of the most difficult patch of swamp.

There was one thing, however, which Red Fox, shrewd as he was, did not realize; and that was that the master of the hounds knew a lot about foxes. He knew that that rock on the top of the knoll was just the sort of place which a strange fox, if a cunning one, would be likely to choose as a lookout when anything unusual was afoot. He led the way thither, therefore, and put the pack straight at it, rather expecting an immediate find. The steaming scent, of course, was picked up almost at once;

1. *Apprehension* (ăp′rē-hĕn′shŭn). Fear.
2. *Ominous* (ŏm′ĭ-nŭs). Foreboding; foretelling evil.
3. *Brush.* Tail.
4. *Sprightly* (sprīt′lĭ). Lively; gay.
5. *Semi-disdain.* Half-contempt.

and away went the splendid pack in loud chorus, heads up and sterns down, taking the scent in the air, straight for the swamp, and the whole field following.

What Red Fox had heard before was the voice of one hound mingled with the yelping of an excitable mongrel.[1] The deep, bell-like chorus that now fell upon his ears warned him that the emergency confronting him was something quite new and altogether trying. In order to deal with it he felt that he must know more about it than he did. Without waiting to leave any tangles in the swamp for the hounds to unravel, he slipped out on the farther side, ran hard for about a mile and a half straight away through the roughest kind of a country, then doubled back on a spacious[2] loop and mounted another knoll to take observations.

So remarkable had been his speed that he was in time to see, below him and across a stretch of meadow, the pack just emerging from the swamp, and the gay-colored field[3] just closing upon them around the swamp's edges. With the intensest interest he watched it all. He marvelled, not without a pang, at the speed of those black and tan dogs, who ran so close together and seemed to know so well what they were about. He marvelled still more at the man-creatures on horseback who followed the pack so wildly. He had taken pains to put every possible obstacle in the path,—every high stone wall, every crooked fence, every ditch and bog, every coil of the erratic[4] brook. These, to his light and tough agility,[5] were nothing. But it filled him with amazement to see the way in which the

1. *Mongrel* (mŭŋ′grĕl). A dog of mixed breed.
2. *Spacious* (spā′shŭs). Vast; wide.
3. *Gay-colored field.* The hunters in their scarlet coats.
4. *Erratic* (ĕ-răt′ĭk). Wandering; having no definite course.
5. *Agility* (ȧ-jĭl′ĭ-tĭ). Activity; nimbleness.

man-creatures -those slim, dark ones on the sides of their horses as well as the red ones that rode in the usual fashion —went boldly over the obstacles. Some, to be sure, went down in disaster; and some turned aside to rejoin the hunt later on; but most kept straight ahead with the pack, "buck-jumping" their way over certain awkward obstructions, and clearing others with magnificent, soaring leaps. Red Fox thought to himself that these man-creatures were curiously different from those he used to know,—Jabe Smith, and the Boy,[1] and the long-legged, slouching, indifferent backwoods farmers. He got so absorbed in satisfying his curiosity that he almost forgot the important part which he himself was playing in the drama;[2] and before he knew it the baying pack was almost back upon him. He darted down the densest side of the knoll and ran with all his might across the open,—but he was not quite in time to escape being sighted. A great shout of triumph went up from the field; and the pack was sent at a tangent[3] across the field, cutting into the trail and saving a vast expenditure of time and wind. The burst of speed which Red Fox now put on was a revelation[4] to all who were so fortunate as to see it; but, softened as he was from his long weeks of captivity, it cost him too much. He kept right on through the next covert, and across the next open, and through a wide belt of alder-swamp; but when next he showed himself, had there been any one near to see, it would have been observed that his brush drooped in dejection, and his bright, dapper coat was dark with wet. He halted for a moment or two, to

1. *Jabe Smith and the Boy.* Jabe Smith and the Boy had captured Red Fox while he was robbing a hen-roost.

2. *Drama* (drä'mȧ). The events of the hunt.

3. *At a tangent.* Off from the path of the trail.

4. *Revelation.* A wonder; an amazing sight.

recover his wind a little; then he set himself to try some of his old tricks.

On a fallen sapling he crossed the brook, and ran some twenty yards up-stream. Then, though he hated wetting his feet, he retraced his steps in the water, close alongshore, to a distance of perhaps fifty yards down-stream. This, he calculated, should give him plenty of time to recover his wind and begin the game again as good as new. But that bell-mouthed baying was once more close behind him. He trotted to the farthest point of the alder-swamp, saving himself shrewdly for a quick and secret dart across the meadows to the next covert, and slipped out boldly. To his terror, there stood a group of the scarlet-coated men on horseback, apparently awaiting him. As their terrible shout arose he knew all those elaborate tactics of his had gone for nought,—had been so much precious time wasted. For an instant he hesitated, thinking to turn back. But the baying of his pursuers was already in the alder-swamp. Taking a grip on his nerve, he dashed straight through the group of horsemen,—who applauded with a volley of terrifying sounds,—and ran for the next patch of woods.

When he got there, and the kindly shadows once more shielded him for a little, he knew he must not stop, though his heart was threatening to burst. He feared to try any more of his old devices against these new and too numerous foes. He simply ran straight on, trusting to find some novel way out of his trouble. The hounds were less noisy now, having no breath to spare for music; and this encouraged him a little. Through the thickets he raced, and through a little pasture which offered no suggestion of escape. The pasture was bounded on the further side by a massive stone wall, extending as far as he could see in either direction. What there might be on the other side

of that wall he had no least idea; but assuredly, whatever there was, it could not be worse than what there was on this side. With hardly strength enough left for the leap, he sprang to the top of the wall,—and dropped instantly down the other side.

It was in a dusty road winding between stone walls on either hand and stiff rows of Lombardy poplars[1] that Red Fox now found himself. For perhaps twenty yards he ran on, down the middle of the road, where he knew the dry, hard earth would not hold his scent. Then the jog-trot and jangle of a leisurely team approaching caught his ear, and he hid himself in a clump of tall woods to let it go by. His tongue was hanging far out. He was all but spent. And he heard the voices of the pack in the woods just across the pasture.

The approaching team, as it came around a turn of the road, proved to be a big, lumbering farm wagon, drawn by two horses, with the driver half asleep on the seat. The roomy body of the wagon was filled with boxes and a barrel, a winnowing machine,[2] several bags of feed, a bundle of dry salt codfish, and a bale of some kind of coarse cloth. The sight reminded Red Fox of the things which had accompanied his crate on the journey from the settlement to the station. In that wagon he had been safe. Why not so in this one? There was no time for indecision. The voices of the pack were already loud in the open pasture. One noiseless leap as the wagon passed,—and he had climbed in softly over the tail-board, and curled himself down out of sight under the winnowing machine, behind a bag of feed.

1. *Lombardy poplars.* A variety of the black poplar, used for border and shade trees.

2. *Winnowing machine.* A machine for winnowing, or threshing, grain.

Not two minutes later the pack arrived, and came tumbling over the wall into the lane. Fifty yards away in his hiding-place, Red Fox heard the sudden change in their voices as they found themselves at fault.[1] Around and around, up and down, and over the wall on the other side, they quested for the lost trail, whimpering in bewildered disappointment. Here was the trail, faint but unmistakable, right in the middle of the road. And here it ended, as if Red Fox had grown wings and sprung into the air. The pack, being very wise in the wiles[2] of foxes, now scattered, some running in one direction, and some in the other, along the tops of both walls, and also parallel with the farther one. In this way they made sure of ultimately picking up the trail,—and failing in this they were overwhelmed with confusion. Presently the field came hurrying up, all excitement. Some praised the craft of the quarry,[3] some cursed the stupidity of the pack; and the babble and wonder grew. But Red Fox, meanwhile, curled up small beneath the winnowing machine, was being carried farther and farther away from the fate that had so nearly clutched him; and at last the baleful voices died upon his ears. Once more his destiny[4] and his wits had worked together to save him.

For hours the big wagon rumbled and jolted on, in no haste; and all the time Red Fox lay quite still, recovering his strength. He wanted to be carried as far as possible from that skilled pack and those terrible scarlet hunters. At last, however, the wagon stopped, and the driver heavily dismounted. Hearing him begin to unhitch the

1. *At fault.* Puzzled; unable to find the scent.

2. *Wiles* (wīlz). Tricks.

3. *The craft of the quarry* (kwŏr'ĭ). The skill of the hunted animal.

4. *Destiny.* Fate.

horses,—a process which he had often watched in the settlement from a hiding-place in some overlooking field,—Red Fox peered warily forth.[1] He found the wagon standing in the middle of a spacious, well-kept barn-yard. About twenty paces away, however, was a garden thick with shrubbery and tall, half-withered plants,—and beyond the garden he saw a patch of woods. There was covert, within his easy reach. Noiselessly he dropped from the cart-tail. The driver, a sandy-bearded, big fellow, with a wide straw hat, happening to turn his head at the moment, saw what passenger he had been carrying, and rapped out a sharp oath of astonishment. In the next instant Red Fox had disappeared.

Darting through the currant-bushes and tall hollyhock clumps of the garden, he presently gained the trees, which proved to be but a narrow belt of woodland. Beyond the woodland was an open pasture field, full of hillocks and knolls, and dotted with red cattle feeding peacefully. Very near, however, and straight ahead across the pasture, he saw the mountains. They were rough with rocky shoulders, and dark with pine,—very dark and safe-looking; and there, said his heart, was where he must be. But between them and the pasture lay a scattered village, full of dangers.

Very cautiously he skirted[2] the field, fearing to show himself in the open. One of the red cattle caught sight of him, however, and stared at him resentfully, till all the rest turned and followed him, with lowered horns and hostile mutterings. This attention was anything but what Red Fox wanted, so presently, in disgust, he shrank back into the woods, and so out-flanked the pasture. Then he came to a deep, ragged ravine, filled with a tangle of young trees

1. *Peered warily forth.* Looked out cautiously.
2. *Skirted.* Went around the edges of.

and weeds and wild vines. Immediately beyond was the first house of the village. So here he hid himself, and lay quiet until well past nightfall.

At last, when the village had grown quiet and most of its windows had been darkened, he ventured forth, bold but wary. Reaching a highway leading straight through the village, in the direction which he wished to go, he followed it, keeping in the middle of the track, where his scent would not lie. Once a cur, catching the musky odour on the still night air, rushed out upon him, barking wildly. In silent bitterness he punished his assailant so sharply that the latter fled back to his doorstep, yelping. But all the dogs of the village were now giving tongue; so Red Fox darted indignantly up a lane, through a garden, and out across the back fields, still keeping his face toward those dark shapes of mountain towering against the western sky. In a very few minutes the clamor of the village curs was left behind. At last he crossed a noisy, shallow brook; and then the ground began to rise. Wild underbrush was all about him, and ancient trees; and soon he was climbing among rocks more harsh and hugely tumbled than those of his native Ringwaak. Once only he stopped—having heard some tiny squeaks among the tree-roots—long enough to catch a woodmouse, which eased his long hunger. Then he pressed on, ever climbing; till, in the first gray-saffron transparency of dawn, he came out upon a jutting cape of rock, and found himself in a wilderness to his heart's desire, a rugged turbulence of hills and ravines[1] where the pack and the scarlet hunters could not come.

—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

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1. *Rugged turbulence of hills and ravines.* Rocky, uneven country.

EXERCISES

1. Terms for definition and study: primly upright cedar, spruce, rocky knoll, levels, deepish, crest, barrier, girdle, a passing whim, outskirts, club-house, annoyance, scarlet-coated, slenderer, mysteriously, half-breed, outwitted, elaborate preparations, watchtower, steaming scent, bell-like chorus, emergency, emerging, man-creatures, obstacle, buck-jumping, awkward obstructions, slouching, absorbed, baying pack, vast expenditure, burst of speed, alder-swamp, drooped in dejection, dapper coat, sapling, alongshore, calculated, bell-mouthed baying, elaborate tactics, nought, novel, massive, assuredly, jog-trot and jangle, lumbering, indecision, tail-board, quested, whimpering, bewildered disappointment, overwhelmed, stupidity, cart-tail, hillocks, resentfully, hostile mutterings, out-flanked, ventured forth, wary, musky odour, silent bitterness, assailant, squeaks, gray-saffron transparency, rugged turbulence.

2. What did Red Fox think of the new land in which he found himself?

3. Describe the preparations for the hunt.

4. Explain the meaning of the sentence, "For a moment his heart sank, and his brush dropped."

5. What did the master of the hounds know about starting a fox hunt?

6. Describe the first part of the hunt as Red Fox saw it and thought about it.

7. Explain his trick of crossing the brook on the sapling and wading in the water.

8. How did it work?

9. Explain the phrase, "Taking a grip on his nerve."

10. Where did Red Fox find himself after he had cleared the stone wall?

11. How did he happen to think of leaping into the wagon and hiding himself?

12. What was the action of the dogs when they had found they had lost the trail?

13. Where did Red Fox find himself when the wagon stopped?

14. Why did the fox long to be in the mountains which he saw to the north?

15. Explain the sentence, "Very cautiously he skirted the field."

16. Tell about his experience with the cur in the village.

17. In what kind of a new home did he find himself?

18. Retell the story of the fox hunt.